Slavery – 1920 typed.

Tells of Low Country Negroes

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They Were Efficient Before the Confederate War and Faithful During That Trying Period—Quaint in Humor—Frequently Matched His Wits.

Paper Read by Ex-Gov. D. C. Heyward Before Kosmos Club.

The Slave and His Descendants.

On a dark, rainy night in the month of January, 1903, with a heavy heart, I closed the front gate of my home in Walterboro, where I had lived happily for 13 years. The house behind me was empty and dark, my family having preceded me to the dreary little hotel from which early the next morning we were to leave for this city. It was a moment in my life which I will never forget. I was transferring myself and my Lares and Penates from a small town, where I knew everyone and was known by everyone, to the capital of a great state, where, with little worldly experience and no political experience whatsoever, knowing few people and being known by few, I was expected to make good as governor of a great state. As my hand lingered on the latch and I looked at the darkened house while the rain descended, my heart sank lower and lower. I thought not of the great honor which had been conferred upon me or of how my forbears would appreciate my honors could they know of them; I thought not of the general assembly of South Carolina, before whom I was so soon to take the oath of office, but of the prediction a former slave, Emily Jenkins, once my mother's maid—our cook in my childhood days. I thought of her because when I was a small boy and insisted on Emily's giving me more of the cake which she had just baked than she thought was good for my youthful digestion, she used to say to me: "Look here, boy, git away from here; big eye gwine git you in trouble yet." As I stood there that night I realized her prediction had come true.

As I have referred to my being governor of this state, I want to take this opportunity to straighten out a negro story which has been told on me from one end of this state to the other and has never been told correctly, as so often happens with most stories, and more particularly with negro stories. When I was a candidate for governor I overheard two negroes on the plantation discussing my ambition in that direction. They did not see me. One said to the other: "Look here, I yeddy boss gwine run for guvnor." The other said: "Yes, I yeddy so." "Well," he continued, "if de boss do run for guvnor 'e will git um, but 'e ain't gwine like um up dere; he gwine tire of um pretty soon and when he do he gwine send fur Mister Jaycocks fur run tings for um and him gwine cum back home to we." My later experiences with the dispensary and with applications for pardon, and also with the management of the professors of the University of South Carolina while chairman of its board of trustees, used often to make me wish for Mr. Jaycocks, my overseer, so that I might return to my black cohorts on the Combahee.

It is highly improbable—in fact, it is almost impossible—that anyone who knew the negro in the days of slavery and lived among them will ever again write on this subject. Too many years have now passed, and the world in the future must depend upon second hand information, as it were. What I know of slavery and of the slaves is, of course, somewhat of this nature, except that I have an advantage in this respect—my life has been spent among negroes, a large majority of whom had been slaves, and the rest the children of slaves. When I first knew them only 20 years had passed since they had been declared free. They were on the same plantations where they had been before the Confederate war, working in the same fields, using the same methods, living in the same houses, and in a number of instances employed by their old masters and managed by the old overseers. In the nature, character, disposition and thoughts of the negro 20 years under these conditions had made little change—the tree still pointed the way the twig had been inclined. Sometimes I think some of the older negroes never fully realized that they had been freed. Fully 50 per cent. of the field negroes did not know the name of Abraham Lincoln. If they had beard it, they had forgotten it.

I went to school near Philadelphia and my best friend at school, a Quaker, belonged to a family who before the war were strong Abolitionists. Despite this fact, however, he was one of the finest fellows in the world. He and I used to have many warm arguments on the question of slavery. About ten years ago he made me a visit on Combahee and was very much interested in everything he saw, and time, I am glad to say, had greatly changed his views. I thought for old time's sake I would give him a shock. As we were driving through the plantation we met old Judy Simons—old Judy, a little broader than she was high, and despite this fact, or perhaps on account of it, exceedingly bow legged. I stopped the buggy. "Judy," I said, "who set you free?" "I dunno, boss," was the prompt reply. "Do you remember the war?" "Yes, sir, dey teck me to de up country." "Did you ever hear of a Yankee?" "I bin yeddy bout dem once." "Did they set you free?" "Boss, how I know?" "This gentleman, Judy," I said, "is a Yankee." She immediately acknowledged the introduction with a low courtesy, but eyed him from head to foot with a look of the greatest curiosity. "Great Lord, boss," she exclaimed, "is dat a Yankee? I lib de day to see one." "He has come to take you back home with him." "Now, look eh, boss, stop yur foolin', enty you know me never gwine lef you; me go lef you fur go wid Yankees?"

Negroes of Several Types.

The great mistake which most Northern writers on the subject of slavery have made is that they think of the slaves as all of one type, whereas there were several types, and those types, classes or groups differed very materially from each other. These differences were brought about by their occupations largely. The occupations of some threw them in the closest kind of contact with the families of their masters. They were members of the household—"the baron's retainers," likewise faithful and trusted friends, and naturally such an environment had its influence, and a very considerable one at that. The occupation of others necessitated a certain training. They had to learn their trades, and for that purpose were often sent to the cities and worked as apprentices. Such training was in itself educational and had a most marked effect on their characters. Again others, naturally leaders, were given positions of responsibility and trust, their masters looking to them for the proper performance of the work and the authority given them commanded respect on the part of the others, which respect they were required to maintain. Then there was the large class who worked in the fields only.

In order then to study and fairly know the negro of the low country in the days of slavery, we must realize the fact that there were these distinctions of type, distinctions caused by environment and the nature of their work. The student of those times and people must understand that the house servants differed very materially from the "drivers" as they were called in those days—"foremen" in my day, the term "driver" not being used after emancipation—and the blacksmiths, carpenters, brick masons, etc., and likewise both of the types differed even more from the general run of the field hands. The house servants, when they deserved it, were always regarded with affection, which none but the people of the South can understand, by their masters and mistresses. To them the great house was home, and when the need came, as come it did between '61 and '65, history has recorded the fact that the black man, slave though he was, stood as a protector of that home—a sentinel on duty while his master was away—and was ever faithful to his trust. This the people of the South should always remember.

The "drivers," blacksmiths and carpenters were accorded a considerable amount of respect by their masters and they generally prided themselves upon this fact. They were given more privileges, and in certain instances were allowed to purchase their freedom. In point of value they were considered as being worth very much more than the other negroes; even more valuable I think than the house servants for it was easier to train a butler than it was to teach a blacksmith or a carpenter, and as to a first class "driver," they were born and not made. Great stress was laid by the planters upon the various occupations of their negroes. They classed them as labor is classed today. My grandfather, Charles Heyward, who must have been a very methodical man, made in the year 1865 a carefully compiled list of all the negroes he owned when they were emancipated. In this list he gives the plantation to which the negro belonged, his or her occupation, whether house servant, and if so, what kind, driver, carpenter, blacksmith, waiter, rainder, sailor—for he had his own schooner in which to ship rice to Charleston—or field hand. He likewise gave the ages of every negro in 1865 and even the names of children two years old and upward. Only the given names are recorded, for "before the war," as we used to say, negroes were known to their owners only by their first names. They had surnames, however, all the same, and these names ran all the way from Wineglass to Washington. Among themselves, no doubt, it was Miss Nancy Wineglass and Mr. Scipio Washington. The negroes on my old plantation still speak of this list as "de book." How often have I heard the request: "Do, Boss, git de book and gimme my age."

Their Lives and Thoughts.

As I take it, the student of the negro in the days of slavery will seek to form a correct idea of their character and dispositions; he will want to know how they lived and thought, what they did and how they did it, whether they were well disposed or unkindly; how they regarded their owners and the white race generally; their religious beliefs and what effect these beliefs had upon them; if they recognized obligations and felt any responsibilities—in fact he will seek all the light which can be brought to bear on this subject, and little will be found. He will find some books on the negro of former days; he will be able to read a number of stories about the low country negro, but how many of the authors of the books really knew the negro when he was a slave, and how many of the stories are only imaginary? In some instances the dialect used will be correct, but the ideas will be the ideas of the white man and not of the negro, and therefore he will not get a true impression; he will not know the negro as he really was.

The best writer, not only of the dialect of the low country negro but who also has the faculty of expressing what he makes his characters say, just as the negro. I know would say it, is Ambrose E. Gonzales of this city. Mr. Gonzales can not only talk like a negro but he can make himself think like one. But if a Combahee or a Pon Pon negro were to say all the wise and witty things which Mr. Gonzales in his delightful stories makes him say, he would not be a type of the low country negro any more than in point of learning, mentality and humor is Mr. Gonzales a type of the white men of this state. Like most writers he idealizes his characters.

We form our conceptions of peoples and races largely by studying their literature, religious beliefs, works of art, architecture and by the systems of government they maintained. We also study the lives of certain men and women they produced, and from our conception of these we form in a general way an idea and estimate of what the people were really like; what they really were. This we can not do with the low country negro of slavery days. He left no literature, few could even read or write, his religion was of the emotions, and has left no record. The only art he knew was to serve and as worker and builder it was for the prosperity of others. Instead of governing he was governed. In order to know and understand him then we must judge him by certain types of the race which were really typical—typical of him as a class, as in buying lumber we can order the "run of the mill," and this will include the good and the bad, just as it comes.

I shall endeavor tonight to describe to you certain negroes who belonged to the distinct types of slaves to which I have referred, and to relate certain incidents which I hope, will in a measure, give you some idea of what they really were like. I shall speak of negroes whom I knew personally and knew well, calling them by their real names and telling as best I can recall just what they really said and did.

The Cook and Butler.

Of our family servants tha two whom I best remember were Emily Jenkins, the cook, and Paul Bee, the butler. Emily was one of the best women I have ever known and her life was lived practically as a member of our family. As a young woman she was my mother's maid, came from the rice fields of Georgia and remained with us until she died. While I realize that Emily was a most excellent cook—one of the best at the time the South was noted for its cooks—as I recall her I can not but think of her more as a member of the family, beloved, trusted and respected than as a servant and formerly a slave. She was the type of negro Thomas Nelson Page describes in his charming stories of "Marse Chan" and "Mi Lady," the type to which Henry Grady referred when in a speech in Boston he said: "The love we feel for that race you can not measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy from her home up there looks down to bless, and through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her croonings of 30 years ago when she held me in her black arms and led me smiling into sleep."

Paul Bee, the butler, was quite a character. He and my father were about the same age and as boys had played together and later he became what was known as my father's "body servant." Paul had only one failing—he would upon occasions drink too much whiskey, but he never allowed this to interfere with his efficiency. He was too well trained for that and was always respectful and loyal. It was the custom in Charleston in those days to have very light suppers handed around in the parlor on a large tray. When drunk Paul could always be depended upon. Once the tray was firmly strapped over his shoulders, he himself steadied and the parlor door opened, it was a certainty Paul would do the rest—that he would safely make the rounds and never spill a drop.

When my father had company to dinner he would after dinner occasionally tell a favorite story on Paul with the intention of drawing forth his reply, for regardless of a well established rule, reply Paul always would. My father would relate that on one occasion he was shooting snipe and during the morning Paul, who always accompanied him, picked up a fish from a ditch and put it in his game bag. At lunch time he told Paul to count the game. Paul counted and announced they had "tirteen snipe countin' de fish." Immediately Paul would retire behind a screen and would mumble most audibly "I neber tell Mass Barnwell no sech ting; I say we had tirteen snipe scusin de fish." Poor old Paul, he outlived my father a very short time. In death he soon followed the friend he had served so well in life.

Blacksmith Caesar.

Of the negroes who had had trades before the war, I recall most distinctly "Blacksmith Caesar"—old Caesar Pencile. He was an old man, quite 80 when I knew him and he had long since ceased to work, but the record of a well spent and respected life still clung to him and his years and whitened locks only added to his dignity. In manner the old man was a Chesterfield, to both white and black alike. Black though he was—yes very black—when you talked to him you felt you were talking to one who belonged to a generation which had passed away, a generation distinguished for gentility and courtesy, and that old Caesar both in speech and manner was no unworthy representative. He impressed one as meaning and feeling what he said; nothing about him suggested cant or insincerity. He cared for you because your people had owned him. For this neither you nor he were responsible. Until his death each year the old man would make a week's visit to my aunt in Charleston—"My young missus, Miss Lizzie," as he called her, and would talk to her of old times and tell stories to her grandchildren. Joel Chandler Harris must have known another "Blacksmith Caesar" when he created Uncle Remus for Caesar was the only negro I knew in the low country of South Carolina who reminded me of Uncle Remus. With the aid of Mr. Harris, I am sure he would have made equally as good a story teller as Uncle Remus for both were probably negroes of the same degree of intelligence, of the same sentiments and the same breeding and associations. They belonged to the same type, and a mighty fine type it was. Their race may produce abler but will never produce finer specimens.

Of these negroes who during the era of slavery were set apart as it were, I recall a number—old "drivers" and carpenters, some active still in my day, others not. There was Jack Gregory, my grandfather's head "driver," a very small negro and who on account of his size and also on account of a certain propensity which he occasionally displayed the negroes nicknamed "Wasp." January Myers, a large commanding looking negro with both poise and dignity and with tact enough to be the head foreman for a cousin of mine on an adjoining plantation for years after the war. January was in fact the best foreman I have known on Combahee. His sons there today are by no means in his class. Old Joe Singleton, head carpenter at "The Bluff," a most respectable negro, imposing in his demeanor and exerting a most excellent influence—on the right side always—a safe advisor for his people, but with too much dignity to work "by the day" under new conditions. His son William was a better carpenter and his father's training made him equally as good a man.

Caesar Goff, carpenter, whom Mr. Jones, the overseer, used to say was the most honest negro he had ever known. One day during the war in order to test him, my father called him and gave him a box filled with old iron. On account of its weight Caesar of course thought it contained silver. "Take that horse and this box," said my father, "Ride off in the woods, bury it and let it stay there until I tell you to bring it back." A year or two after the war my father recalled the incident and again called Caesar. "Caesar, do you remember where you buried that box?" "Yass sur," said Caesar, "I member." "Well get it," and in a short while he came back with the box

...great as it had been entrusted to him.

Former Training Better.

As to the efficiency of house servants—foremen and blacksmiths of those days—as compared with negroes of similar callings today, I would say that the house servants, including butlers, cooks and chambermaids, were far better trained and far more efficient than those employed now in the South. Taking them as a whole there can be no comparison. The object of life of negro servants before the Confederate war was to serve. Being slaves, of course the question of wages never entered in. Today the housewives of the South are being forced to a very great extent to do their own work for comparatively few competent house servants can be found, and with these few there is a general disposition to do as little as possible; to consider primarily the question of pay, and to change situations upon the slightest supposed provocation.

As to the foremen and carpenters there can also be no question but that they were far more efficient and capable than those employed in the low country since freedom. One great drawback to the rice industry in my day was the inability of the planters to obtain competent foremen who would have the work properly done and who, when a question arose, would not give the benefit of the doubt to the laborer, seeking popularity and influence with their own race. The carpenters of ante-bellum days were far superior to those of my day and, in fact, I am satisfied they would have compared most favorably with the very best negro carpenters now employed in our cities. Many of the finest old residences in Charleston were built by rice planters and the carpenters who did the work were brought from their plantations. It has been my observation that since the war very few young negroes on rice plantations cared to learn the carpenter's trade—preferring plowing to such apprenticeship, and in this, for selfish purposes, they were encouraged by the older carpenters who feared being supplanted.

One great trouble about the negro foremen of my day was that as soon as they were made foremen they became local preachers, and nothing pleases a preacher better than to be popular with his flock. To "dock" a church sister on Saturday afternoon and then expect an approving "Amen," "Yes, brudder," "Bless de Lord" on Sunday morning was of course out of the question, and who does not love the approval of his fellow men and women? Sammy Wright, who was with me for many years and who is still in active service as a foreman, meeting now to some extent the requirements of Northern management and modern methods, could come about as near satisfying both sides as any negro I have ever known, but Sammy has, or thinks he has, a keen insight into human nature. Some years ago I said to him, "Sammy, knowing as you do that I know the life you lead, could you preach before me?" "Boss," he said, "just come and try me." "All right," I said, "some time I will drop in unexpectedly and see." "No, boss, don't do dat, come but don't come unexpected. Gib me warning so I kin pick a tex dat will fit you." I have always wondered what the text would have been. I believe he would have hit it pretty close. Sammy Wright justifies his life as a man with his teachings as a preacher by saying that he always admonishes his flock not to do as he does, but to do as he says. This of course gives him a very wide latitude in both directions.

Lived in Settlements.

The field hands, as they were termed, who comprised a very large majority of the slaves, lived together in settlements, worked in gangs, working every day the weather permitted. On large plantations they came in contact only with the overseer and their names in many instances on the largest plantations were unknown to their owners. These formed, as I have endeavored to explain, a class to themselves, and the student of slavery as it existed in the South must ever bear this in mind in studying the character, habits and life ...rounding slavery. These negroes were the hewers of wood and the drawers of water—they were the men and the women with the hoe, whose hewing and drawing and hoeing began with the rising of the sun and ended only with its setting.

That taken as a whole they were of a lower order of intelligence than the other types of slaves I have referred to can not be denied, but it must be remembered that they had far less opportunities. With the exception of Sunday schools and church services—conducted on many plantations by white ministers—the field hands received no teaching whatsoever. Few, if any, could read or write. They were not thrown in contact with white people, with the exception of the overseer. Seldom, if ever, did they go to the city, nor even mingle with their own race on adjacent plantations. Their horizon, to say the least, was exceedingly limited. To one who knew them intimately, however, there was probably as much difference in the character and individuality of these negroes as there is to be found among masses of white workers in the mines and manufacturies of our country today. They were not all of one grade by any means—far from it, and in order that I may better illustrate this I will endeavor to describe to you several negroes whom I knew and worked for years, who had been field hands during slavery days and who still remained of that calling. I shall try to select both men and women who represented different types both in their appearance and in their dispositions.

As I look back over my rice planting days and the negroes who worked on the plantation, two men, particularly, differing greatly one from the other, come to my mind. These are Fay Sheppard and Cudjoe Myers. In stature Fay was almost a giant. He was very considerably over six feet and as straight as an arrow. Broad at the shoulders, he tapered perfectly to his waist, carrying not an ounce of superfluous flesh. He had the complexion of an African but the features of a Caucasian, which latter were accentuated by a moustache and an imperial. "Blood will tell" is an old saying, and it certainly told in Fay. The African stock from which he came must have been of the best, and whenever I looked at him I thought that in generations gone by the son of some African prince must have fallen in the hands of the slave-hunters and been carried away to the shores of Carolina. There was no better worker to be found anywhere. What was a full task to the average hand was as nothing to him. To see him shoveling mud out of a rice field ditch one would suppose a steam shovel was at work, and all he did most willingly. He had no education, but his natural ability was by far above the average. Often he reminded me in looks and in manner of Stepheney Riley, one of the best known negroes who ever lived in Charleston and who met a tragic end, as some of you gentlemen may recall. Fay's one trouble, however, was whiskey. Saturday nights and Sundays he was always drunk, and his end came by being thrown out of a road cart and falling on the back of his neck one Saturday night. All the negroes on the plantation to this day know of Fay Sheppard. Give me 1,000 like him and I could have dug the Panama canal.

Come From Africa.

Cudjoe Meyers' father I always understood came directly from Africa, and Cudjoe looked it. I know him only as an old man, but in his younger days I was told none surpassed him as a worker where the work was hard. All his life Cudjoe had worked in the fields. He never had driven a mule and could not hitch up a horse. I saw him make his first attempt and I can assure you he actually started to put the horses head toward the road cart because the cart happened to be pointed in the opposite direction to which he knew old man Jones, the overseer, intended to go. Don't think from this that Cudjoe was a fool or an idiot for he was not. He had simply had no experience in harnessing horses, in fact he had never thought about it and when the necessity was thrust upon him, he at least turned the horse's head in the right direction.

Nor did he have in his mind any sense of proportions or the relative importance of things. When he was too old to perform hard work in the fields I made him night watchman around the lot. One morning I was awakened by his knocking violently on the back door and when I asked him what was the matter he announced that "a terrible ting is come to pass, de puppy dog shut up in the store all night and Mr. Haskell stable and all 'e mules dey burn up." Unlike Fay, he never got drunk, was always ready to work. He knew how to ditch and to build a bank if he didn't know the difference between a parlor and a pantry. But never mind how young he had been taken, he could never have been trained to be a house servant. I seriously doubt if in all his life he had ever entered a white man's house until in his old age I took him to Walterboro where he ended by marrying a young woman of bad caracter and thus we parted, though of course, like all the rest, he is buried on the old plantation.

On every rice plantation both before and after the Confederate War the best men were divided into two groups, those who drove mules, the plowmen, and those who worked with the spade and shovel, such as ditchers and bank hands. When I began planting I worked about 20 mules and I believes I could today call the names of nearly every plowman and could also recall their faces. More than this, I could mention certain characteristics which distinguished these negroes from each other. By no means did they all then or do they all today look alike to me. I sometimes like to look over my first time book and try to recall the faces of the negroes whose names I used daily to write and in most instances I can recall them quite distinctly. I remember very clearly about 20 women who were all excellent workers nearly all whom were then of middle age and had worked as slaves before the war. They were our "old reliables" and the generation which followed could never be compared to them. Franky Shilling, Mary Huff, Ellen Robinson, Eve Bryan and Miley Hudson. The last two are still living. But above all I can never forget Abbie Manigault.

I don't believe old Abbie ever had her equal in the shape of a rice field negro. A woman of large size, exceedingly muscular and as black as the ace of spades, Abbie could always be depended upon. In my day Abbie was "foreman" over the children, but she frequently worked women also. And what a vocabulary she had! How she could hurl epithets one minute and say positively witty things the next! The negroes never got mad with her; they didn't dare to, for, unlike the men foremen, she wasn't afraid of them and felt secure in her popularity.

Abbie Whipped a Man.

On one occasion after a storm had practically destroyed my crop, I told the negroes they could gather for themselves the rice in a certain field, it was all right for them, but for me it would not pay for the harvesting. When I rode toward the field the next morning I was surprised to meet all the negroes on the plantation standing in the road, and soon discovered I had a strike on my hands: that the...

Title: Peter Stands Up for Truth and Honesty.

Scripture: Acts 5:1-11.

Golden Text: "Lying lips are an abomination to Jehovah; but they that deal truly are his delight."—Prov. 12:22.

Truth: We should love truth and hate falsehood.

Outline:

(1) The Lie: It represented a desire to appear to be better than they really were. Any attempt to appear better in the eyes of the world than we really are is of the nature of falsehood. Ananias and Sapphira did not have to sell their property and bring it to the disciples; there is no evidence that this was compulsory: it was a voluntary expression of devotion, and for them to pretend to have done this when they had not was a deliberate attempt to get credit for greater piety than they possessed.

It was therefore a lie to God as well as to man. People today still think they can deceive God, they follow crooked practices in business but seek to cover it up by liberal church contributions; they are uncharitable and unkind in disposition and think to cover it by belonging to the missionary society. "What doth the Lord thy God require of three but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" said the prophet Micah; and nothing else will do as a substitute.

It was due to social ambition. Their standing in the little Christian community at Jerusalem would be enhanced, they thought, by a reputation for great liberality. Many a mother has sacrificed her daughter's character on the altar of social ambition.

(2) The Ministry: Its severity expressed God's abhorrence of a lie. "God is Truth," and falsehood of any kind, in thought, word or act, is most contrary to his nature. Robert E. Speer says that a lie is the fundamental sin.

Its severity expressed the seriousness of the offense. Not only was the guilt of Ananias and Sapphira great, but the sin which they committed, if it had been passed over lightly, would have undermined the whole character of the church. Everything is gone when truth is gone. The future of the church and of tChristian civilization demanded that the extreme penalty be imposed, as a deterrent for all future ages.

Its severity had a wholesome effect upon the early church. The writer of Acts notes this. It was a moral tonic. It impressed upon the early Christians an ineradicable horror of a lie. It made the names of Ananias and Sapphira a by-word to all future generations.

Only one person in four in South Carolina is enrolled in Sunday school. This is better than it is in many other states, but it is not what it should be. The Bible has a message for every human life and it is the duty of the Sunday school as the Bible study and teaching service of the church, to reach and enlist every man, woman and child. Experience has shown that as a rule only those who are members of the Sunday school do any regular, systematic study. We learn from history that no nation has ever attained a sound moral character unless that character was based upon religious instruction. In America today this religious institution, (if it comes at all) must come through one or another of the three great institutions that touch the life of nearly every person—the home, the public school, and the Sunday school as the teaching service of the church. The American home is not giving adequate and systematic religious instruction. The public school, according to the law of our land, can not. Therefore the only opportunity for the mass of the people to receive instruction in religion is the Sunday school. This gives the Sunday school in this county a greater opportunity and places upon it a heavier burden of responsibility that in any other county a greater opportunity and places upon it a heavier burden of responsibility than in any other country in the world. It is the duty of the public school to give us intelligent citizens; it is the duty of the Sunday school to give us Christian citizens. But "we can not save the people unless we reach them." It is therefore the immediate and imperative obligation of every Sunday school to enroll in its membership every man, woman and child in that community who is not already connected with some other Sunday school.

To win and hold a person in Sunday school five steps are necessary.

In nearly every community there are people out of Sunday school whom no one has thought of or known about. The first thing to do is to make a list of all persons who are not already in Sunday school. There are two methods of doing this.

Get all the Sunday schools of different denominations in your town or community to cooperate in a "home visitation" or as sometimes called "Religious Census." Send to the state office of the South Carolina Sunday School association for leaflets explaining the plan in detail; study carefully; select and train the workers who will do the visiting; meet at the appointed time, visit every home, and make a list of the members of that home (divided according to the various departments of the Sunday school) indicating the denominational preference of each one. The cards giving these reports are then classified by the central committee and the cards of those belonging to or preferring the Baptist church are given to the Baptist Sunday school, the Methodist cards to the Methodist Sunday school, etc. Then each Sunday school divides these names among its departments and classes and a systematic follow up is begun, as described in the paragraph entitled "Go After Him." This is the best plan if properly and persistently followed up.

If it is not desired to conduct a home visitation, the following, if thoroughly worked, gets very nearly the same result. So far as we know, this plan with the follow up system as described in the succeeding paragraph, was first used by D. W. Sims, ... superintendent of the Pine Street ... Richmond

were striking against working for themselves, some fool having started the report that I had given them the crop for my own advantage. Old Joe Fields, rather small of stature, with one very large and prominent tooth, was the spokesman. Sitting upon my horse, I listened as he entered upon a lengthy and labored explanation. While he was in the midst of it, I saw Abbie, standing by the roadside, her arms akimbo. I turned to her and asked: "Abbie, do you want the best dress in the store?" "Yes, boss." "All right," I said, "I'll give it to you if you will lick Joe right here and now." I saw her reach for him and fasten her strong black hands in his collar; then I rode away and as I looked back all I could see was a cloud of dust in the middle of the road and in it two rapidly revolving figures, while the crowd of negroes cheered on the gladiators. But the strike was ended, and to Joe's dying day I would often hear the negroes say to him: "Joe, do you member dat day when de boss mek old Abbie lick you?" Were old Abbie alive today, what an acquisition she would be to the United States Steel corporation or to the coal operator. Gompers himself would have no terrors for Abbie were the question of a new dress involved.

And how she did make the children hustle when it came to loading a boat with rice! Twenty were assigned to the task and Abbie would arm herself with a most formidable looking switch, which she flourished the entire day, as she would charge first at one little darky and then at another. And how tired the little negroes would get, more from dodging Abbie than carrying the baskets. I remember late one afternoon hearing a little girl exclaim as she wearily emptied her basket into the hatch of the schooner: "Gawd, de Sallie Brissel hab a berry big belly," but big belly or little belly, Abbie always loaded the boat before the sun set.

Some of the notions and ideas which the low country negro gets into his head are very odd and often amusing. I remember particularly the tragedy which old Mark Snipe once pulled off. There was a Jew merchant in the neighborhood, Jake Watisky by name, who did an extensive business advancing to the negroes, and these advances were secured by a bill of sale of everything the negro had. On one oc-

(See next Card)

Slavery - 1920

Typed 1

THE PASSING OF THE MAMMY

South-Western Christian Advocate

By Inez A. Godman

Written for the Southwestern Christian Advocate

1-29-20

Yes, she is passing; almost passed.

She was the epitome of the best of slavery days, the exponen to the nth power of the Negro's devotion to his highest opportuni ty.

The most wonderful thing within her horizon was the atom o pale-faced humanity laid upon her bosom. She saw it develop wit amazing rapidity into the best of modern progressive life. He highest ideals became expressed therein, and with whole-hearte self-efacement she laid her life's devotion at its feet. Even her ow offspring were made sub-servient to this white child of another wo man for she realized that her own could never reach the star whos rays composed the shining pathway before the feet of "Missus" little one. Her soul awoke to the joy of accomplishment and sh dedicated herself to its future with no thought of return beyond a eager hunger for its love.

But, now, the Negro woman sees another star ahead, a bright star all her own, a star to which to hitch the wagon of her own wee babe. Again she gives herself in uttermost devotion to the highest ideal before her. She is but the rope that holds the wagon to the star, but what a rope! Interwoven of heart strings, determination and untiring devotion: surely it can never break.

The Mammy passes, but the Mother lives.

My God, grant to her wisdom, for in her soul lives all the future of her Race.

Madison, Conn.

NEW YORK CITY GLOBE
JUNE 21, 1920

Emancipator in 1843.

Editor Globe:—My father, who was attorney general of the state of Alabama in 1843, advocated the plan referred to by one of your correspondents of sending the Negroes to Africa. When he left Alabama he freed the Negro man and woman who had [illegible]
He believed ownership of Negro slaves was a citizen's legal right, so should not be denied to those who wished to indulge in it while the existing law allowed it, but he deemed slavery an injustice to humanity, so would not sell his slaves when he left the slave states.

EDWARD F. CLARK.
Ridgewood, N. J., June 17.

From Slavery to Riches, Pioneer Negro Points Way to Racial Understanding

The Constitution
1/11/20

A handsomely engraved invitation came to the office of The Constitution recently announcing the celebration of the golden wedding of David T. Howard to be observed upon Tuesday, October 19. David Howard was born a negro slave and today stands as perhaps the most respected representative of his race by white and black alike to be found in Atlanta, and is the sole owner of an undertaking establishment which is rated as the fourth largest in the community.

He has attained a position of power in the local financial world and one of such trust that banking firms are glad to make loans upon his name. David Howard gives three principles which he maintains account for his rise from a penniless hotel waiter immediately after "freedom" to his present status. "My three rules of business," he declares, "are, first, be square to all, taking advantage of none; second, always keep a promise; and, third, never tell a lie or make a business bluff!" These principles of business, he says, were taught him as a young body servant of Colonel T. C. Howard, of Crawford county, to whom he belonged prior to the civil war.

David Howard was born in 1849 as the property of Colonel Howard, father of Schley Howard, upon a plantation in Crawford county. With his master he moved to Atlanta in 1854 at the age of 5 years, and even then in training as a special body servant. He was 16 years old when Sherman marched on Atlanta and Colonel Howard was forced to send all of his slaves and property to Albany for safety. E. B. Walker, then superintendent of the W. & A. railroad, placed a locomotive and ten cars at the colonel's disposal for the removal of the refugees in charge of whom the negro boy David was placed.

After the evacuation of Atlanta Colonel Howard had his negroes brought back to a piece of farm land, now the site of East Lake club grounds, and there took up his residence subsequent to the war.

Morning He Was Freed.

The old man tells of the morning on which he was freed with tears in his eyes and in a husky voice. "On the morning of May 30, '65—it was a Monday morning—about seventy-five of us were called up to the big house. The colonel came out and told us that we were free and would have to get out and make our living. It was the saddest time that I've ever seen in my life, all crying and telling one another good-by. The colonel put his arms around me and we both cried."

David came to Atlanta that day and secured a position as waiter in the old Exchange hotel, which used to stand upon the corner of Alabama and Pryor streets, and remained there for two years. At the end of that time he became the personal servant of Neal Robson, brother-in-law of Colonel Howard.

In 1882 Mr. Robson died in the arms of his beloved servant. In the will of the deceased was a bequest of $150 for David Howard. That was the start of the negro boy who today owns a wealthy business, a handsome residence just off of Peachtree road, and has interests in several other concerns in the state.

"I have never attended a day of school or had any education," stated David, "but I have always paid attention to older people, both black and white. I never have wasted time—never gone in for wild oats, never even seen a baseball game nor danced a step—but always attended to business!"

At first it was fearfully hard sledding, he said, because of people who took advantage of him and mistreated him. "But there is nothing like a man being his own boss, as my old colonel used to tell me, and Mr. Robson told me the same thing, with his hand in mine just as he was dying," declared the old man.

Doesn't Want Social Equality.

When asked about the inter-racial conditions of Georgia David Howard evinced a keen insight into the situation. He said that most of the trouble arises from the fact that the two races come in closest touch with each other at the bottom of the scale—the worst elements of both races are the more intimate, while the best elements live apart. He declared that no sane thinking negro wanted social equality with the white race and told an amusing instance of a trip of his some years ago to Cincinnati to buy a hearse. The dealer from whom he purchased the hearse invited him to dinner. At the dinner table David says that he forgot how to eat, what to do with his hands, and the purpose of food. "No more social equality for me," he laughingly concluded. "That is the talk of cheap politicians who want to get into office," he asserted.

The negro wants three things most of all, he said. First, justice in the courts; second, better accommodations on the railroads; and, third, schools for their children. He pointed out the fact that there is not a high school in Atlanta for negroes. If the negro might have some improvement along these lines and not be mistreated, he declared, that none would leave to go north. "But I never want to leave Georgia myself," he said emphatically.

The gray-haired man advised his people not to be too sensitive and go about expecting bad treatment and discrimination, "for a man will find what he looks for. Expect a fair deal until you get an unfair one!" He said that the great sin of his race was their inability to save money and their lack of industriousness. There are too many silk shirts, expensive hats, too much "good time."

David Howard was married to Ella Branner at Dalton on October 19, 1870, and the fiftieth anniversary of that event will be celebrated by the couple at their residence, "Forrest Home," just off Peachtree road, on Tuesday evening. It is an occasion in which the hundreds of friends, both white and black, of the couple will sympathize and rejoice.

EX-SLAVES FIND COMFORT IN HOME.

Old folk, who were slaves in the South before the Civil War being cared for by the government at Blue Plains near Washington. There the old slaves, many passed the age of 90 find rest and comfort.

In the photograph, a group is shown enjoying a game of cards, very likely "casino" or "five up."

'10-Cent Bill' Yopp Compliments Aged Negro Servant, 1-22-20 Given Home for Life

"10-Cent Bill" Yopp will have a home for life. Such was the decision of the board of trustees of the Confederate Veteran's Home at a meeting Wednesday afternoon. His aged negro, who has been an invaluable help to the home for many years was given a job there for the rest of his life.

The faithful old servant gets the latter part of his name from Captain Yopp, an inmate of the home, who is now at the point of death. Captain Yopp served through the Civil war with valor and fidelity and at his side through the years of the war and all the years of adversity that followed could be found "10-Cent Bill."

Since his "marster" was taken sick he has been constantly at his bedside, nursing him with tender and loving care. Yesterday, in appreciation of the faithful service of the old negro, both to the home and to Captain Yopp, the board decided to make him happy until he passes into another world.

The resolutions passed concerning "10 Cent Bill" were the only thing of importance done at the meeting, except the election of officers, all of the 1919 officers being re-elected.

The officers re-elected for 1920 are as follows:

R. D. T. Lawrence, Marietta, president of board; E. H. Thornton, secretary of board; W. E. McAllister, superintendent of home; J. S. Kennedy, of Atlanta National bank, treasurer of board; George S. Owens, steward of home; E. M. Branch, steward of hospital; Dr. L. C. Brewer, surgeon; Dr. J. S. McFall, rector in charge.

After the meeting the board of trustees and the officers were given a dinner by the superintendent and the inmates and after the dinner a musicale and movie program followed.

"UNCLE ANDY" TALKS TO COLLEGE STUDENTS

(Associated Press)

CHAPEL HILL, N. C. May 15—"Uncle" Andy Johnson, old negro janitor at the University of North Carolina, addressed the student body at their request at the regular chapel exercises yesterday.

"Uncle" Andy paid a tribute to the old time darkey; who he said, was rapidly disappearing, and he asked his hearers to help keep in the modern negro the best traits of the old time negro.

CHICAGO ILL. JOURNAL
OCTOBER 5 1920

Slavery Kept Up in Illinois After Lincoln Freed Negroes

Suppose you are called upon to give a list of the "old slave states" of the Union.

You begin with Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and so on. But how many would include Illinois in the list?

And yet as late as 1864 the Supreme court of the state affirmed the constitutionality of an Illinois statute providing for the sale of negroes coming into the state.

Under this law, passed by the general assembly of Illinois in 1853, any negro or mulatto, bound or free, coming into the state and remaining here for a period of ten days with the intention of permanently settling here, was guilty of misdemeanor. If such negro should be convicted and fail to pay the fine imposed, he was to be sold by the sheriff of the county at public auction to the person who would pay the fine and costs for the shortest period of his services.

Law Wiped Out in 1865

It was not until this law of 1853 was repealed in 1865 that a negro might lawfully acquire a home in Illinois.

Slavery in Illinois dates back to the French occupation of the territory before it was ceded to England by the treaty of 1763. In 1720 Philip Renault brought in a cargo of 500 negroes from San Domingo most of whom were sold to the inhabitants of the Illinois country.

This was the beginning of slavery in what is now the state of Illinois, which was not wholly eradicated until two years after the signing of the emancipation proclamation by Abraham Lincoln.

It is estimated that at the time when the Illinois country passed under British rule there were in its boundaries about 900 negro slaves. Many of the French settlers moved west with their slaves and at the outbreak of the revolution there were only about 600 in the territory.

Illinois Under Virginia Law

During the war the territory now included within the limits of Illinois was wrested from the British by Virginia troops and when peace was restored it continued under Virginia law.

Prior to the passing of the ordinance of 1787 slavery seems to have been as firmly established in the new territory north of the Ohio as it was south of that river.

But the ordinance of 1787 creating the Northwest Territory provided that "there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory otherwise than for the punishment of crime."

This act caused much uneasiness among the slaveholders east of the Mississippi in what are now the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana and Ohio. But Gov. St. Clair of the Northwest Territory, and afterward Gov. Harrison, took the view that this law was not retroactive and did not affect the status of slaves held in that territory prior to 1787.

Establish "Voluntary" Slavery

This view was acquiesced in by the people and the courts for many years. As the law did not permit the bringing of slaves into the territory, a system of "voluntary servitude" was established to encourage the immigration of slaveholders with their slaves.

Under this system male slaves were indentured to their masters till they were 35 years old; females till they were 32. Children born during the parents' period of service could be indentured, the boys until they were 30 and the girls till they were 28. Unless slaves were indentured within thirty days after they were brought in they could be removed from the territory by their masters.

Though the constitution of 1818 barred slavery from Illinois for the future, it was contended it did not free the French negro slaves who were here prior to the adoption of the constitution. The term of indenture was also shortened.

The first state legislature, in 1819, re-enacted the severe "black laws" of the territory, under which a negro, free or slave, had very little protection. If free, unless he could present a certificate of freedom from a court of record, he was liable to arrest and to be sold to service for the period of one year.

Might Be Whipped or Sold

A slave, whether indentured or otherwise, if found away from home might be publicly whipped. He might be sold on execution or mortgaged to pay his master's debts.

One of the bitterest political fights in the history of Illinois was waged in 1824 over the proposition to call a convention to revise the constitution in such way as to permit negro slavery under the same terms as in the states south of the Ohio river. In a vote of 11,612 this proslavery proposition was defeated by a majority of 1,668.

In 1845 the decision of the state Supreme court in the Jarrot case was a knockout blow for slavery in Illinois. The court held, contrary to the opinions of Gov. St. Clair and Gov. Harrison, that the anti-slavery provision of the ordinance of 1787 was retroactive—that is, that it applied to all slaves in the territory at the time of its passage. The effect of the decision was to liberate all French negro slaves in the state, and their children, who had been held illegally.

Finally Wins Right to Home

But it was not till 1865, after the civil war had been fought to a finish, that the last vestige of slave legislation was wiped from the statute books of Illinois.

In 1862 a negro named Nelson had been convicted in Adams county of violating the law forbidding a negro to attempt to acquire a residence in the state. On appeal to the state Supreme court in 1864 the decision was sustained, but the legislature in 1865 repealed the law on which it was based, and Illinois became in fact as in theory a free state.

Slavery – 1920

NEW YORK CITY SUN
JANUARY 4, 1920

How the Last of the Slavers Was Captured

ALTHOUGH slave running was placed in the same legal category with piracy by Congress in 1807, it continued for twenty years or more to be followed by adventurous sea captains until the first guns of the civil war destroyed forever the last profitable market for African negroes. It is coincidence that when the last slave ship captured by the United States came into New York as a prize its commander was Lieut. Wilburn Hall, himself a slave owner, who resigned his commission to enter the Confederate navy.

The slaver Cora was taken in August, 1860, off the Congo Coast by the frigate Constellation. The United States and Great Britain had been maintaining vessels along the African coast for several years to destroy the slave trade. It was a dreary, monotonous life for the seamen, whose one excitement, the chase of a slaver, had become of rare occurrence.

The Constellation, with all sails set, even to the royals, had just shaped its course for St. Paul de Loando, Congo, late one day in August. The crew and officers were all on deck enjoying the refreshing change. Songs came from the forecastle, boys skylarked in the gangways and the officers chatted on the lee quarter deck. Suddenly, about 1 o'clock, the cry of "Sail, ho!" came from the lookout.

Laughter, skylarking and talk stopped. "Where away?" the officer called sharply. The stranger was reported off the weather beam. Immediately officers and men rushed to that rail. The sails of a bark, hull down, were barely visible.

The Chase Begins.

The Constellation became a hive of rushing men. Lieut. Donald Fairfax, afterward a noted Admiral, then the First Lieutenant, was called from below and took command. A strange sail in those days meant either a slaver or another war vessel, and as the bark was running its status seemed well established. Orders began to issue from a dozen throats on the Constellation. Seamen swarmed into the rigging. Gun crews moved ammunition on deck.

The chase began. It was soon evident that the Constellation was the better sailer. Under a strong breeze it drew steadily nearer to the slaver, whose hull soon came into view. Guns were fired for the stranger to heave to, but were disregarded. The two ships zigzagged over the sea until nearly midnight. A bright moon was shining. The Constellation had its quarry within long gun range. Two guns were loaded and fired into the Cora's rigging.

The naval officers did not know the spirit of the slave captain, however. Men filled his yards and a dangerous tack was made which pulled him within a few hundred yards ahead. The Constellation a little later duplicated the slaver's trick and again guns were fired. The race continued, the slave captain using every artifice known to mariners to increase his lead. He well knew the warship would not fire into his hull for fear of killing the slaves huddled 'tween decks.

Gradually the Constellation drew nearer despite the slaver's efforts. The volleys of round shot through his rigging began to tell. It was nearing 2 o'clock in the morning when the two ships came within hailing distance. Lieut. Fairfax wasted no time in calling to the Cora's captain. He gave an order.

Good Prize Money for All.

"Away there, first cutter away!" the boatswain's mates called after him. Quickly the small boat was swung to the water and went swiftly to the Cora. Mr. Fairfax sprang for its sea ladder, followed by his men. For a minute the crew of the Constellation feared a fight had followed. Then the First Lieutenant hailed:

"Constellation ahoy! You have captured a prize with 700 slaves."

Cheers went up from the forecastle. The officers smiled their gratification, and well they might, for the slaver became their prize to be sold, under the law, and the Government distributed $25 for every slave captured, a matter of $17,500 in this case.

Without delay a prize crew was mustered on the Constellation and, under Wilburn Hall, took charge of the Cora. The two ships lay hove to until morning. Then the Cora set sail for Liberia and the Constellation went its course. After some trouble with the captured crew Lieut. Hall landed the slaves at Monrovia and turned for New York. He arrived in March, hearing for the first time of Lincoln's election. He resigned from the navy immediately and offered his sword to the South.

"Gentlemen, this is a likely wench. What am I bid for her?"

There follows a rapid sing-song recital of the girl's salable points, ending with scarcely a noticeable break in the crisp, persuasive challenge:

"What am I bid?"

A prosperous looking planter strides forward and touches her arm appraisingly, then his hands fall unabashed to her strong bare ankles. He steps back obviously pleased, calling out with assumed indifference:

"One thousand dollars!"

Higher the bids go, higher and higher; voices rise and fall, rise and soar and swell, until at last the hammer falls, the babble subsides and the octoroon steps down to her new master.

As by no volition of your own, your mind slips back to the cells and to a buxom, kind faced mammy, created and endowed to nurse the offspring of white mothers. She will bring but a modest price in the mart, for there are many of her kind. Here is a young quadroon, there a gray old Creole darkey, somewhere else a very black and strapping half grown negress. You sense their speaking voices, deep and melodious, a jargon of French and Spanish inlaid with many English words.

The Old Hotel Revisited.

You mount a flight of broad stairs and creaking rails and pause at the first landing to view a pink and lilac tracery on the wall which once represented a painting of De Soto's first view of the Mississippi. You glance at two holes high up in the outer wall, which show the light like a pair of prying eyes under shaggy brows; then you take a bracing breath and go on.

But you halt abruptly at the sound of an opening door and the echo of slow and dragging feet coming nearer and nearer. In a moment a woman of short and heavy build, with the mingled air of graciousness and reserve, is before you. She is the chatelaine. You know it before she says *"Entrez"* in her charming, throaty French.

To the accompaniment of her explanatory and also rapid French you are shown salons with cracked and sunken marble fireplaces, salons with vanished onyx floors, once pressed by the satin clad feet of many beautiful women; mildewed mirrors made in the days of the First Empire, crystal chandeliers with broken pear shaped prisms and walls from which priceless frescoes and friezes and medallions have been removed, bits of bronze from an old balustrade, the battered fragments of a fountain.

In this relation it is interesting to consider the famous old slave mart of New Orleans, where so many negroes were auctioned in the ante-bellum days. Here will be edified any lover of the quaint, the picturesque, the romantic. In New Orleans they called it "Le Vieux Carre de New Orleans." One passes through an ornate entrance to the ground floor of a huge old wrinkled building. It is the historic Hotel St. Louis, erected in 1836. Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and afterward his grandson were its guests. Here banqueted statesmen, princes and famous men, and here were sittings of legislative bodies.

As one stands in the silence, in the dampness of mould and decay, he unconsciously visualizes the life of a long gone yesterday. Now suddenly he starts, disturbed by an impression of sound down a long, dark, dusty passageway. It is only the rain seeping in, drip, drip; every spatter echoing hollowly in the emptiness. Again one drifts back to his dreams and again his nerves twang, this time at the scuttle of a rat in the broken wainscoting behind an old slave block, showing the crumbling, though quite distinguishable, name of a famous auctioneer of ante-bellum days.

Beyond the block and the mart about it one's searching eyes find a wide expanse of earth and cement floor bordered by rows of cells almost wholly stripped of bars, where slaves were held before their appearance upon the block to be sold to the highest bidder. With a swift intake of breath one reaches the rusty gratings and peers into the dusky interior. One catches a whiff of chill, earthy air and the plaintiff chirp of a cricket.

It requires only a slight turn of one's imagination to people the prison with soft eyed, patient slaves awaiting orders with the stolidity and obedience that was part of their nature. You see the old and the young, the strong and the weak, and all the various types from a coarse, herculean African to a slender, clear eyed octoroon. The octoroon holds your attention. She is young and strong and will sell for several thousand dollars. In a moment she stands on the block and the voice of the auctioneer leaps out like a whip lash:

"TEN-CENT BILL" PAYS LAST HONOR TO CAPTAIN YOPP

Constitution
1-30-20

Manifesting a regard for his master, unexcelled in the annals of sentimental narratives, "Ten Cent Bill" Yopp, slave of Captain William McCall Yopp in the ante-bellum period and attendant on his "marster" in the four years of the strife of the sixties, expressed his sorrow when Captain Yopp and Private William A. Johnson were laid side by side at West View cemetery yesterday morning.

The double funeral of the veterans of the civil war was held at the chapel of H. M. Patterson & Son. The ceremonies were impressive, for in the gathering were present the surviving comrades of the deceased pair dressed in the uniforms of the confederate army and wearing insignias denoting their service with the gray, young soldiers dressed in the khaki of the American army, Daughters of the Confederacy, and civilians.

The services opened with a song, "There Is Rest for the Weary," sung by a selected quartet, followed by a prayer by Dr. Kirkpatrick. Dr. A. R. Holderby, chaplain of the Confederate Soldiers' home, paid a tribute to the old veterans, saying these brave men who endured the privations of battle and faced death on the battlefield have received the highest honor that can be accorded to man.

After the conclusion of the address of Rev. Robert F. Kilpatrick, pastor of the West End Presbyterian church, which Captain Yopp attended, Adjutant Lawrence, of the Confederate Soldiers' home, called on "Bill" to speak a few words, and Bill, brushing the tears from his eyes, paid fitting honor to the memory of his old master.

The death of these two veterans occurred on succeeding days, Captain Yopp on Friday and Private Johnson on Saturday. The former died at the age of 91, the latter at 77. Captain Yopp is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Margaret Hampton and Mrs. Clifford Niles, both of Atlanta. Private Johnson is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Will Phinizy, of Rome, Ga., and Mrs. Frank Miller, of Cedartown, Ga.; one daughter, Mrs. John Anderson, of Cotton Plant, Ark., and two sons, P. S. Johnson, of Cotton Plant, Ark., and W. G. Johnson, of Atlanta.

The pallbearers were John W. Yopp, C. M. Hamilton, J. H. Pritchett, S. R. Dull, William G. Moore and H. M. Stanley.

DEATH OF FAITHFUL SERVANT OF MRS. BOYD

Constitution

Word was received in Atlanta yesterday that Georgia Harris, the faithful old family servant of Mrs. I. S. Boyd, was dead at the latter's home at Clearwater, Florida.

Georgia was seventy-four years of age and had been with Mrs. Boyd for twenty-seven years. She was well-known and highly esteemed in Atlanta among all of Mrs. Boyd's wide circle of friends. She went with rMs. Boyd to Florida only a few weeks ago.

Upon hearing of the serious illness of her old nurse, Mrs. Max D. Howell, of Atlanta, Mrs. Boyd's daughter, left for Clearwater to assist in caring for her, and Mrs. Howell will bring the body back for interment, on Thursday, in the family lot at Oakland cemetery.

HISTORICAL EVENTS OF LONG AGO

By J. J. HAYNIE

MERIDIAN MISS. DISPATCH
OCTOBER 1, 1920

I am drawing below alittle "pen picture" of the river front in Mobile as I saw it one morning in February 1866:

Negroes enjoying their first year of freedom and an old gray-haired darkey sitting on the wharf fishing and spitting on his hook every time he cast it in, for good luck, and just back of him six negro soldiers, armed and in uniform, guarding a pile of government cotton. Here and there an old woman, with basket on arm, selling fruit to passengers and deck hands of the following river steamboats lined up along the wharf and soon to depart for up river points:—the "Cherokee," "Southern Republic," "Jewess," "Sallie List," "Reindeer" and "Belfast," the latter having on board a cargo of furniture for Murdock & Co. Columbus. Miss., and the writer being second clerk of that boat. "Indian Sallies," then a familiar figure about the wharf (seemingly to remind the gathered throng of the legend, "Here We Rest") reclining against a post with a big basket strapped to her back filled with small bundles of pitch pine kindling wood for sale. Boy driving a two-wheel cart in the back-ground selling charcoal and yelling in plaintive voice, "Charcoal, colee coal." Further back, over beyond Royal street the old town clock on the lofty brick tower pealing the hour of 10, and the watchman on the tower at the end hollering back, "Ten o'Clock, and all's well." On top of a cotton bale, in the midst of the scene a plantation darkey playing his banjo and singing the old familiar song: "I goin' long down to Lynchburg town too take my 'bacco down," and near him, in seeming opposition, a dago organ grinder and monkey, making music and fun and raking in picayunes—no nickels then—and hard by an old plantation mammy, with white apron on, and red bandana handkerchief tied about her head, selling molasses ginger cakes from a big square basket she carried on her head. A little further down the wharf "Colored Fire Company No. 2," with their hand-power pump, giving it a "try out," singing or chanting, as they worked the levers: "Ef yo' wanster jine or injine, jine No. 2," the chorus or refrain being, "jes' jine No. 2," the then mayor, Jones M. Withers, and chief of police, Capt. Childress witnessing the "try out." The wharf, one end to the other, lined with great pyramids of cotton bales brought down by the boats above named the morning before, and drays busy moving the cotton to the warehouses and pickeries with which Mobile then abounded—all of this cotton raised by slave labor during the war—and overlooking all this a sign from an up-stair office on Front street seemingly with more meaning than

y groaned, presenting more the appearance of tables set for a swell wedding party than anything else I could compare them to, many young people in marrying including in their honeymoon outings a round trip on one of these boats, a string band going with every boat and music going on mst all the time.

But how changed is the condition now. It is sad to contemplate—but one steamer running and it making only an every other week trip on each river, the Tombigbee and Alabama—the music of the caliope and the merry songs of the deck hands hushed, and a void at the once busy loading and unloading wharves painful and sad to look upon, since it seems that the absence is forever.

Quitman, Miss., Sept. 30, 1920.

BALTIMORE MD MORNING SUN
JUNE 11, 1920

Tells Why Negro's Picture Was Put In City Library

Mr. Applestein Says "Old Moses" Was Well-Known Character In Early Days.

City Librarian Benjamin S. Applestein was called upon by some of his Jewish friends yesterday to dig into the early history of Baltimore and see what distinguished service "Old Moses," a negro, ever rendered the city, to get his picture in the library.

These friends noticed the picture, placed by former Librarian Wilbur F. Coyle, when they called to congratulate the new Librarian on his appointment.

"They seemed to think that it was a reflection on Moses, the Great Lawgiver," Mr. Applestein said, explaining the incident. "But my investigation showed that there is no justification for such a theory. 'Old Moses' is referred to in Scarf's 'Chronicles of Baltimore' as a well known negro character, who sold newspapers in the city more than a half century ago. There is no reason why his picture should not stay just where it is."

Here is what Scarf said of "Old Moses":

"The venerable old colored man known to every man, woman and child in the city at this time as 'Old Moses' died on Wednesday morning, June 16 at his residence in Front street, very suddenly. He was quite aged, and was much respected by every person who knew him."

In his quest for "Old Types of Baltimore Life," after he had started to build up the collection that has become the feature of the library, Mr. Coyle came across a lithograph picture of "Old Moses" and bought it. The picture represents "Old Moses" selling his papers on the streets, and is a splendid likeness of the old Baltimore negro.

A son of "Old Moses" came to Baltimore from Boston to see the picture, and tried to buy one just like it. "Old Moses" was a typical slave, and is said to have bought not only his own liberty but also that of his wife.

Aged Negroes of Slave Days' Well Liked at State Capitol

Constitution

Secretary of State S. Guyt McLendon is shown in the foreground of the picture. Just behind him is Dock Mitchell, his porter in the secretary of state department. To the left is Charlie Wilkes, veteran Atlanta cab driver.

"Yassuh, boss. Everything I has and all I'se ever had d' white folks give me. They can preach society equality to me all they please, but dis here nigger turns deaf ears to all such trash. I knows a good thing when I sees it."

So spoke Dock Mitchell, an ex-slave and for nearly twenty years porter in the secretary of state's department at the capital, as he gave a few reminiscences Saturday night of the days of slavery in the south and reiterated his faith in the white people of the south as being the best friend and benefactor of the negro.

Dock is an old negro of the old south type. He smiles when he speaks, bows when he greets his white acquaintances, and has as his friends every attache of the state capitol. About twenty years ago Dock left his old home in Lee county to come to Decatur, where he was in the employ of M. M. Session. A short while later he was recommended to Secretary of State Philip Cook as an excellent porter.

Today Dock says he knows more about the secretary of state's department than any one else there, except Mr. McLendon. "When I fust come into the capitol all our department had to do was to grant bank charters, and now we has so much do it takes more'n a dozen people

Remembers Civil War.

"When I was a little pickaninny in Lee county I was d' property o Colonel Ben G. Ramsey, as good a white man as ever lived. My mother was burned to death and he looked after me as long as he lived," said Dock. "In d' civil war Colonel Ramsey had two boys. One of dem was killed and the other died, so that they never come back after leaving home d' fust time.

"I remembers when d' yankees come and took our good horses and left their old worn-out nags, and all 'bout d' time when we had to bury d' famblie's silver to keep it from gwine north. Dem was exciting days, indeed.

"Ever since I left Lee county d' white people had ben as good to me as my old marster. I tell you, if a nigger stays in his place, works his own way through life, pays his debts, and is faithful to d' white people, he has a easy time."

Charlie Wilkes is another old negro who is well liked at the capitol. For many years he has driven cabs in Atlanta, and has had some of the most prominent people of the city as his customers.

Has Regular Schedule.

He now has a regular schedule to and from the capitol every day. At 9 o'clock promptly every morning, except Sunday, he is waiting at the Kimball house for Secretary of State S. G. McLendon to carry him to the capitol. And in the afternoon he returns at 4 o'clock to carry him back to the hotel.

Charlie and Dock are great friends, and the former says Dock expresses precisely his sentiment when he said the white people of the south have always been the negro's best friend. "I'se certain of dis much," said Charlie. "Long as I live I kin git somethin' to eat from d' white folks and long as Mr. McLendon had rather ride in m' cab behind dem horses than in a automobile

Slavery - 1921.

N. Y. C. SUN
AUGUST 12, 1921

RECORD BOOK REVEALS SLAVERY IN INDIANA

Negro Register of 1805 Settles Question.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 11.—Doubt that slavery existed in Indiana when it was a territory has been dissipated by the discovery of an old record book in the vaults of the circuit clerk's office at Jeffersonville by Charles K. Zollman, circuit clerk.

The book bears the title, written in old fashioned script on its cover, "Negro Register, 1805 to 1816." It contains a number of entries showing agreements between masters and slaves brought into the territory from Kentucky.

One of these is dated March 8, 1808. It is between one Henry Weiman and a negro boy named Harvey, 16 years old, who agrees to serve his master until March 9, 1868, a period of sixty years. He was, however, freed when Indiana acquired Statehood, December 1, 1816.

In one part of the book the oaths of many public officers appear. One of these is that of Joseph Bartholomew, commissioned a Major General of the State Militia. He appeared before James Scott, a Judge of the Supreme Court, and declared that he had "neither directly nor indirectly given, accepted or knowingly carried a challenge to any person or persons to fight in single combat or otherwise with any deadly weapon, either in or out of the State, since June 20, 1816," and that he would "neither directly nor indirectly give, accept or knowingly carry a challenge to any person or persons to fight in single combat or otherwise with any deadly weapon, either in or out of the State," during his tenure of office.

Capt. Walker, 'Poet Model,' Is Honored

Muskegon, Mich., Aug. 26.—The body of Captain Jonathan Walker, the abolitionist about whom Whittier wrote "The Branded Hand," has been removed from an obscure grave in Evergreen cemetery here to a plot of prominence near the cemetery entrance. His monument, erected nearly half a century ago, also has been transferred there.

The monument, a statue of Captain Walker, shows the "S. S.," signifying "slave stealer," which was branded on his hand for anti-slavery activities in Florida. It was the donation of a former naval chaplain, Photius Fisk, and its unveiling in 1878 drew a distinguished assemblage from the North.

Captain Walker was a native of Norwich, Mass., and for many years followed the sea for a livelihood.

In 1835, in company with Benjamin Lundy, he went to Mexico to assist in the colonization of our people, who had escaped from American slavery. Later he purchased a ship and while engaged in trading coastwise in this country, helped slaves to get away.

While making a trip from Florida to the Bahamas in 1844 he was captured and returned to Florida. He was found guilty of slave stealing, sentenced to the pillory and branded on his right hand. Subesquently he was punished with a year in solitary confinement.

After regaining his liberty Captain Walker went through the North lecturing against slavery. He came to Muskegon after the civil war and purchased a small farm where he made his home until his death in 1878.

Slaves Well Treated By Most Farmers In South; Gantt Tells Of Conditions

GREENVILLE S. C. NEWS
SEPTEMBER 18 1921

BY LARRY GANTT

The ancestors of the author of these sketches were for generations slave-owners, and as a boy I was familiar with the practice in the low country, as also with slavery in the upper counties. The character and treatment of negroes in the two sections were widely different. In the seacoast counties the planters had large rice plantations or grew long staple cotton. They owned a vast number of slaves many into the hundreds and some with a thousand or more blacks. They did not themselves live on their plantations but in the cities or towns, and left the management of their slaves and crops to overseers. These planters were humane men, of refinement and culture, and wanted their blackk chattels treated well and kindly. Unfortunately, some of the overseers, having supreme power over the blacks, were brutal and untrustworthy men, and it being to their interest to make as good a showing as possible on the farms in their charge, did not treat slaves as they should be. But when the owner visited his plantations and he found his negroes abused, he never failed to reprive his overseer. But these low country negroes were very different from their fellow slaves in the up-country, where farmers had fewer in number, and living on their lands, looked after and saw that they were properly fed and clothed and attended when sick. The blacks on the rice plantations were but few degrees removed from a savage state, and on every place were some who had recently been brought from the wilds of Africa. They spoke a jargon language, unintelligible to an up-countryman. Their wants were few. The ration for a week was a peck of corn struck off level, and this they ground into hominy on hand mills Saturday night. But each family had a patch on which they grew vegetables and melons, the swamps were full of game, and the streams and pond with fish, and they never suffered. Many of them raised a raxor-back pig. They lived better than ancestors in Africa, and were as happy, care-free people as the world ever owned.

They had no worry about the future, required but a snort nap just before daybreak, and were wandering around and frolicking when not at work. But a slave could not leave his owners land either in the lower or up-country without written pass. Planters and the poorer class of whites took turn about patroling the country. They visited negro cabins and other places, and evxery stranger was required to show a pass. If he had not one his shirt was stripped from his back and a cowhiding administed. I remeber an old song by the negroes which was:

"Run, nigger run, or the patterroll will catch you,
Run, nigger, run, for it's almost day.
I run, I run, I run my best,
I run my head in a hornet's nest.
Chorus—Run nigger, run, etc."

Before the war a book appeared called "Ariel," the writer arguing and quoting the Bible and other books to show that the negro had no soul, and should be classed with other beasts. "Ariel" argued that after crossing the negro with the white race, just before the soul appeared women ceased to produce children.

Some few persons professed to believe this abhorent doctrine, but no intelligent Southerner, Negro traders readily accepted and advocated it.

It was against the law to teach a negro to read or write, but the young masters and mistresses would often learn their nurses or favorite servants the alphabet, and some were fairly well educated. The negro was always eager to learn, and would do anything for his or her white teacher. This provision was deemed necessary in order to prevent abolition literature reaching the slaves. So guarded were Southern planters to prevent the introduction of newspapers or books antagonistic to slavery crossing the Mason and Dixey line that if any one was found with such literature in his possession he was held under suspicion and investigation made. I remember, when a child, in Lowndesville, a stranger stopped at a hotel and in cleaning up his room a copy of the New York Tribune, Horace Greeley's paper, was found. The discovery was at once made known to the citizens, the obnoxious sheet burned and the owner given thirty minutes to leave town or be treated to a coat of tar and feathers.

But in the up-country you found an entirely different class of slaves, and they were more carefull locked after. They were as a general thing kindly treated and well provided for. A most kindly feeling existed between the owner and his black. The negro looked up to his white folks with loyalty and pride, and showed the same devotion and obedience as did the Highlander of Scotland manifest for their Chieftain and his family.

At frequent intervals, and most especially about Christmas, there was more or less talk about the negroes rising, and this fear was a nightmare for their owners. Every precaution was taken to prevent any outbreak of black. Patrolls were doubled, and every movement of slaves closely watched. But such risings were rare and easily suppressed. I never knew one in my experience, tut frequently heard rumors of a rising of negroes on a certain night. The blacks were unorganized and unarmed, and had no possible chance of ever overpowering the whites. They had sense enough to know this.

Few planters made any profit from their farms and crops, but if they grew enough to feed themselves and their slaves were content. Their wealth consisted in the increase of their blacks. A negro baby, when first born was considered as worth $100, and in order to encourage mothers to increase their projeny some slave-owners made it a rule to give every mother of a new-born picanninny a bran-new red bandanna handkerchief and which was highly prized by the blacks. Such a gift was as much treasured as a solitaire diamond ring would be to a white belle of today.

In slavery days the practice of blacks tying their hair up in strings and, thus trying to straighten out the kinks, was disapproved by their owners. Some, when they saw their black women trying this plan, would order the sheep shears and have their heads sheared. But the women found a way to defeat this rule. They nearly all wore a kerchief tied around their heads as it was the height of fashion among negroes, and could thus conceal the white cotton strings. This was not meant for cruelty, but the belief among Southern planters was to keep their slaves in as near a savage state as possible, for the idea prevailed that to elevate a negro put "upperty" notions in his or her head and they must be kept in subjection.

MASTERS FRIEND AND PROTECTORS.

There was a strong and kindly tie between the Southern slave-owner and their blacks. To wrong or injure one of his negroes was sure to bring down tht wrath of the owner. And the slaves looked upon their masters not only as their guardians, but also friends and defenders.

The negro was encouraged to become Christians, and on many farms the wives and daughters of their owners regularly taught them and read to them the Bible. In nearly every ante-bellum white church was a gallerly for the slaves, and they were encouraged to attend services. Often prominent white ministers would prepare simple sermons that the negro could understand, for their benefit and preach to them.

The greatest blot on slavery was the sale of the negro as one would stock or cattle, and the separation of families. In every large city was a place where slaves were auctioned off on the block to the highest bidder, and while many owners refused to separate families they had no control over them after signing the papers of transfer. And this practice was seen at its worst in the closing of large estates, when the owner being dead, he has no control over the matter. Negro traders were on hand and bid off such men or women as best suite the market they supplied. For instance, able bodied men were wanted for working on the Mississippi levies, young black women for breeding purposes, and sometimes even young children were separated from their mothers. Comely mulatto girls commanded high prices in the cities. Remember that blacks were looked upon by their owners as chattels.

I do believe that slavery in the South was not near so cruel and oppressive as the system of white labor slavery as practiced by the large manufacturing plants and in the sweat shops of the North where men, women and children were forced to work for starvation wages, and when sickness overtook them, they had to

live on charity or starve. On the other hand, the Southern slaves were well fed and clothed, cared for in sickness and when old age came, they were provided for. The slave had no care on his mind, knowing that his daily bread would be forth coming.

Historic St. Philip's Church Again Opened for Service

CHARLESTON S C NEWS-COUR
JUNE 5, 1921

Stately Edifice, "The Westminster Abbey of South Carolina," Remodeled Following Fire a Year Ago

*See Dunbar Speaker + entertainer by Alice Dunbar Nelson Page 114 Poem was written by Mary Anna Pharmey Stansbury.

(By Harriette K. Leiding.)

Today Historic St. Philip's Church will be reopened for service after having been closed for nearly a year's time. The church building has been remodeling following the striking by lightning of this edifice and a partial burning of the structure at the northeast extremity of the building used as a vestry room and rector's study. When the committee, consisting of J. C. Bissell, F. G. Davies, H. C. Cheves and the Rev. S. Cary Beckwith, was appointed it was decided not only to repair the church, but also to enlarge the structure and provide space downstairs near the chancel for the choir.

Accordingly, the entire east wall of the church has been removed, and a new choir bay added and a sanctuary-access to these being secured by a great transverse arch which rises forty feet clear above the marble pavement. Thus as in the year 1837 the church has been extended eastwardly. The new sanctuary lies beyond the choir bay and is semi-circular in shape with a semi-circular dome. Under this sanctuary lie various graves that could not be disturbed for the building program. Thus most beautifully and reverently have Simons & Lapham, the architects in charge, met the building requirements and at the same time succeeded in keeping untouched the hallowed resting places of those who are sleeping the sleep of the just.

New Organ Erected.

The new organ is erected in the gallery of the church building under the roof of the choir bay, but controlled from the choir bay. This bay with stalls designed to match the old pews of the church, is elevated two steps above the floor level. On a marble platform stands a new altar of fitting design, placed three steps above the level of the choir and from this elevation shows to great advantage. Later it is planned to place just behind the altar, a stained glass window, representing an All Soul Window, as a memorial to the dead of the parish.

Colored Workman Solved Problem.

It has been a difficult task to find a workman to reproduce the rose-like coffers for the curved vault of the new sanctuary to match the design of the old ceiling, but an old colored workman was discovered, it is said, who remembered the secret. Thus once again is St. Philip's indebted to that race for help as it was the bravery and daring of a negro who saved St. Philip's from burning once in the long ago. The exploit has long been celebrated in poem, "How He Saved St. Michael's," but the error arose from the fact that many years ago on the site now occupied by St. Michael's Church there "stood from 1681-82, according to Dalcho, the Mother Church of the diocese, known as St. Philip's." The building was said to be of black cypress, which showed some indication of decay, and proved too small for the increasing population by 1710. Accordingly an Act of Assembly was passed in March of that year for the "erecting of a new brick Church at Charles Town to be the parish Church of St. Philip's," the name St. Philip's being first found in connection with the wooden edifice, in a deed conveying a lot adjoining the church "to the Rt. Hon. Joseph Blake, Governor, and his successors, in trust for the use of St. Philip's Church, for a yard thereunto, forever."

Meeting street was originally called Church street, but upon the removal of St. Philip's to the present site, "a few poles north of Queen street," the street on which it was erected took the name of Church street. Old Church street became the present Meeting street, from the "Meeting House," now known as the Circular Church, directly to the east of which lies St. Philip's western graveyard, in which is found the tomb of John C. Calhoun.

Illustrious Dead Rest in Churchyards

The remains of numerous illustrious men, says Elise Rhett Lewis, lie in the eastern and western churchyards of this church, which for two hundred and forty years has been identified with the history of Charleston, and upon the walls within the church are many memorial tablets, including one erected in the vestibule to those young men who fell in the War Between the States, every young man of the congregation having entered the Confederate service in the war for Southern rights under the Constitution.

Some of the oldest graves have been there since before the church opened for service on Easter, 1723, but no effort is here made to date these graves, names alone being given. Among those who here rest are Robert Daniel, Landgrave and Governor; George Logan, Speaker of the Commons; Col. William Rhett, the hero of the defense against the invasion of the Spaniards and French in 1706 and of the expedition against the pirates, 1718; and Thomas Hepworth, Chief Justice: all here repose "God's Acre." "The good Governor," Robert Johnson, lies near the chancel inside the church, while Chief Justice Trott, Chief Justice James Graeme, Charles Pinckney, Peter Leigh, Andrew Rutledge, Speaker of the Commons, and Roger Pinckney, last royal provost marshal, lie in the eastern cemetery. The tomb of Benjamin Smith stands next to that of Col. William Rhett, his ancestor, while the Brewton family lie in the cemetery north of the church. Later on many statesmen and heroes of the Revolution were buried here, among them Christopher Gadsden, William Johnson, Rawlins Lowndes, Edward Rutledge, Col. Isaac Motte, Thomas Pinckney, Major Benjamin Huger, Major Thomas Grimball, Daniel Huger, Charles Pinckney and John Lewis Gervais.

Many Interesting Records.

The register of births, marriages and deaths from the year 1720 still exists, but the old minutes of the proceedings of the vestry previous to 1732 are missing and this most valuable historical record is thus lost. In the first vestry of which there is a record, appear the names of three Huguenots, Col. Samuel Prioleau, Mr. Gabriel Manigault, and Mr. John Abram Motte. These offices were not sinecures, so many duties being put upon the vestry and wardens that persons had some time almost to be forced to serve under penalties for refusing. On one long account of debits and credits this quaint entry occurs: "10 Nov. By Detta, received from Benjamin Smith a fine recovered by Justice Gibbs from Peter Brez, for knocking down Mr. Pinckney's negro." In 1733 Mr. John Laurens, of Revolutionary fame, was elected to serve as one of the wardens.

When the annual election took place at Easter there were elected not only the vestry and wardens, but "five commissioners of the highway, six packers, five wood measurers and five firemasters. The civil and ecclesiastical affairs of the town were settled in the porch of the church. A free school established by the assembly, 1712, was united with the school of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and was connected with St. Philip's Church until the Revolution.

In 1734, by the efforts of the vestry, a work house and a hospital were established. The Gazette of 1748 gives the information that "Frederick Holzendorf, chirugeon of St. Philip's hospital, Charles Town, has removed his residence."

In 1740 took place the trial of the great Whitefield for conducting services without regard for the Prayer Book, which resulted in the loss of this eminent and eloquent preacher to the Episcopal Church. A great fire which destroyed a large part of the town—the loss being estimated at a million and a half dollars, also occurred this year.

In 1743 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel established with its own funds and voluntary subscriptions a school for the training of negro teachers, to be sent out to instruct the negro and Indian children. Among the contributors were the Hon. Charles Pinckney, Joseph Wragg, Benjamin Smith, Robert Pringle, Jacob Motte, Col. Othniel Beale and Sarah Trott. This school continued for twenty-two years, supervised by the successive commissaries, the Rev. Garden, the Rev. Clark and the Rev. Robert Smith, afterwards first Bishop of South Carolina, who in 1783 organized an Academy of Learning, and spared no trouble or expense in securing the best classical teachers. This academy became, by the passage of an act in 1785, the Charleston College.

Destroyed in Fire of 1835.

St. Philip's escaped the great fires of 1740, 1778, 1796 and 1810. In that of 1796, when the French Protestant Church was destroyed, the steeple of St. Philip's was afire, and was only saved by a courageous negro, who climbed up and tore off the burning shingles; for this signal service he was given his freedom, the story of which as has been said, is splendidly told, (although attributed to the wrong structure) in a poem "How he saved St. Michael's." Unhappily the beautiful church, so rich in historical interest, was completely destroyed by fire February 14, 1835.

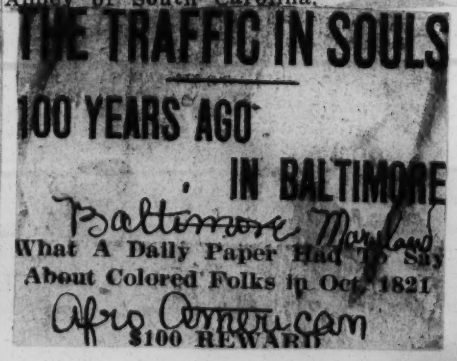
St. Philip's was rebuilt with remarkable promptitude and energy; and in spite of the great financial panic of that year, the cornerstone of the new building was laid in 1837, the first service held under its roof May 3, 1838, and the church was consecrated by Bishop Bowen, November 9, 1838. The new church was built on the old foundations, except that it was extended twenty-two feet eastwardly, and the ground plan little changed. In regard to its external appearance the new church did not differ greatly from the old building, but many alterations were made in the interior. The Communion table, a sacred link saved from the fire, continued to be used.

In the earthquake of 1886, St. Philip's was seriously wrecked. The walls were cracked, the west porch destroyed, north and south porches shattered, the roof broken through by falling of iron columns and bricks from the steeple, and the galleries displaced. The cost of repairing the building after this great disaster was nearly $20,000.

Damaged By Lightning Last Year.

In 1744 occurred two violent thunder storms, one in April, the other in June. The lightning struck the church during both of these storms, damaging the steeple and the organ in exactly the sam eplaces, the first causing the death of Mr. Furness, who was hanging one of the bells which used to hang in the steeple. Early in the '50s a clock with bells was presented to the church by Mr. John Campbell, of Beaufort, the uncle of the then incumbent of old St. Helena Church, in Beaufort, the Rev. John Barnwell Campbell. The bells were given to the Confederate government to be cast into cannon. By a strange coincidence, during the year 1920, St. Phillip's was again struck by lightning and badly damaged by the consequent fire. The church is now opened after extensive repairs and extension to the east, the work being performed most revently and in perfect accord with the original architecture, by two architects of Charleston, associated together in business, Messrs. Albert Simons and June Lapham, with the advice and assistance of the dearly loved rector, S. Cary Beckwith, whose name is found at the close of a long list of notable men who served this church and community, Gadsden, Howe and Johnson being some that come to mind most readily.

Edward McCrady says: "The early history of St. Phillip's Church is but a part of the colonial history of South Carolina, and, as it has been said of Westminster Abbey that it was a part of the Constitution of England, so St. Phillip's was interwoven into the very fabric of the Province, and has been aptly called the Westminster Abbey of South Carolina."


THE TRAFFIC IN SOULS
100 YEARS AGO
IN BALTIMORE
Baltimore Maryland
What A Daily Paper Had To Say About Colored Folks In Oct. 1821
Afro American
$100 REWARD

Ran away from subscriber on 14th inst., a dark mulatto girl age 16. She was sold to me by Capt. Edward Auld of Easton. He purchased her of Charlotte Edmondson of Talbot Co.

10/28/21

MD. PENITENTIARY

By order of hte Honorable Court a Negro will be sold for life at this institution on Friday next at 10 o'clock.

$50 REWARD

Absconded, a Negro Tom who calls himself Tom Harrod 24 years of age; speaks rather low, or in an undertone of voice. Very bashful and plausible.

FOR SALE

A smart likely young mulatto girl about 15 years of age. Is a good house-servant.

Baltimore Md. Wkly Advocate 11/5/21

VALUABLE SLAVES FOR SALE

A Negro woman 26 years of age, a fine washer and ironer, has two children which are no impediment. A colored man 24 years of age; also a girl 15 years of age; a boy 12 years of age and girl 17 years of age.

Intelligence Office

TO HIRE

By the year or for a longer time a likely Negro boy 18 years of age. He has been accustomed to taking care of gig and pair of horses which he is capable of driving. Can also drive a carriage and is a good waiter.

RUNAWAY

Absconded from the services of Mrs. Cook yesterday a Negro woman named Rachel. The reward of $25 will be paid for her delivery to John Bowser.

What A Daily Paper Had To Say About Colored Folks In November, 1821.

11/15/21

$100 REWARD

Man named Alfred, calls himself Alfred Williams, about 26 years of age. Sulky look; slow lazy walk. He can read and write. Pretends to be very religiious.

RUNAWAY

Man named James, who says his name is Daniel Hill, property of Thomas Taylor. Edenton, N. C.

FOR SALE

A likely yellow girl, 19 years of age. Raised to housework and is fond of children. Healthy and is of good disposition.

$50 REWARD

Ran away from subscriber on Wednesday the 5th inst. a man named Solomon Griffin, about 21 years of agt. Having been brought up as a houseservant, and much indulged, he is rather delicate.

REMINISCENCES OF SLAVERY

FACSIMILE OF FRONTISE COVER OF SLAVE BILL OF SALE

Charleston S.C. New Era
12/31/21

ESTATE SALE!

A REMARKABLY PRIME AND ORDERLY GANG OF

OF

85 NEGROES,

Accustomed to the Culture of Rice and Provisions,

ON WACCAMAW RIVER

BY P. J. PORCHER & BAYA.

On MONDAY the 24th day of January, 1859,

AT 11 O'CLOCK, A. M WILL BE SOLD AT

RYAN'S MART, Chalmers-st,

IN THE

CITY OF CHARLESTON,

A REMARKABLY PRIME AND ORDERLY GANG

OF

EIGHTY-FIVE NEGROES

Accustomed to the Culture of Rice and Provisions on Waccamaw River, among which are valuable

COOPERS, CARPENTERS, DRIVERS AND HOUSE SERVANTS.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.—One-third Cash, balance in one and two years secured by bond, mortgage and *approved personal security*, with interest from day of sale payable annually. Purchasers to pay P. J. P. & B. for papers.

Slavery—1921

REMINISCENCES OF SLAVERY

FACSIMILE OF SLAVE DEED

Charleston S. C. Jan 6th 12/31/21

State of South-Carolina.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That I

Solomon Davis

for and in consideration of the sum of One Thousand and Fifty Dollars ($1050)

to me in hand paid, at and before the sealing and delivery of these Presents,

By Brown & Johnson

(the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge) have bargained and sold, and by these Presents do bargain, sell and deliver to the said Brown and Johnson a certain male Slave named John about 18 years old warranted sound and healthy

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said Slave John

unto the said Brown & Johnson

their

Executors, Administrators and Assigns, to their and their only proper use and behoof forever. And I the said Solomon Davis

my

Executors and Administrators, the said bargained premises, unto the said Brown and Johnson their

Executors, Administrators and Assigns, from and against all persons, shall and will WARRANT and FOREVER DEFEND by these Presents.

Slavery—1921

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal Dated at Charleston on the 22d day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and Fifty Seven and in the Eighty first year of the Independence of the United States of America.

Sealed and delivered in the presence of

L. Pepper

Solomon Davis. L. S.

Slavery – 1921.

Plantation Photo Is Prized Keepsake Among Effects of Negress, 115 at Her Death

MINNEAPOLIS MINN NEWS
OCTOBER 8, 1921

Old Handbill Announcing Auction of Slaves Also Found; Believed She Was Sold at the Time.

RED BANDANA KERCHIEF PRESERVED FOR 58 YEARS

Last week an aged negro woman, Mrs. Martha Bluffington, died aged 115.

She was born in slavery in 1806—some 55 years before Abraham Lincoln issued his proclamation of emancipation, which resulted in the war between the states—in Virginia.

Naturally people might be interested in what Mrs. Bluffington saved in all the years following her release from slavery. A picture of Lincoln? An old and yellowed newspaper account telling of the end of the Civil war, and the announced freedom of the colored race?

No!

This aged negro woman's most prized possession at the time of her death was an old photograph—dim and faded with age; cracked and seamed and lined and nearly obscure—depicting a scene on the plantation of the time when the word "master" was an all too-well recognized term in the South.

PROUD OF OLD PICTURE.

Mrs. Bluffington had other photographs taken in comparatively recent years. Photographs which showed her attired in modern garb, surrounded by friends in Minneapolis. Some were taken at her home with Mrs. Sally Jones, her foster daughter, at 603 Lyndale ave. n., where she died; but the one for which she had the greatest regard was the plantation photograph in which she was shown wearing a red bandana handkerchief on her head, standing with a number of others in a cotton field.

Incidentally the red bandana handkerchief, or one thought to be the same, was among her possessions at the time of her death kept in an old box tied with a gilt ribbon—a box which had been opened and re-opened until the ribbon was frayed and thread-bare.

In this box were three other things associated with the old days when Martha Bluffington was in the south.

There was a large package of confederate money bearing the signature of Jefferson Davis.

There was a poster announcing the sale of the slaves of the Tuhowy estate.

SLAVE AUCTION POSTER.

There was a snuff box—its gilt ornamentations nearly worn away—which is supposed to have been carried either by a member of the family for which Mrs. Bluffington worked or by her husband.

Of these trinkets, preserved as keepsakes, Mrs. Bluffington would say little even to her closest associates. She regarded them as personal property which could be of little interest to others. In later years she appeared to resent any attempt to inspect the little box which she guarded closely and which she opened and inspected only when alone.

Of the souvenirs which she preserved the most interesting is the small handbill announcing the sale of the Tuhowy slaves. This paper is wrinkled and faded; most of it cannot be deciphered. It is dated June 14, 1836, and gives the number of slaves—"male and female"—as 165.

"To the Highest Bidder" is displayed in large type.

It is thought this may have been the time when Mrs. Bluffington was sold to a man named Milner, who took her to Milner, Ark. If this is so, it would explain why she kept the poster for so many years and treasured it so highly. She never explained it or showed it to anyone before her death.

BOX FOUND IN CLOSET.

Other things in the box comprised letters and cards, a few newspaper clippings of a personal nautre—several of them being accounts published in Minneapolis papers playing up the woman's advanced age—and an assortment of ribbons and other fancies of bygone years.

For more than three years Mrs. Bluffington had paid scant attention to her treasures and the box was found in a closet where she kept her clothes.

Killing of Slave by Master.

In the same volume, first Yeager, in which the court lays down its lengthy opinion in duelling is another long opinion on the question of whether killing a slave by a master could constitute the crime of manslaughter. William Fields of Maury County killed a negro slave and was indicted for murder and tried. An act of 1799 made the wilfull and malicious killing of a slave by a master murder. The jury, however, acquitted Fields of murder but convicted him of manslaughter. The defendant appealed on the broad ground that the act did not include any other kind of homicide except murder in the first degree, and there being no other act of the assembly making the felonious killing of a negro slave punishable, no offense was committed and the judgment of the circuit court was erroneous. In support of the argument, counsel cited Vattel on the Law of Nations to the effect "that captives in war are subject to be made slaves, and the captor has the right to dispose of the life of his captives."

The decision, of course, was adverse to any such barbarous rule of law, but what makes the case interesting at the present time is that learned counsel would seriously press such an argument, or that a learned court would write a 10-page opinion to refute it. There is terse eloquence in the closing words of the court, "that law which says thou shalt not kill protects the slave; and he is within its very letter. Law, reason, Christianity and common humanity all point out one way."

Many Slavery Cases.

Questions growing out of the relation of master and slave greatly occupied the supreme court in the fifties. Judge Carruthers delivered many of these opinions. In December, 1853, he delivered the opinion in Bridgewater v. the Legatees of Pride. Pride made a bequest of freedom to many of his slaves, directing that they be carried to Illinois and there left as free persons. The Legislature of Illinois, however, had passed an act in 1853 prohibiting free negroes from coming to or residing in that state. A bill being filed in the chancery court at Carthage for the construction of this will, the chancellor decreed that the slaves should have their freedom. The supreme court, however, through Judge Carruthers, reversed the chancellor and ordered the slaves sold and the proceeds distributed among the legatees of Pride.

Let it be said for the honor of the learned judge, however, that though somewhat obtuse as to human rights, he took high ground against cursing and profane swearing; see his opinion in State vs. Graham, 3 Sneed 134.

Not only the realistic novelist, but the "naturalistic" disciple of Zola, can find plenty of material in the State Reports. Does he desire a murder? Murder cases of all kinds, characters and descriptions therein abound.

Does the reader crave for humor, let him read Copass vs. Hall-Moody Institute, 108 Tennessee 582. Mark Twain at his best never surpassed Judge Wilkes in that decision for rollocking fun. All the Main Streets and similar novels in print fail to give such a vigorous merry, detailed account of the social life in a small town, as does that one opinion. The opinion differs from Main Street in one respect, however, it is not gloomy, but far from it.

A modern surgical operation is the highest type of anti-sepsis. Tiled floors, rubber gloves, boiled instruments and surgeons and nurses draped in flowing robes and masks like benevolent Ku Klux Klansmen, is the picture the mention of operation brings to mind. But 'twas not ever so. Let the fussy modern surgeon turn to the case of Alder vs. Buckley, 1 Swan 69, and see how the surgeon of 1851 got results. A son of Thomas McLain had fractured his arm and gangrene set in. An amputation was necessary. Dr. Maufin was sent for, with Dr. Buckley to assist. Having no surgical instruments, they honed a butcher knife to a sharp edge, probably spitting on the hone and borrowed a carpenter's saw with "fine sharp teeth." With these instruments, while the family held the patient, the operation of amputation was performed with highly successful results. The family became dissatisfied, however, when the bill was presented and defended a suit on the ground that the operation was not done in a professional manner. It is pleasant to relate that no such defense prevailed and the surgeons collected.

I have exhibited merely a few nuggets from one of the 40-odd mines which await the exploration of the future Balzac who would picture the social life of a century in an American Comedie Humaine.

X

Love Led a Negro Into Slavery

N. Y. C. SUN
NOVEMBER 19, 1921

Entered Six Years of Voluntary Servitude That His Wife Might Be Free.

The hero of this romance strode out of the pages of two faded documents spread on a table in the archives room of the Cabildo in New Orleans. He was black beyond belief, and tall and straight. He was barefoot and in his gait was a remembrance of a sailor's swing which he had gained on the ship which had borne him from Senegal to the New World when he worked his way and stood his watch with the rest of the forecastle hands.

He was gaunt, for he had lived six years on the produce of the country, writes Clair Kenomere in the St. Louis *Post-Despatch*.

It takes but little fancy to restore the scene, so vibrant with life are these two documents of nearly two centuries ago. The scene is the chamber of the superior council of New France. Present are Salmon, the king's commissary and a keen, hard man. On his left is his secretary, Delaplace. At the other end of the table is Raguet, counselor of the council and the only man present who saw both the beginning and the end of the strange transaction. Beside him sat Father Charles, a Capuchin priest, in robe and cowl, a fat, kindly, good natured priest, from all the signs. In the centre sat the governor of Louisiana, the Marquis of Vaudreuil, a gentleman with a reputation for candor and an honesty of speech which sometimes imperiled delicate negotiations, but a fair and wholesome man withal, and a nobleman of France.

To tell of this scene discharges my duty. The two old documents tell the story. It was March 6, 1744, and it was the triumphing, crowning scene in a romantic drama, like to one told in the Bible, as Father Charles said as he laid his hand in blessing on the bowed, black head of Francois Tiocou, who is the hero.

A Black Man's Love.

The men seated there were the rulers of Louisiana and its keepers and holders for the king of France. From Eastern Illinois to the Pacific Ocean and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf they claimed the land for their sovereign.

The door of the council chamber opened and there entered Francois Tiocou, free negro from Senegal, and with him came the slave woman, Marie Aram. She crouched on the floor near the wall by the door, as became one of her station. The big black man stood erect and silent.

The Marquis of Vandreuil arose and passed around the end of the table.

"Francois Tiocou," he said, as he shook back the lace from his cuff, "I hold it an honor to shake your hand. These papers, which we have just signed and which we are about to read, cast upon you an honor second only to that which one may find upon the field of battle."

He strongly shook the black hand. Then he sighed and continued honestly: "I could not have done it. I love the lady who is my wife devotedly and with a tremendous constancy, but I could not have duplicated your performance. When I look back over certain little acts of gallantry which I like to recall, they seem small to me now."

Salmon ranged himself alongside, and putting a hand on the negro's shoulder, looked him up and down.

"I embrace you with all my heart, Francois Tiocou," he said. "There have been great lovers about the world since time began. There was that Abelard in our own France. There was that stout Britisher, Sir Launcelot. Two or three men of fame clustered themselves about Helen of Troy, and Antony gave much for the sake of Cleopatra, but I know of no other story to compare with yours."

"I will tell you one of the Bible as soon as we read and sign these papers," said the priest as the representatives of the king resumed their seats. "It is about a man named Jacob."

"Yes, let us read and sign," said the Marquis. So the clerks read the very papers which I, with such great labor, tried to spell out just 177 years afterward.

Here all need for fancy ends. The rest is fact. The literal translation which follows was made by Mrs. Cruat, the assistant archivist in the Cabildo, whose deep knowledge of the quaint spelling and half-forgotten words of old Louisiana has saved many an obscure line.

The First Document.

July 12, 1737.

Tiocou Contract with the hospital.

No. 7 (2102)

Before the notary royal of Louisian and the undersigned witnesses was present Francois Tiocou, free negro of the Senegal nation, residing in New Orleans, who, wishing to obtain the freedom of Marie Aram, his wife, a negress slave, has voluntarily acknowledged and admitted that he has entered a contract and hereby contracts with M. Rauguet, Councillor in the Supreior Council of Louisiana. In

the name of and as inspector of the Charity Hospital called the St. John, situated in this city, and with Rev. Fthr. Philipe, Capuchin priest, cure of the said place, and vicar general of His Grace of Kebecq (I), accepting for the said hospital that the said Tiocou work, exert himself and do all that is required of him for the said hospital and the service of the poor and sick who are now there and who will hereafter be there, during the space of the six coming and consecutive years, without interruption, beginning on the first of January of next year, including the remainder of this present year, during which time he will work at the said hospital without salary, being fed on the produce of the country and supported as the said inspector wills, after which lapse of time, as a reward for said Tiocou's work, the said Sieur Ragueut and F. Philipe, in said name, shall give and remit one Marie Aram, negress slave of the said hospital and wife of said Francois Tiocou, said negress to be and remain free as a subject of his majesty; to have and to hold her now and forever without anyone whomsoever having the right to molest her, the said Marie Aram to be considered as the other legitimate wives married to the king's subjects.

It has also been agreed that if the said Tiocou wished at any time during the six years to leave the hospital he would not be entitled to any salary whatever; thus has it been agreed between the parties promising each in good faith, obligating, &c., renouncing all that is contrary to this contract done and passed in New Orleans, July 12, before noon, in notary's office, in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven, in the presence of Sr. Louis Hugault and Pierre Piquery, witnesses, residing in the same place. As to Tiocou he declared that he did not know how to write nor sign, whereupon inquiry as per ordinance.

[Signed]

"Fr. Philippe Prst Capuchin Miss'y."

"Raguet," "piquery," "Hagault" (paraphe).

I, the undersigned assistant to the archivist of the Louisiana Historical Society, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing translation is a true copy of the original French document which is listed No. 8529, which is in the custody of the society.

New Orleans, October 6, 1921.

HELOISE H. CRUZAT, Asst. Archy.

The Second Document.

To Masrs de Vaureuil, governor of the province of Louisiana and de Salmon, intendent commissary of the said country.

The directors and the spiritual and temporal administrators of the Charity Hospital of the Poor have the honor to represent that, in the year 1737, one Francois Tioucou, a free negro, engaged himself to serve the Charity Hospital during seven years, without salary, on condition of freedom being granted to Marie Aram, his wife, a negress slave, and of remitting certificate to her, which was agreed to by said directors, and act passed of same before notary, July 10, 1737.

And whereas the said Tiocou and Marie Aram, his wife, have worked and served the hospital well and faithfully during the time laid down in the said engagement and that it is just to grant liberty and freedom to the said Marie Aram, the undersigned directors and administrators very humbly petition [illegible] to confirm and grant [illegible] to the said Marie Aram, negress, wife of Francois Tiocou, that in future [illegible] free as are all the subjects of his majesty in France, the intention of the husband and wife being to serve the hospital and to remain there as long as they give satisfaction. March 6, 1744.

Signed: "Fr Charles Cure Capuchin pr." "Raguet."

We, governor and commissary of the marine, intendant of the province of Louisiana, considering the above petition of the directors and administrators of the Hospital of the Poor by which they ask that liberty be granted to one Marie Aram, negress slave, as a recompense for the good service rendered to the hospital, by virtue of the power given us by his majesty, have granted and confirmed by these presents, and do grant and confirm the freedom granted to the said Marie Aram, negress, that she may enjoy the privileges of persons born free, in testimony of which we have signed this present and had it countersigned by our secretaries and affixed our arms as seal.

Signed: "Vaudreuil."

(Seal) "By my said Sieur,
"Oliver de Vezin."

Signed: "Salmon."

(Seal) "By my said Sieur,
"Delaplace."

I, the undersigned assistant to the archivist of the Louisiana Historical Society, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a correct translation of the original document listed 3785, in the custody of the society.

HELOISE H. CRUZAT.

New Orleans, October 6, 1921.

Slaves — 1921.

DALLAS TEX NEWS
JANUARY 23, 1921

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES

By William M. Clemens.
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A MISSING VIRGINIA SLAVE.

Where is George Washington Lyons?

He is a very light-colored negro, whose father was a white man and whose mother was a slave in Virginia before the Civil War.

There is a fortune of $10,000 held in trust at Richmond, Va., payable to George W. Lyons, if he can be found, or to his heirs, if his death can be legally verified.

George W. Lyons was born in 1855, while his mother was still in slavery, but upon the death of his father, the mother and child inherited the estate. The money due Lyons has been held by a Richmond trust company for many years. If living, Lyons would now be about 55 years of age.

In the search made for the whereabouts of the missing man, some interesting facts have developed. After the close of the Civil War the American Missionary Society established numerous schools, churches and missions throughout the South. Among those in charge of this missionary work was the Rev. Dr. George H. Whipple of New York City. About 1869 the mother of George W. Lyons died and Dr. Whipple was appointed legal guardian of the young negro.

Rev. Dr. Whipple became the first corresponding secretary of the American Missionary Society and held that important position up to the date of his death in 1876. Four years prior to that time the young colored man, Lyons, was at the home of Dr. Whipple at Orange, N. J. In 1873 the young man disappeared and for the next three years Dr. Whipple endeavored to find traces of the missing man. In 1874 he received a letter dated, July 13, from Mountain View, Santa Clara County, California, signed by Lyons. A letter was written to the Santa Clara County address, but it was returned uncalled for, and thus the only trace to Lyons was lost. Since that time the Pacific Coast has been searched again and again for clues to the whereabouts of young Lyons, but without any tangible results.

A few months ago a firm of New York attorneys began anew the hunt for the missing man. A son and daughter of Dr. Whipple were found living in New Jersey, but they could furnish no information. Then it was learned for the first time that Rev. Dr. Whipple's papers and legal documents mysteriously disappeared soon after his death. It was presumed by the latter-day investigators that some clue to Lyons might be obtained among Whipple's papers. The attorney for Whipple during his lifetime was Gen. E. I. Ketcham, who has since died. A search among the papers of the deceased attorney revealed none of the documents belonging to Whipple and therefore nothing that would throw any light upon the movements of Lyons, after his having been heard from at Mountain View, Cal., in 1873.

A dozen times have the investigators found men by the name of George W. Lyons, but none of these have proved to be the right man. Only a few weeks ago a colored man of the same name and age was discovered in Jacksonville, Fla., but he was not the man sought for. Five years ago a colored man named George W. Lyons died in Brooklyn, N. Y., and the death of his wife occurred a few months later. This couple left two children, a son and daughter, both married. Later both son and daughter died, but the son left a daughter, who was found, but all to no purpose. She was no relation to the Lyons of Richmond, Va.

Thus the long search which has continued since 1873 for the missing George W. Lyons still continues. If he is dead the chances are that he died unmarried and left no issue. But he may still be living in some remote hamlet in the West or Southwest, struggling, perhaps against adversity, when there is on deposit to his credit the round sum of $10,000. It is a question whether the long-lost Lyons will ever be found.

CASE OF MICHAEL WALSH.

Over in Ireland, at a place called Ballinrobe, in County Mayo, Michael W. Walsh was born about the year 1830. He came to the United States in 1867, and, after stopping for a few months in New York City, worked his way Westward and settled in a small town not far from Omaha.

He was an enterprising, hustling young Irishman, keen of wit and sharp at trade, and in a few years began to dabble in real estate. He was a quiet, reticent sort of man with few intimates, and had very little to say about his family and **his friends in Ireland. To a number** of people he stated that his mother was Bridget Gibbons, and it was popularly supposed in the vicinity of his home that he was related through his mother's people to Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore. I doubt very much if this is true, for Cardinal Gibbons was born in this country in 1837.

A few years ago Michael W. Walsh died in the Nebraska town where he had lived for so many years, and died at a very ripe old age. He left no will and failed even to leave behind him the addresses of any of his relatives. But he left cash in the bank and real estate to the value of over $100,000. The State took charge of the money and then began a world-wide search for the dead man's next of kin.

Of course, the lawyers got busy at once—local lawyers, Chicago lawyers, New York lawyers and lawyers in Belfast and Dublin. Claimants and alleged heirs turned up on three Continents, and at a hearing in the Probate Court a few weeks ago no less than twelve sets of claimants were represented in court by as many attorneys. But none of the twelve proved their claim to relationship and the court dismissed the claimants all in one bunch. But two sets of claimants appealed from the decree and will attempt to reopen the case at the October term of court.

Some very interesting facts were learned concerning the parentage and family of Michael Walsh. His father's name was Martin, and he had two brothers named Thomas and Patrick, and a sister named Ellen. The two brothers and Ellen are supposed to have come to America between 1852 and 1856. The two brothers, it appears, returned to Irelaand, for the records show that Thomas died at Urlingford County, Kilkenny, on July 26, 1900, and Patrick died in the same place as long ago as 1883.

But no trace has ever been found, of the sister, Ellen. The last heard of her was in 1870, when she was living in Boston. A dozen lawyers have been searching for Ellen or her heirs for over a year. It is not known whether she ever married or had any children.

In the development of the case the fact was established that Michael W. Walsh, the deceased, was illegitimate, and, **therefore, he was only** a half-brother to Ellen, Patrick and Thomas. Attorney Tunnicliff of New York represented the children of Thomas and other relatives of the father, Martin Walsh, also put in their claims.

But under the common law the property belonging to an illegitimate child reverts in all cases to the mother's family, therefore, the half-brothers, Thomas and Patrick, and the half-sister, Ellen, have no legal claim on the $100,000.

It appears that before Martin Walsh married in his home, County of Kilkenny, he went on a visit to the County of Mayo and there had a love affair with a young girl, who eventually became the mother of Michael W. Walsh. The great mystery in this case hinges on the identity of this girl in County Mayo. Walsh, himself, before his death, made the remark that her name was Bridget Gibbons, hence the rumor current in Nebraska that he was a relative of Cardinal Gibbons.

Another relative in County Kilkenny made the claim that the mother's name was Mary Murphy. Still another report has come from Ireland to the effect that the mother's name was McVadey. And since the Probate Court of Nebraska has turned down the relatives on the father's side, a new search has been inaugurated for the next of kin on the mother's side, and at the present moment Ireland is being raked with a fine-tooth legal comb, for all the Gibbons, Murphy and McVadey families.

Just what the outcome of this strange case will be and who will secure this fortune of $100,000 left by Michael Walsh is a difficult problem. In the event that these relatives on the mother's side are never found, the property will escheat to the State of Nebraska.

OLD SLAVE BARRACKS

LAST OF THE ST. LOUIS CABINS REMAINING

Building a Type of the Negro Homes in Plantation Days—Being of Stone Structure, They Have Endured the Wear of Time—In Them the Negroes Cooked in Open Fireplace, Did Their Washing in a Community Laundry and Were Allowed a Private Garden

WHAT is believed to be the last remaining specimen of the old-time slave barracks that once were common in St. and its immediate neighborhood is anding on the former Pernod prop- lthough the exact date of the build- ection is unknown, it is thought re than one hundred years old. perfect type of the kind of build- hich wealthy landowners of the ood used to house their slaves a go. Built entirely of limestone slabs of irregular size, such as ily have been obtained in all s around St. Louis, the house fol- a pattern that was in common use throughout the South before the Civil War days.

The structure is a row of three single-room cabins with partitions dividing them and with a separate door for each room. The rooms are probably about fifteen feet square. In front of the cabin was once a space paved with flagstones, and this has been covered with an extension of the roof in such fashion as to form a porch —the traditional "gallery" of Southern establishments.

Both the material used and the method of construction show that the old structure was erected in days when skimping of material was not known.

The blocks and slabs of stone are cut of irregular size—this probably depending on the fashion in which they were pried loose from a nearby quarry. No specifications about twelve or eighteen-inch walls bothered the builders in those days, as material was free and the house undoubtedly was built by slave labor. Some of the stone slabs run the entire thickness of the wall. Others are interlaid to form two thicknesses of stone. In spite of the fact that the mortar has suffered greatly in the years and has evidently been frequently renewed, the old walls were built thickly enough to retain their cohesion to this day.

In the early days the roof was undoubtedly fitted with rafters of heavy, rough timbers, cut from nearby woods. In the progress of years, possibly aided by fire, these rafters have disappeared. Instead there are now rafters of thinner lumber, covered by a distinctly modern and dingy tar-paper roof. This tar-paper supplies the place of shingles that once were hewn by hand.

Cellar a Prison?

Beneath one end of the house is an entrance to a basement, also built of limestone and covered with cement. The chimney at one end of the house is continued down into this basement and a fireplace is built at its base. This has led to the impression that the cellar might once have been used as a prison for unruly slaves.

This latter point is considered doubtful, however, by Alexander N. DeMenil, descendant of one of the oldest French families in St. Louis and a close student of the history of this locality.

"I recall distinctly that sometimes a cellar was built under such cabins" said Mr. DeMenil, but I do not know of its ever having been used as a prison for refractory slaves. I think it filled the more useful role of a storage house for potatoes and garden crops during the winter. If there is a fireplace under this building on the old Pernod place, I imagine it was used to keep a small fire burning to prevent freezing of the stores in winter.

"It was the universal custom in the old days to give each family of slaves a tract of garden soil near their barracks in which they could plant seeds furnished them by their owners and raise their own crops. This gave them a chance to raise for their own tables all the vegetables their owners cultivated, and, in case of a surplus, it was the custom of the owner either to sell such property for the slaves or to buy it himself for his own table."

When originally built, the barracks on the Pernod property evidently contained only two rooms, the third clearly having been added at a later date. A sort of wing that extends from the back of the house was probably a common laundry for the occupants of all the cabins—cooking, in the slave days, being almost invariably done on the open hearth of their own cabin.

Old-Fashioned Cooking

In spite of the fact that cooking in the old slave days was usually done on the

hearth, a primitive oven is built in the back of one of the crude fireplaces, where the dish to be cooked could be shut in by means of a stone slab or metal plate. The cook in those days must have been a good "judge of distance" to know when to open the oven, as the handling of the heated stone must have been no easy job and one not to be tackled frequently.

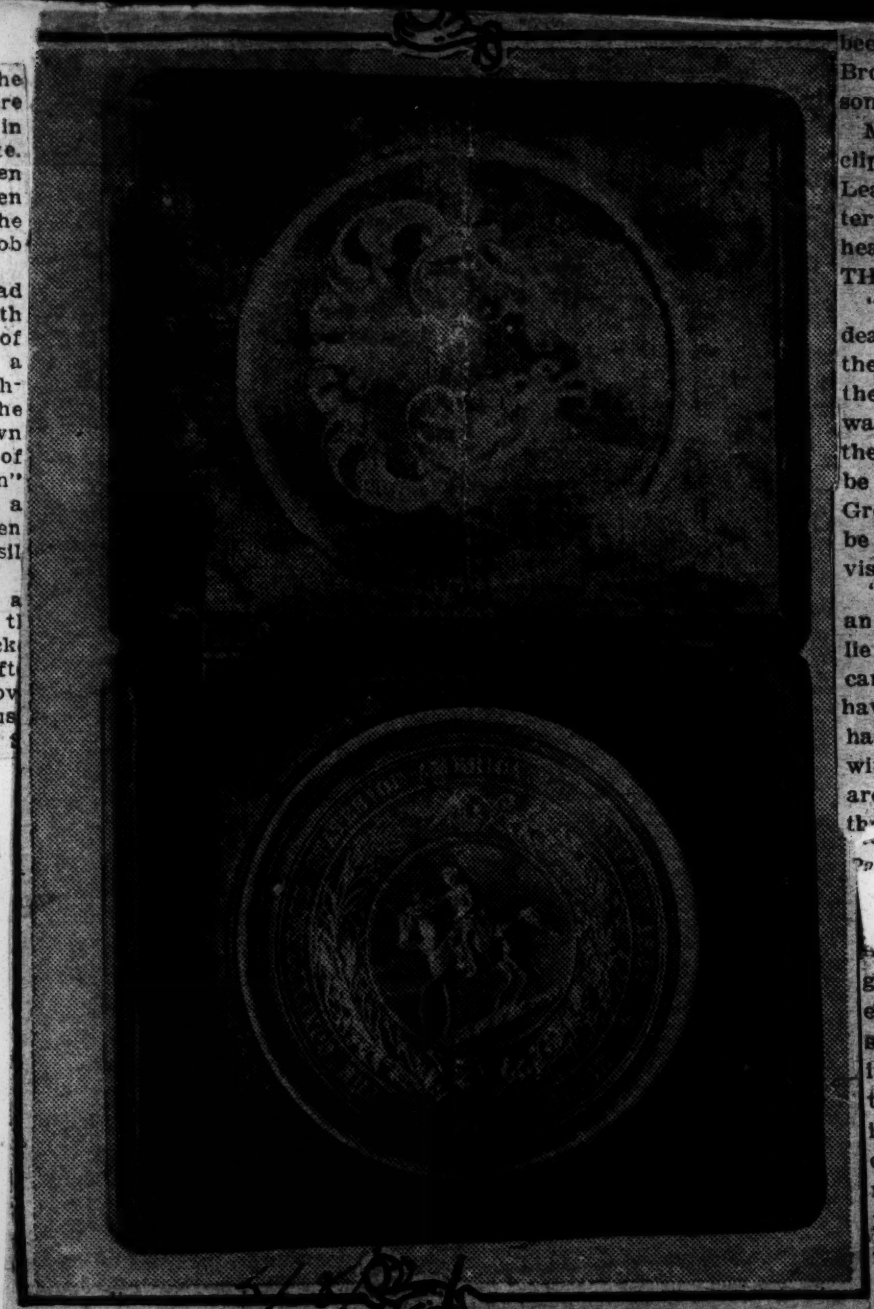
Crude as it is this oven probably had advantages for baking over the hearth method. "Hoecake" used to be made of cornmeal dough baked on the blade of a hoe, thrust near the red embers. "Ashcake" was prepared by baking it in the ashes after the embers had died down sufficiently so that only the outside of the cake was scorched. The "Dutch-oven" method of inverting an iron pot over a batch of bread on the hearth and then piling up hot embers around the utensil was frequently followed.

Instead of simply using the rafters as a loft, a sort of attic was built under the roof of these cabins and a door knocked through at the end of a gable. Often the slaves simply put a few boards over the rafters in their own cabin and used this as a place of storage. [From St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE recent death of James Jones, an aged negro, said to have been the slave and bodyguard of Jefferson Davis, revives the story of the Great Seal of the Confederacy. According to the story, Mr. Davis, after the fall of the Confederacy, gave the seal to Jones, with the request that he conceal it where it might never be found. The negro is said to have buried it and never revealed the hiding place, the secret dying with him. "Faithful to his trust," is the way many of the comments have read.

A pretty romance, but absolutely lacking in foundation of fact. The Great Seal of the Confederacy is undoubtedly in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.

Mr. Henry Watterson read the story and commented on it. "Do you see this?" he said, picking up from his library table at "Mansfield" a carved hard-rubber case, slightly marred by accident and time. He opened the case, and within was a gold medallion several inches across, an exact replica of the Great Seal. "This is one of the six original copies of the Great Seal," said Mr. Watterson. "It was obtained in this way: When Judah P. Benjamin left this country forever, to locate in London, he intrusted the Great Seal to his secretary, William J. Bromwell. A year or two after the war Bromwell became my father's law clerk in Washington City. My father had duplicates, or copies, made and Bromwell retained the original seal. Some time later Bromwell went to London to join Mr. Benjamin, who took care of him until he died, some time in the '70's, I think. He took the seal with him to England. I have no doubt it was in his effects, and



Louisville Ky. Courier-Journal 4/8/21

—(Photo by Standiford Studio.

A photograph of the replica of the Great Seal of the Confederacy, in the possession of Mr. Henry Watterson, at "Mansfield," in a hard-rubber case. The medallion is about four inches in diameter. It is cast in copper or brass, heavily gold-plated. The seal itself is the design at the top of the picture. The lower picture has a reproduction of the statue of Washington in the center—this is the equestrian statue at Richmond—and around the margin the words, "The Confederate States of America; 22 February, 1862. Deo vindice."

that it probably now reposes somewhere on the other side. I speak from memory, and at 81 I may not be absolutely accurate as to details."

Mr. Watterson's statement, printed generally, brought to him and to The Courier-Journal many letters, dozens of the writers claiming to have facsimiles of the seal, similar to that of Mr. Watterson. This would seem to indicate that more than six replicas were made. In fact, one writer who claims to have a medallion says he is confident a thousand or more were made, and these were sold to raise a fund of some kind. However, Mr. Watterson is confident that his father only had six copies made, and he has only had six copies made, and he has one of the six. It is possible some one else later had replicas made.

An absolute refutation of the James Jones romance and some slight corrections of Mr. Watterson's statement come from Mrs. R. E. Lawrence, corresponding secretary of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Richmond, Va. Mrs. Lawrence asserts, backed apparently by authority, that the original Great Seal is in the Confederate Museum at Richmond (the White House of the Confederate States; also called the Davis Mansion) where it has been since 1912, when it was purchased for $3,000 from Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, to whom it had been presented by John J. Pickett, who sold to the United States Government certain archives of the Confederate Department of State. These papers and the Great Seal had been in the possession of William J. Bromwell, mentioned by Mr. Watterson as secretary to his father.

Mrs. Lawrence forwards an editorial clipping from the Richmond News Leader which seems to settle the matter conclusively. The editorial is headed

THE MYTH OF THE GREAT SEAL.

"While it is not surprising that the death of James Jones should revive the myth that he alone knew where the Great Seal of the Confederacy was buried, it is remarkable, to say the least, that this absurd story should be published in the city where the Great Seal is on exhibition and may be seen at any time by anyone who visits the Confederate Museum.

"The story of Jones probably was an hallucination, or at least was a lie so often repeated that its author came to believe it fact. Jones may have seen the seal. He certainly never had it in his possession. The facts, with which all who know Richmond are familiar, are duly set forth in the Southern Historical Society Papers' for 1916, in an article by W. B. Smith of the News-Leader.

a joint resolution approved April 30, 1863, the State Congress adopted a 'seal for the Confederate States.' This seal was to represent the equestrian statue of Washington in the Capitol Square and was to be surrounded by a wreath showing the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy. Soon after the resolution was passed, Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, instructed James M. Mason, Confederate Commissioner to England, to have the seal cut in silver. Mr. Mason intrusted the work to J. S. Wyon, maker of the great seals of England. On July 6, 1864, Mr. Mason notified the State Department that the seal was ready and, with its equipment, was being shipped to Richmond. It passed the blockade and arrived in September. Here it remained until [illegible] to the United States Government for $75,000 certain archives of the Confederate Department of State. When Bromwell had removed from Richmond at the same time his wife escaped with the seal. The agent of the United States Government in negotiating for the sale of the papers was Lieut. Thomas O. Selfridge. As a 'token of appreciation' to Lieutenant Selfridge for his activity in promoting the sale of the papers, Mr. Pickett gave him the Great Seal. The gift was kept secret, however, and was not known until the personal papers of Mr. Pickett had been acquired by the Library of Congress and had been examined by Gaillard Hunt. References in the papers indicated the true facts. Selfridge, who by that time was a Rear Admiral, retired, admitted that he had the seal. Mr. Hunt rightly enough thought that such a treasure should be in Richmond and communicated the whereabouts of the treasure to Eppa Hunton, Jr., of the city. With William H. White and Thomas P. Bryan, Mr. Hunton began negotiations and purchased the seal for $3,000, subject to proofs of its authenticity. At the time of the evacuation, when the seal was carried from Richmond by the wife of William J. Bromwell, clerk in the State Department. Hidden for some time in a barn near this city, the seal ultimately was secreted in Washington. In 1872, John J. Pickett as Mr. Bromwell's agent in George Bryan carried the son to England and showed it to Allen J. Wyon, engraver to the king, who had succeeded to the business of his uncle, J. S. Wyon, maker of the original seal. After inspection of the seal, Mr. Wyon wrote the following certificate:

"I have carefully examined the seal sent to me by Mr. Thomas P. Bryan, an impression of which is affixed above, together with the hall-marks thereon and the engraving on the rim. I have also compared it with the wax impression which has never left my studio, and I have no hesitation in stating that in my opinion there is no doubt that the seal which I have examined is the Great Seal of the Confederate States of America, which was engraved in silver by my uncle, Mr. J. S. Wyon, in the year 1864.'"

"The seal itself, the various certificates and all the correspondence were presented to the Confederate Museum in 1912 and have been seen by tens of thousands. The more's the pity that the absurd story of James Jones should be circulated once more—and last of all in Richmond, where the facts are common property."

Slavery—1922.

Noted Historian Seeks Data for Book on Slavery

Pittsburgh American 4/21/22

MOBILE, Ala., April 21.—Frederick Bancroft, one of the nation's leading historians, who is now writing a history of the slave traffic, has written to Virgil C. Griffin, clerk of the district federal court of this city, for information regarding action against the persons responsible for the bringing into Mobile of, what is said to have been the last cargo of Africans landed in the United States. The cargo referred to was that of the slaver Clotilde, which is said to have brought 103 Negroes into this port early in 1860.

A search of the court records of that year, reveals the fact that action was taken on July 25, 1860, against Berry Meaher and John M. Dabney. Although the name of the ship upon which the slaves in question were alleged to have been brought into Mobile is not mentioned in either of the suits, older residents of Mobile declare that the action was the result of the arrival of the Clotilde.

The suits, which were in the form of criminal informations, charge that Meaher and Dabney were holding on their places in Clarke county 103 Negroes which were brought into the United States contrary to law.

A seizure for Negroes was issued by the court but was never executed by the marshal who reported that "the within named Negroes were not found in my district." On January 10, 1861, the case was dismissed on motion of the United States district attorney. Strong sentiment against the north prevalent througout this section, it is said, probably caused the motion for dismissal.

Two cases were continued when they first came to trial, and the dismissal came a few weeks later.

Berry Meaher, one of the defendants in the suits, is said to have been the father of Gus Meaher, well known resident of Mobile at the present time. He owned several thousand acres north of Mobile.

The Africans brought over in the Clotilde, after the war made their home in the vicinity of Saraland, about eight miles from Mobile, and it is said two of three of the number brought here still survive. They have a number of descendants still living in that section.

The Clotilde was scuttled and sunk in Mobile river. Rivermen claim the old hulk can still be seen when the water is low.

RACINE WIS JOURNAL NEWS
MARCH 11, 1922

Publicity in the Eighteenth Century

Writers of American history have frequently complained of the dearth of news regarding important events in the early newspapers published in this country, especially in the papers of the colonial period.

This lack of news is to some extent compensated by the advertising columns, meager, to be sure, as compared with the present day, but sufficiently comprehensive to give the patient seeker considerable instructive and curious information upon the personal life of the settlers who developed the political principles which eventually led to independence, says the New York Times.

Notices of negroes for sale and rewards for bonded servants who had run away are numerous. In an issue of the New York Gazette, 1733, an advertisement called attention to "A likely negro girl, for town or country, has had the small pox; she is about fifteen years old; as also to be sold sundry drugs and medicines by John Briggs over against the Meal Market in New York."

In Zenger's New York Journal of August 26, 1734, 40 shillings reward is offered for the following individual:

"A negro man, known by the name of Johnny, lives in town, but writes his name Jonathan Stow, about twenty-five years of age, short stature, bandy legs, blubber lip, yellow complexion, his hair is neither negro nor Indian, but between both and pretty long. He had on when he went away a home-spun jacket, a pair of trousers and a speckled shirt."

One morning in 1777 New Yorkers had this interesting item of information to read:

"A Negro Wench, Run-away. Supposed to Flatbush on Long Island where she was lately purchased of Cornelius Van Der Veer, Jun., is about twenty-two years old, called Betty, can speak both Dutch and English, is of a stubborn disposition especially when she drinks spirituous liquors which she is sometimes too fond of; is a pretty stout wench but not tall, smooth fac'd and pretty black. Whoever harbors her will be prosecuted but such as give information to William Tongue, her owner in Hanover square, shall receive 5 pounds reward with thanks."

In 1773 Richard Morris advertises his ability as a stay-maker in Rivengton's New York Gazetteer, saying that he "takes this method to return his sincere thanks to his friends and customers for their past favors and to acquaint them that he now has the newest fashions from the queen's stay-maker in London, such as have not been made in these parts. He likewise makes all sorts of stays and jumps, plain and turned, for thick or thin ladies, at any distance, by sending their measure."

Under the heading of "Medicinal Swords," the following remarkable advertisements appeared in William Bradford's Gazette on March 11, 1734:

'Lately imported, a choice parcel of swords, the blades are old but the handles are made after the newest fashion; they may be worn indifferently by men, women and children without hurting themselves or any other person. The blades, by being placed in a certain mathematical position, have contracted such extraordinary virtue that they will even prevent the person who wears them from being poisoned."

An idea of the popular mode of fashionable hair dressing is found in a Mr. Brown's advertisement of 1794, whose shop was at 116 William street.

After mentioning that he is from London, he states that "he cuts and dresses ladies' hair in the newest style, has received an extensive assortment of purified human hair from London which he is making up into beautiful braids to represent the real hair; he also makes the elastic York cushion to fit the temples so close and natural it is impossible to observe it from the natural growth by the nicest eye, are put on in a moment and are so light as scarce to be felt on the head. Gentlemen's scalps for any necessary addition to the hair made on the most approved construction, same as in London."

An advertisement of Philip Livingston, a successful merchant in New York City prior to the Revolution, and who was a member of the Continental Congress and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, shows the wide variety of goods he offered for sale at his store "in the New Dock, near the Ferry Stairs," in 1768. Among the articles listed are linens, calico, chintz, ballandines, shakoons, tommies, durants, fustians, felt hats, whitewash brushes, marble hearts beautifully variegated with different colors, refined loaf sugar, muscavado sugar, brass kettles for Indian trade, nails, window glass, brandy, Leyden cheese, Jamaica nutmegs, Bohea tea, Teneriffe wine, shoe and knee buckles, ginger and needles.

MOULTRIE GA OBSERVER
APRIL 6, 1922

A Good Negro A Good Citizen.

The worth County Local, published at Sylvester, notes that it has one subscriber, a negro named Gus Carter, who has taken the paper for the entire period of its existence, 38 years. This negro is 92 years old, and still able to stir about and look after his affairs. Concerning him, the Local notes.

He enjoys reading and keeping up with the current news of the day. Besides the Local he takes the daily papers and reads them carefully.

Gus Carter's life is rather romantic. He was a grown man, married and had children when he was freed. He belonged to a man living in Augusta who had plantations all over the Southern States. Shortly after the War Between the States started, he with a large number of other slaves was moved to a plantation in Mississippi. In a year the Federals began to close in on Mississippi and the slaves were moved from there to a plantation near Oakfield, Worth county, where they remained until freed at the close of the War. He has been here since. He is an industrious colored man, always enjoying the respect and confidence of his white neighbors. His long and eventful life has not been wasted, for he owns a 500 acre tract of fine farming and woodland land adjoining the city limits of Sylvester on which there are ten plows in operation, and which affords him a comfortable living.

Story of Slave Plantation Told In New Volume

Houston Post 10-29-22

Southwestern Historical Quarterly For October Full of Interest.

Texas Houston

A most interesting paper, "The History of a Texas Slave Plantation 1831-63," by Abigail Curlee, was comprised in a thesis to the faculty of the graduate school of the University of Texas, for the degree of master af arts, June, 1922, and is given the first place in the October number of the Southwestern Historical Quarterly. The reader will find here a clear exposition of the methods followed in the improvement of new land, social life on a plantation, a few pages of a journal kept by Stephen F. Perry, its proprietor and manager, specimen pages of cotton picking records, weather data, notations of sicknesses and runaways among the slaves, the names of overseers, details of shipments of cotton and items of expenditures.

This plantation in Brazoria county, called Peach Point, is historic. In December, 1832, it became the home of Stephen F. Perry and his family, and is still owned and occupied by his decendants.

"The Indian Policy of Texas," by Anna Muckleroy, Chapter V, presents Lamar's aggressive attitude in contrast with Houston's pacific policy toward them.

"The Bryan-Hayes Correspondence," edited by C. W. Winkler, embraces letters from July 1, 1873 to December 13, 1875. Col. Guy Bryan's presentation of the real disposition of the Southern people toward the negroes, is a masterly explanation of the evils that had grown out of the carpet bag administration of Southern affairs, and urged the pressing need of a good government by the intelligent tax paying citizens.

News items pertaining to historic personages and events culled from leading newspapers, and a record of deaths of prominent persons outside the number.

PHILA PA PUBLIC LEDGER
APRIL 15, 1922

ASKS ONLY $17.50 TO SHARE MILLIONS

Descendants of Slaves Hear Vast Sum Is Due Them From Civil-War Time

Dreams of untold wealth are being held out to the descendants of slaves who worked in the cotton fields from 1858 to 1863 in letters received here by the descendants of the cotton raisers. For the sum of $17.25 they are to be enrolled as claimants in the list of "Civil War Revenue Cotton Tax Claimants" who, according to Cornelius J. Jones, of Washington, are petitioning Congress for the sum of $68,000,000.

Romain C. Hassrick, chief of the Bureau of Legal Aid, yesterday turned his attention to the scheme to determine just how many persons here had forwarded their checks to the Washington address in an effort to collect the wages Jones says are due to cotton raisers who worked free of charge back in the Civil War period. Copies of the circular letters being sent out from Washington have been turned over to the Legal Aid Bureau by one of the Negroes here to whom an appeal was made.

Jones in his circular warns claimants that they may miss their opportunity to take part in the melon cutting if they do not forward the requisite $17.25. All claimants, he declares, should hurry with their enrollment fee to avoid being left out in the cold.

He speaks of holding a national convention of the claimants. The investigators here are skeptical of the scheme and see in it an effort to derive from every Negro in America who can easily trace ancestry to the slaves, the initiation fee of $17.25 for the privilege of enrolling the donor's name as one who during the course of his lifetime laid claim to $68,000,000.

Mr. Hassrick is warning the local recipients of the letter not to be optimistic or to attempt to spend any of their anticipated millions. He will communicate with the Washington authorities to learn just how far the plan has gone.

Slave Claim Fraud Worked On Southern People

New York News
4/11/22

It was brought to the attention of the postoffice department by Representative OverstreetC of Georgia that a Washington lawyer had agents working among colored people, collecting money in a fraudulent scheme. Colored people or heirs of colored people who labored without pay in the cotton fields during the interval from 1858 to 1863 are told that they are entitled to share in the $68,000,000 claim money which is to be distributed. In order to get their names on the claimant's list they must first pay $1 and later, after they have filled out a questionaire, $17.25 additional. Some time ago Speaker Gillett introduced a bill for the payment of such claims but there is no chance of its becoming a law.

Virginia's Action on Slavery

Slavery

SIR: In the New Republic for May 10th I observe a letter signed Fanny M. Burke, headed The South Did Protest Against Slavery, in which occurs the statement "The gradual Emancipation measure of the Virginia State Legislature of 1830 failed by one vote."

It is curious how the delusion with regard to the action of Virginia on slavery still persists. In spite of the testimony of Miss Burke's great-uncle, there is absolutely no documentary evidence that any emancipation measure in the nineteenth century ever came anywhere near enactment in Virginia. On the contrary, an examination of the Journals of the two Houses from 1829 to 1833, and of the Virginia State Constitutional Convention of 1829 to 1830, reveal the following indubitable facts:

(1) In the Constitutional Convention there was no proposition looking for emancipation. On a question whether the lowland slave-holding counties should continue to have a larger proportional representation in the legislature than the mountain counties, the slave-holders were successful, by the casting vote of the presiding officer.

(2) In the legislature of 1830-1831, a bill was introduced for the more rigorous restriction of free Negroes, and was voted down, 58 to 59, but subsequently passed.

(3) In the next session there was a debate on the evils of slavery, but a proposition for a referendum on the question whether there ought to be an emancipation act was defeated by a vote of 58 to 73.

That was the nearest Virginia ever came to emancipation. Nor was there between 1830 and 1860 in any slave-holding state any successful effort even to ameliorate the harsh conditions of slavery.

The abolition societies which flourished from about 1800 to about 1830 did include Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina; but that movement was practically dead before the Garrisonian abolition began. The protests against slavery in Virginia were partly based on philanthrophy, and partly upon the rivalry between the sea-board and mountain counties, in which latter there were few slaves.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

WHEN SLAVES WERE SOLD

Commercial Appeal
Memphis, Tenn.
12-9-22

Record of Sale of Negro Girl for $1,500 Unearthed by Abstract

WALNUT RIDGE, Ark., Dec. 9.—It is a long time since the white people of these United States bartered and sold human flesh. Possibly there are few who remember the slavery days. But the records remain in some places. Last Wednesday Roy Mullen, manager of the Dowell Gibson Abstracting Company, while delving into records at the old county seat of Lawrence County, Powhatan, unearthed a record of the sale of a negro slave which was duly recorded and attested. The consideration was $1,500.

A copy of the bill of sale as it appears on record book "M" at page 542, is printed below:

WESTERN DISTRICT OF LAWRENCE COUNTY.

John Milligan to J. W. Holt.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

That I, John Milligan, and Eady Milligan, my wife, of Lawrence County, state of Arkansas, for and in consideration of $1,500 to us in hand paid, in a land trade, the receipt of which is by us acknowledged, have bargained and sold to J. W. Holt of the county and state aforesaid, a black negro girl, called Harriet, a slave for life, and we bind ourselves in convenant with him that he shall have her, free of molestation from us, our heirs and assigns.

In testimony whereof we subscribe our hands and seals this June 11, A. D., 1863.

JOHN MILLIGAN.
EADY (X) MILLIGAN.
Her mark.

Witness: G. W. Parmer, James Milligan.

WOULD HAVE BEEN HARD TO LIBERATE SLAVES NOW SAYS PRESIDENT LOWELL

St. Louis Argus

Harvard Man Declares Slavery Might Have Become Enmeshed In Exploitation Of Africa By European Powers.

St. Louis, Mo., 11-24-22

By W. A. Aery

Associated Negro Press

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 22.—President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University, in a recent address, delivered in Old South Church, quoted Travelyan as saying that it was well that the anti-slavery societies succeeded in their work of liberating the slaves before the present exploitation of Africa by European powers began or else slavery might have become enmeshed in the world's fibres so that nothing could tear it loose.

"The triangular trade conducted from New England was most iniquitous," declared President Lowell. "Molasses was brought from the West Indies, made into rum in New England, carried to Africa and traded for slaves which were then transported by the shipload to the West Indies."

American Debt To Negroes

"We owe the colored man four things," said President Lowell—"our sympathy, above measure, for the suffering that he has gone through and that he is going through; justice, that he be judged by the law and that he should have protection from violence, for which there is no excuse; opportunity to achieve anything that he is capable of achieving in any career or profession, any thing that his abilities make him able to do, for a man is happy when he is doing what he is best fitted for; and our thought on his problems, his needs, his talents, and his capacities.

"It is not only in the South that there are discriminations against the colored man. In the North there are some trades from which the colored man is virtually excluded. We have not discovered what the colored man's greatest capacities are.

"A man has a right to self-respect. He has a right to the respect of his self-respect, which comes from developing one's best abilities.

"Hampton Institute is educating a large number of colored boys and girls. It is assuring them of an independent living and is therefore assuring them of self-respect."

President Lowell urged the members of the large congregation to see Hampton, "for the sight of it is an inspiration."

Ex-Slaves Need Christmas Help From Atlantans

12/19/22

Atlanta Constitution

"Negro Mammies" and "Old Black Joe" Objects of Charity.

Do you remember the faithful old mammy who crooned tuneful and wierd negro melodies to you when you were a child? The same old mammy stayed with your family until you were grown, married and had little ones around you, who in their turn received the care of this old negro? Does not the old southern melody, "Old Black Joe," strike a responsive chord somewhere inside of you?

All that is left today of those faithful servants are just a few here and there, most of them bent almost double, too feeble to work, but still willing. Like the "Wearers of the Grey," they are fast disappearing, and soon the only thing that will remind of us of their existance will be an occasional minstrel which is not complete without the old-fashioned plantation negro, the negro Mammy and the characteristic "Old Black Joe."

The Ex-Slave Association of Atlanta is in need of funds this Christmas to spread joy among the ex-slaves of this city. Not only to bring a little bit of cheer into the faithful old hearts, but to give them a little of the world's goods to sustain livelihood. The object of the association is to see that none of the ex-slaves shall suffer for the necessities of life.

Donations are asked. It can be money, just a few groceries, an old coat or pair of trousers, a wool dress or a pair of shoes. A half of a ton of coal will go a long way toward keeping some of them warm during the present winter.

The ex-slaves are not many, and the donations need not be large, say those at the head of the association, but the need is urgent, and the generous people of Atlanta are being asked to hear the appeal.

Donations of all kinds can be sent to the Ex-Slave association headquarters, 328 Fort street, or a call at Ivy 2254 will bring solicitors for the donations.

Slavery—1922

REMEMBERING THE FAITHFUL.
OKLAHOMA OKLAOKLAHO...
DECEMBER 21, 1922

A MONUMENT is to be erected at Washington to an extinct species, if a bill which was introduced by Senator Williams and which has been referred to the library committee, is reported favorably and passed. The extinct species is "the faithful old colored mammies of the South." Jefferson Davis Chapter No. 1650, United Daughters of the Confederacy, has requested permission to erect the monument, the expense of which will be born entirely by the chapter.

It is a very thoughtful thing which the Daughters of the Confederacy are planning, but those who have known the "colored mammies of the South," or who have heard of their faithful service from those who do know, cannot feel surprised that such a monument is contemplated.

The old colored mammy of the south was distinctly a southern product. Uneducated though she was, she had a heart of gold, an unsurpassed love for children, an unusually genial and sunshiny disposition and an unswerving loyalty to those for whom she worked. She could be trusted implicitly with children. She watched over the children of her mistress as tenderly, if not more tenderly, than she did her own.

Many of the finest men and women of the south have recollections of their early days at their "colored mammy's" knees, and they are recollections which warm their hearts.

With the passing of the old south, few of the old "colored mammies" remain. It is probable that the south will never see their like, again. New "colored mammies" there are, but these modern ones think more of self than of others. The "old colored mammies" lived almost entirely for others, not because they had to, but because it was a part of their fine natures to be most happy when helping someone else.

The plan for a monument to these fine old colored mammies is but a concrete expression of the feeling which long has animated the hearts of southerners.

It is fitting that such a monument should be erected and it is appropriate that it should be paid for with funds contributed by the good white women of the south. The monument will perpetuate not only the wonderful service of the faithful old colored mammies, but also the deep appreciation of the south for the untiring loyalty of this extinct species.

Congress should give permission for the erection of the monument and should see that a prominent location is designated as a site.

In Honor of the Black Mammy

(From the Montgomery Advertiser)

Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi will presently retire from congress, after a long and distinguished career at Washington. He will no doubt offer numerous resolutions and bills, or amendments before March 4, but we suspect he is more interested in his Black Mammy resolution than any other which he will present. We suspect it would please him to see the Black Mammy resolution adopted by congress at his behest as his last legislative achievement.

The Williams resolution would commit congress to an act of recognition of "the faithful colored mammies of the South." A monument would be erected in Washington "as a gift of the people of the United States."

It is a happy thought, which will meet with instant response throughout the Southern country.

"why not use it to erect a monument to colored soldiers who lost their lives in the world war. Something like this would be sensible and would show an appreciation on the part of the Government of the services rendered by the Negro in the great conflict just closed, or it could be used for Negro education in Washington city or to increase the salary of underpaid colored stenographers and typist in Government service."

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DR. W. S. SCARBOROUGH STARTS OPPOSITION

12/16/22 N.Y.

Claims Proposal An Insult To Literacy Of The Colored People Of The Country.

Journal & Guide

Washington, D. C.—Special J. & G. Dr. W. S. Scarborough Special Agent of the Department of Agriculture and former president of Wilberforce University in a letter to Senator Frank B. Willis sets forth strong opposition to the resolution offered by Senator Williams of Mississippi to erect a monument to the "Mammies of the South." This opposition voiced by Dr. Scarborough is likely to find expression through other representative colored citizens of the country to an extent that will silence the efforts of the Mississippian before they materalize to any appreciable extent.

The former president of Wilberforce University points out that there are many other ways in which the money to be used for erecting this monument could be used that would not only be appreciated by the race, but would also show the government's appreciation of service rendered the country by its colored citizens. He says that there is more sentiment in this resolution than sense and it is intended to reflect upon the educated Negro of to-day. "It can have but one meaning and that is to show the southern preference for the Negro of years ago while in slavery as compared with the educated Negro of the present." adds Dr. Scarborough. "It is a thrust at Negro education," continues his Letter "and to pass it would be a disgrace to the country as well as those who voted for it."

"If the Government has any money to throw away." says the writer,

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Slavery—1923.

BLACK MAMMIES TO BE HONORED

Sunday Atl. Times

THE white women of a Southern State are planning to honor one very dear to their memories—the old negro mammy. If the plans of Mrs. George Washington of Nashville, Tenn., President of the Federated Clubs of Tennessee, are carried out, the largest city in each of the State's ten Congressional districts will have as a living memorial to these faithful servitors and friends a home for old and poor negro women, where they can spend their last years in peace and comfort. 10-21-23

Mrs. Washington, whose husband incidentally is a lineal descendant of General George Washington's brother, first broached her plan in her inaugural speech to the Executive Board of Federated Clubs of Tennessee in Nashville in September.

"Recently the proposal that a monument be erected to the black mammy in Washington met with a loud protest in that city," she told the delegates. "In a way, I am glad that it did, for that monument was to be but a thing of bronze and marble, and we women of the South cherish the memories of our black mammies in too warm a way to commemorate them in such cold fashion.

"What I propose is a home for old and poor negro women to be erected in the largest city in each of the ten Congressional districts of Tennessee. Some homes will not be large, a frame dwelling of half a dozen rooms, a yard with trees, property which need not exceed $5,000 in cost, with an allotment of $50 to $100 a month to pay for fuel and food, the whole plant representing an endowment of from $15.000 to $20.000.

"Inasmuch as such homes would be of civic benefit to the district in which they are located, I propose that they be purchased and endowed by the municipal and county Governments. I believe that 50 per cent. of such expenses should be borne by the city or town in which they are located, and the remaining 50 per cent. by the combined counties of the district.

"After the homes are established and since they will be originated and sponsored by the Federated Clubs of Tennessee, I propose that each year Chairmen in the ten districts be appointed to sponsor the homes during the year. The duty of such Chairmen would be to appoint committees whose duty it would be to see that the old and friendless and poor among the negro women in the mammy homes have such little comforts as the endowment fund shall not provide.

"Could there be a greater joy than furnishing a sack of sweet potatoes, warm bed covering and such other comforts as each committee may care to furnish the mammy home in her district? I tell you, we would not only give pleasure but we would receive pleasure in the giving, and so successful would [illegible] movement be that I predict [illegible] take up this work with me today, within ten years every State in the South will have such homes, and the living memorial to the old black mammy started by a little group of women in Tennessee will be known around the world."

The members of the board unanimously endorsed the project and adopted plans for putting it into reality.

Georgia Is Best Place for Negro, Atlanta Asserts Cicero

Constitution

BY RALPH T. JONES

Of two things Cicero Finch is convinced. One is that Georgia is the best place in the world for colored folks to live and the other is that for the best period of Georgia in all history, you've got to go back to the days "befo' de wah," when the jazz and foolishness of this fast age were unknown and ladies and gentlemen lived in a manner which won the respect of their humble colored possessions. 9-16-23

Cicero is 76 years old. His skin is wrinkled and black, his wool, what there is left of it, is white, and there art two front teeth missing from his upper jaw. Otherwise he is a very energetic old man, working every day at his trade of house painter, and proud of his independence.

Remembers Days of War.

This old relic of an earlier Georgia is one of the fast disappearing survivors of that type of loyal negro who followed the fortunes of their masters and missuses through all the trials and sufferings of the war between the states. He remembers the days when he marched steadfastly with the army in gray, of which his four young masters were units and he recalls the day when one of those four fell, a Minnie bullet through his heart, outside of Petersburg.

Cicero went up to Rome last week, to witness the state reunion of Confederate veterans. He mingled with his white friends who went through the agonies of the sixties with him and, when he got back to Atlanta, he was filled with the inspiration that demanded a means to reach the ears of other folks in Georgia. Hence this story, written after he had paid a call at the office of The Constitution.

In Jackson county 76 years ago Cicero was born. As he himself said "I wuz raised in Mulberry river by a man named Burdett Finch."

When the days of war were over, Cicero's master told him: "Cicero, you are a good boy. You can go to Atlanta and learn a trade and take good care of yourself. Go on."

Comes to Atlanta.

So, six months after peace had been declared, the young negro came to Atlanta. With the exception of trips to various cities in the north and east, trips which some times lasted many months as he found work up there, he has made Atlanta his home ever since. And now he says he's going to stay here until he dies.

"Ise standin' on de groun' whar Ise goin' to die," he said, simply. "My ole mammy died in Georgy and Ise goin' to stay near her."

"Georgy is the finest country in the United States," he said. "Thars no country whar white folks and colred folks are as good to each other. The white men have done more for the negroes in Georgy than anywhere else. I knows, for Ise ben all over them other places and thar isn't none of dem like Georgy."

Cicero claims a good record on the official books at the police station, as well as a good record on the eternal scroll kept by the recording angel. He's belonged to the church ever since he was 3 years old and he asserts he's been in good standing all that time.

Has Never Been Drunk.

He doesn't chew or smoke and, with one exception he's never been drunk in his life. He's never been arrested for anything that would count. The only times the police were called in to minister to his case being when he had been fighting. And, as he says:

"We all has to fight at times."

About that drunkenness matter. The only time he says he was ever "'toxicationed" was about 35 years ago on a New Year's eve. On that occasion he was driving a party of three white men and three ladies on a round of New Year's eve calls. At each house there would be cake and wine for the visitors. And at each house they would insist that "some be taken out to Finch."

It was a cold day. Later Cicero went into a warm room. The accumulated alcohol hit him right between the eyes. Wam. And that's that.

Good Hotel Cook.

Besides being a painter and decorator, Cicero is a hotel cook. He says the railroads class him as one of the best "roastin' and 'cuein'" cooks in the south. For seven years he spent six months of each year as cook in an eastern resort hotel.

Now he is living alone in Atlanta. His wife, who shared his fortunes for 50 years, is dead. His four children are all educated and gone. He is waiting for the final call and, on every occasion, preaching to his people the folly of going to live in any place other than Georgia.

"But they's like sheep er goats," he said. "They strays off, but they's comin' back."

Of course he admits that the Georgia of today isn't equal to Georgia of the days of his youth. Its this "fastness" that hurts, he says.

"But Georgy's like a big gum," he concluded. "We all knows how sweet a big gum is. An' the guvner is the king. We's got the best place thar is to live, but fur happiness an' joy an' sweetness hit takes mor'n that. Hit takes moral charc'ter, virtue and a good life."

TIMELY TOPICS

By David W. Parker.

We love to delve in musty books and find nuggets of gold in Negro history.

A year prior to his nomination for the presidency, James A. Garfield spent 3 months in Great Britain looking up the geneological tree of his family.

Every man should be proud of the achievements of his Race and from time to time this column tells of Race history that is interesting.

Caesar Blackwell, a slave of Lowndes County, Alabama, was a noted ante-bellum Baptist preacher. It is said that he was a full-blooded African—pious and gifted as an orator, when in action in the pulpit, and the Holy Spirit came upon him a halo of light appeared all about him. People, white and black, came for miles around to hear him expound the gospel.

He attracted so much attention until God entered the hearts of some good people and he was bought by the white Baptist Association of Alabama, for one thousand dollars. He was not set free, but James McLemore, a Christian man, was appointed his guardian. He was duly ordained and licensed to preach. He visited the churches in company with the white preachers, occupied the pulpits with them and aided them in their work.

Another Negro preacher of note was Dock Phillips, slave of John Phillips, of Cotton Valley, Macon county, Alabama. The Alabama Baptist Association endeavored to buy him from his master, but he was so devoted to his master that he refused to be sold, but continued preaching the remainder of his life. He enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the whites.

Blackwell and Phillips are given a thumb sketch because they were Alabama preachers.

The Race produced many strong, ante-bellum preachers throughout the South who were God-inspired and who accomplished great work among white and black in their day and generation.

Nothing but the power of God could have brought semi-freedom to them and given them entrance into white pulpits.

* * *

There is not a spot in Alabama with more Negro history than Selma, Dallas county, Alabama.

The town has furnished the Race two United States congressmen, a judge, state and county officers and scores of real preachers, business and professional men.

Ben Turner and Jere Haralson served in the U. S. Congress from the Selma Congressional District. Selma has sent colored men to the Alabama legislature and several have been county and city officers. Rhodrick Thomas, a learned Negro lawyer, was judge of the City Court—a court with the powers and jurisdiction of the Circuit Court. Thomas Walker, a competent colored man, was clerk of Judge Thomas' court.

Before this court practiced Senators John T. Morgan, E. W. Pettus and Col. Dawson, foremost of Southern lawyers. Selma University, Payne Institute and Knox Academy at Selma are strong institutions for the making of colored men and women.

Home for Colored Women Planned.

Nashville, Tenn., September 22.—At a meeting of the Board of the Tennessee Federation of Women's Clubs today, the president, Mrs. George A. Washington, launched a movement for the establishment of a home for faithful and needy negro women of the "Black Mammie" type in each of the ten congressional districts of the state. The plan outlined contemplated the erection and the maintenance of the homes by municipal and county governments, the women's clubs conducting the campaign in behalf of them.

Clarksville was chosen as the next meeting place for the state federation.

SLAVE STATION BURNS

Petersburg, Ind., June 1.—One of the relics of pre-war days was destroyed by fire recently when the old Posey homestead burned. The house was one of the depots of the "underground railroad" that flourished before the Civil war, and John Posey had it constructed with many secret passages, in which slaves were escorted.

Negroes Fled Slavery to Fight for the Union

MILWAUKEE WIS JOURNAL
SEPTEMBER 5, 1923

Here and there, wherever men in the uniform of the G.A.R. congregate, an occasional negro veteran is seen and none of the thousands of visitors gets more enjoyment from the national encampments.

Each of these men has a personal story of absorbing interest. Like a voice from the past, a page out of history, each one can carry his auditors back three-quarters of a century to the time when life in America was a different thing, when the relation of master and slave was common in ante-bellum United States.

Private George Lines, negro, One Hundred and Fifteenth infantry, swung his feet from the railing near the Auditorium and from time to time engaged in conversation with other veterans. He carried himself jauntily, swung a brisk cane, and observed the goings-on with an eager eye.

Doesn't Know Age

"How old are you, anyway, Uncle George?" someone asked. "Well, now," replied Uncle George, "I don't rightly know. I did have my age onc't, but I haven't got it any more. But I was a boy when the Mexican war was on."

"A boy during the Mexican war!" someone exclaimed incredulously. "Why, that would make you—"

"Yas, yas, I know," interrupted Uncle George. "Some folks don't want to believe it, but it's so. I can remember just as well when my master, Jeems George Lines, would leave the farm and go into Bowling Green every Friday to drill. He went in to drill because of the Mexican war. I can't never forget that."

"How did you get away to join the army, Uncle George?" someone asked.

Just Walked Away

"I just walked away," he replied, smiling. "I just walked. Nobody tried to stop me. Massa saw me going—he knew where—but he didn't say anything. I went into Ohio and joined the One Hundred Fifteenth infantry. I stayed with it till the war was over."

"Where did you go after the war?" Uncle George was asked after a time.

"Why," replied Uncle George, "I went back to Massa Lines' place at Bowling Green, of course. Where else would I go? I stayed there till he died and then I went to Ohio."

Uncle George is now in the Danville home for veterans.

Then there is Private Alfred Hawkins, 79, negro, of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania. Private Hawkins was a slave on the Lowry plantation near Lizaville, Ky.

"My name ain't Lowry, though, because my father had been set free and married my mother, who was owned by the Lowry family, so I took my father's name," he explains.

Hawkins Ran Away

"I ran away in '63," said Uncle Alfred. "I had two sisters. The year before they had been sold south. Another slave and I, we ran away one night and got into Ohio where we found a recruiting officer and he enlisted us."

"Did you ever see the Lowrys again?" he was asked.

"Of course," after the war," he replied. "I went back to see the boys—the old master's sons. You see we was raised together. One of the boys was in the Union army and the other in the Confederate army. I stayed with 'em a long time after the war and then I went to Aberdeen, Ohio. I am a carpenter there."

"Did you ever hear of your sisters?" he was asked. "No," said Uncle Alfred. "I never heard of them again after they was sold south."

Uncle Henry Dead; West End Mourns Ante-Bellum Negro

West End Tuesday was the scene of sorrow. "Uncle Henry" Gordon, ante-bellum negro who had reached the age of 102 years and who had fought beside his master in the Confederate army, was dead. Uncle Henry had endeared himself to hundreds of the residents of the vicinity, and his many white friends are said to have performed the last rites over the body of the faithful son of the south.

When Uncle Henry's master entered the service of the Confederate army, Uncle Henry went too. He went as the body servant of the young soldier, but he wore the Confederate gray and he knew the hardships of the Confederate armies. Uncle Henry had been there through it all.

After the war, he became the proud possessor of the sword of his master, and until a few years ago he paraded on Memorial day with the sword and a Confederate uniform. During recent years he had been too feeble to walk and so had not been able to parade with his comrades in the gray.

Uncle Henry was a historic figure in the life of West End citizens, and many of them mourn his death. He was faithful, a true son of the old south and represented the ante-bellum spirit.

PASSING OF FAITHFUL SLAVE

NORTH CARROLLTON, Miss., Aug. 27.—Uncle Eli Austin, a faithful negro slave, lived to see 109 (one hundred and nine) years. He lived in the Cole neighborhood and according to the count and family record of the white descendents of his owners Uncle Eli was 109 years in July. In all of his long life he was true to the white people and talked to his colored friends to white people, always believed in them and his white friends are truly grieved over his death.

Uncle John Chapman died last week, his white friends disagree as to his age, some claim him to be a Centurian while others claim him to be from 92 to 95. At any rate he was an old faithful slave, true to his raising and always spoke of so many white families here as "my folks."

AGAIN, THE BLACK MAMMY

Tennessee white women are reported to be showing an awakened interest in the welfare of the black mammy type of Negro womanhood. This time, this human relic of ye olden days is to be nutured by the Tennessee Federation of Women's Clubs which through their President, Mrs. George A. Washington, have launched a movement to establish for this type of women a home in each of the ten Congressional districts of that state.

The clubs contemplate themselves promoting a campaign to create state-wide public sentiment to favor the erection and maintenance of these homes by the several county and municipal governments. What fine sentiment is herein exhibited. It argues conclusively that there is still in the people of Tennessee a residue of the milk of human kindness. And such an expression of human sympathy and sense of social responsibility will go a long way toward mollifying harsh racial feeling between the two race groups of the state. These black mammies served well the interests of their white overlords in the days of servitude. Their lives are deeply interwoven into the whole social fabric of the white South. The black mammies were largely the moulders of the characters of the youth of the past and present generations. They nursed them, protected them, gave them training in religious education, taught them lessons in courtesy, obedience, cleanliness, and godliness. They were rare souls, these Negro mammies of other days, and the South's most trusted teachers. Such a debt of gratitude as the South owes them will never be discharged this side of the Judgement Bar.

It is but a belated and beautiful tribute to their faithful and worthful services that these servants of that diseased social order of the past two centuries are just now about to receive at the hands of the Tennessee public. Is not such a recognition and reward of services due the black mammies throughout the South? It is a just tribute and the time is opportune that a similar program of rescue from the ravages of age and hardship should be initiated by every one of the Southern states whose fortunes were so largely built up by the faithful services of these black mammies. For every large estate, every worth while fortune in the South, the black mammies of the South were put under tribute. If a bit of these fortunes could revert to these deserving creatures in the form of charitable homes such as are contemplated by the Federated Clubs of Tennessee, it would be a practical demonstration of good will such as the Negro would appreciate at its face value.

GOLDSBORO, N. C. Argus
JUL 9 1923

Monument to the Colored Mammy

This is a model of the "Colored Mammy" fountain which is to be erected in Washington on Massachusetts avenue near Sheridan circle, having been authorized by the last congress. The fountain was designed by the Washington sculptor, George Julian Zolnay and is a tribute to the faithful colored mammy of days gone by by the women of the South.

Indians Had Slaves

Ques. Was slavery practiced among any of the Indian tribes in North America?—Ans. Yes; slavery was a regular institution among many of the Indian tribes on the Pacific coast from Alaska to California. Among many of these tribes there was a regular slave caste within the tribe. The slaves were originally captives of war and they and their children were condemned to perpetual hard labor, harsh treatment, sale or death at the will of the masters. A milder type of slavery existed among some of the Atlantic tribes. Later when they came in contact with the whites many of the Southern Indians, such as the Seminoles, Creeks, Cherokees and Choctaws followed the example of the Europeans and became owners of negro slaves.

"MAMMY" MONUMENT MAY NOT BE BUILT

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20.—Widespread misunderstanding is prevalent throughout the country concerning the proposed erection of the so-called "Black Mammy" statue, which proposition was generally opposed by the colored press and people.

Another error largely current is to the effect that a site had been selected by Congress. Such a bill passed the Senate, but the action was taken by the House, whose concurrence must be recorded before the monument can be located. If the House maintains its attitude, the location of the monument may be indefinitely deferred.

Slavery — 1923. III

boat for St. Louis, up the Mississippi river. Here they boarded another boat, which came up the Missouri river to St. Joseph, or Robidoux's landing.

Henry remembers when the Pony Express was started. It was the talk of the town and the surrounding country for a long time. It was an event when a pony and its rider started from St. Joseph. Likewise it was a big event when a pony and rider arrived from the west. And it's a matter of record that these riders arrived on time. There was no telegraph from the west, but somehow the people knew when a rider was expected and the crowds that gathered were hardly ever disappointed.

Uncle Henry says he was not exactly a slave—he was just a servant. He never was mistreated, but is sure that his condition was better here than it would have been had he remained in Kentucky.

Then came the Civil war. Whether it was a matter of state rights or slavery that was to be settled, Uncle Henry did not know, but he studied it out that in some way the negro was the bone of contention—so when Jim Lane, over in Kansas, organized a regiment of negro soldiers, he decided that he would run off and join the army. He slipped away from St. Joseph and went to Atchison, where he was soon enrolled as a soldier in the First Kansas regiment and was soon on the way to the front. This was in 1862.

Wounded in Fight

Leaving Atchison the troops went to Baxter Springs, then to Fort Scott and on down to Fort Gibson, in the Creek nation, now Oklahoma. The regiment next landed at Camden, Ark., in time to mix up in a scrap with the Confederates. Here Henry got a real try-out, and at the same time learned that war was just what General Sherman said it was. He was wounded twice; a minie ball struck him on the left side of his head, making an ugly wound, but this was not enough; the enemy put a bullet through his left leg just above the knee. In this fight and in the campaign against Price and Kirby in the territory near Little Rock, the negro regiment lost half its number in killed and wounded. After recovering from his wounds he went with his regiment to Van Buren, where they remained for eight months, then on the Saline river, where they had numerous scraps with Quantrill's gang and other nondescript gangs of soldiers. From there he went to Fort Smith and after five months was sent to Pine Bluff, where he was discharged and went to Leavenworth, where he was mustered out, Oct. 15, 1865. He remained in Leavenworth and Atchison until 1866, when he returned to St. Joseph.

He was married to Mollie Smith, Dec. 15, 1866, at the home of Charley Pearson, which was on Second street, where the present Wyeth Hardware company's large building is now located. Two children were born to them.

When the first railroad was built here he remembers that the first locomotive was shipped here by steamboat and was unloaded on a special track that was extended to the levee.

Uncle Henry is a member of Wilson lodge No. 26, negro Masons, joining the order in 1869. He is an old member of Ebenezer A. M. E. church.

As a Grand Army veteran he affiliated with the only negro post in St. Joseph, John Whalen post No. 583.

He is rugged despite his years, and until recently was at work every day doing janitor work at the Central police station. He lives at 505 North Twenty-fifth street.

J. JOURNAL ELIZABETH
ER 10, 1923 NOVEMB

SLAVES ONCE ON SALE HERE

Paper Published Here in 1814 Contains "Ad."

Elizabeth and her interests 125 years ago are recalled in the Essex Patriot, a newspaper published here May 3, 1814, and in the possession now of George Gibbs, of 350 Grier avenue. It has four pages and is printed in solid type, the two outside columns of the four columns on each page having display heads. News of the war with Great Britain at that time is carried in small paragraphs, but none of it is authoritatively given, reservations being made by the publisher.

The first column on the first page is headed by an advertisement telling of the sailing from this city of the boats for New York: One in the morning, one at noon and the other at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The advertisement is as follows:

"Ferry from Elizabeth Town Point to New York. Time and tide wait for no one. First passage, sailing boat, at 10 A. M., second at 12 and third at 2 P. M. The stage to Elizabethtown Point passes down the main street of Elizabeth Town about a half hour before the sailing of each boat, respectively. On arrival of each boat from New York the stage will immediately return."

Negro Boy for Sale.

That there were some slave owners here is attested by an advertisement in which a negro boy is offered to the highest bidder. The advertisement is as follows:

"For Sale—A negro boy about 12 or 13 years old. Any person wishing to purchase may receive the necessary information by applying to the printer hereof. E. Town, April 25th, 1814."

The public library at Broad and South Broad streets possibly has its first sponsor in the owner of "the book store two doors from the bank," back in 1814. The following advertisement tells of the inception of a circulating library:

"Those who wish to become subscribers to a circulating library will please to call at the Book Store of Mervin Hale, second door from the bank, where a subscription is now open and where conditions will be made known."

The aurora borealis was visible at Newburgh, N. Y., April 19, 1814, according to the following account:

"Newburgh, N. Y., April 19.—On Sunday evening we were entertained by an exhibition of the aurora borealis or Northern lights of the most brilliant character. It was a clear evening—the stream of light arose to a considerable height in the firmament and assumed all the variety this singular phenomenom is remarkable for. Purple, white, yellow and reddish veins of light flashed above the horizon in columns of the most fantastic workmanship, converged, extended, dissolved and were succeeded by others equally rich and vivid."

News Concerning War.

Briefs appertaining to the war are set forth in the following manner:

"Extracts of a letter from a gentleman in Baltimore to a respectable merchant in Philadelphia dated, April 22, 1814—I suppose before this reaches you, you will have the pleasing information that the President of the United States has ordered all the hostages to be set at liberty. We are also this day informed that the British fleet have gone down the bay—and one account is that they have gone to sea. I am in hopes it is now drawing towards an armistice. Some of our merchants are going to England to ship goods."

"Eighteen of the prisoners confined in Philadelphia, on the retaliatory system, have lately escaped. Several of them have been retaken."

"From the Norfolk Herald—April 19—A packet from Admiral Cockburn, containing dispatches for government, was received by the commandant of this post on Sunday evening. Nearly all of the enemies' vessels are stated to be in the neighborhood of Annapolis. Their number is reported to be three 74's, two frigates, one brig and some tenders. In Lynnhaven Bay, there are one 74, and two frigates, one of which came in yesterday."

Colored Woman First to Celebrate General Washington's Birthday

Mary Simpson, Ex-Slave, Who Ran Store at Cliff and John Streets Many Years Ago, Inaugurated Custom.

Among the humble women whose deeds have affected the life of New York was Mary Simpson, a colored woman who ran a little store at the corner of Cliff and John streets about the beginning of the last century. To her is traceable the celebration in this city of Washington's birthday, now come to be a nationally observed holiday.

Mary Simpson had been a slave in the family of Gen. Washington, but he had set her free while living here after the revolution. When the Government removed southward, Mary remained behind, and in a basement store sold milk, butter and eggs, together with pies and cookies of her own making. She also did washing for bachelors in the neighborhood.

Her gratitude to Gen. Washington was very great and she gave it expression in more [illegible] fashion than did many others who owed to him the same debt. His birthday, of course, had been celebrated in the family when she was a slave, and now that she was free she revived the celebration by observing February 22 as a day of festivity or holiday for herself and patrons. She baked a great cake, called Washington cake, because it was one of which he was inordinately fond; she brewed a punch of the style then fashionable, and prepared coffee. These things she set out on a large table under a portrait of her patron.

So on the 22d of February it became a custom for the gentry of the city to visit the store of this much respected colored woman, to eat the cake, to drink the punch and to praise her old master, both as such and as general and President. The observance continued until her death and spread meanwhile so that it was widely adopted. There may have been others who helped in this work, but Mary Simpson, ex-slave, is credited with having given the celebration its original impetus.

WHEN A "MAMMY" DIES.

A Negro church can burn down and will do well to get an inch of space in a white daily. A Negro leader can die and he will be lucky to get an inch of space, and oftentimes no space. But when a mammy dies, the heart of the Southern press is touched to the extent of columns.

The Negro no longer cares about the pretended love of the white people for the black mammy unless it be the black mammy herself. If it is the real desire of the white people to obtain the good faith of the young, progressive people of our Race, with whom they must contend in the future they can best do so by being honest in their expressions about us. Laudatory expressions about our people in white papers are usually confined to boot-lickers and mammies, and a "just as I expected" is commonly hurled from the lips of those of our intelligent element when unnecessary space is given to these Race wreckers. 12-20-23

If our dailies are to serve the people, let them remember that the progressive, intelligent Negro is a part of the people and must be recognized. The dailies are well supported by the intelligent colored people and since the Race is dependent upon them for salvation, they should be given a word of praise when they die or do big things for the good of the community in which they live.

GETS $7 PENSION

(By The Asso. Negro Press)

Columbia, S. C., July 5.—Four hundred and eight "faithful" Negroes are to receive pensions from the State of South Carolina according to the announcement of H. F. Jackson, clerk of the pension department. Checks to provide for the paying of these Negro pensions have now been mailed out which average only $7 each.

Dr. Jones Pleads for "Black Mammy" Children.

Writing in the Atlanta *Constitution*, Dr. M. Ashby Jones, son of Robert E. Lee's chaplain, in commenting on the proposed monument in Washington to the memory of the "black mammy," said: "If we are grateful for what 'black mammy' did, our gratitude should find expression in a concerted effort to write upon the statute books of our State adequate legislation for the prevention of lynching and the safeguarding of 'black mammy's' children. . . . I challenge the nobility of our Southern people in some organized and adequate way to see to it that the mob shall no longer dominate Southern civilization and humiliate us before the world. By our living gratitude to the 'black mammy' of yesterday and our loyalty to our fathers and mothers whom she crooned to sleep with her lullabies let us swear that her children and grandchildren of to-day shall have a fair chance."

Fate Wipes Blot Off Fine Street When Slave Dies

Asheville, N. C., December 23.—(Special.)—Fate has decreed that crumbling shacks and weather-worn outhouses nestled in the heart of one of Asheville's most exclusive residential sections must go.

Hub White, one of the few surviving darkies of the old school, and owner of disintegrating property tucked in the curvatures of boulevards of wealth and architectual finery, is dead, following an illness of several months.

For more than half a century Hub White's homeplace has stood the storm, and Hub, himself, has weathered the attack launched against him for the past 12 years by real estate brokers and others who sought his property.

It was the only land ever owned by Hub White and instinctively he hung tenaciously to it, despite the fact that aristocracy and wealth wrought its splendor around it and Grove park developers planted an impenetrable forest of white pines around it.

From the frontage on Charlotte street, Hub White had the sunlight and so the shacks stood as a blot on the escutcheon of the exclusive neighborhood.

Hub White, born a slave, not even owning himself, leaves property valued at from $10,000 to $15,000. He also leaves five children, four of whom are college graduates and the fifth with a partial college education.

One of Hub's sons in a chemist in Chicago, and a graduate from Howard university, at Washington, D. C. Another son is studying medicine at Howard university. Two daughters are graduates from Bennett college at Greensboro.

ATLANTA GA, Constitution

DEC 24 1923

EX-SLAVES WILL BE REMEMBERED BY SANTA CLAUS

The program of the twelfth anniversary of the Ex-Slave association to be held at 1 o'clock today in the chapel of the Holmes institute has been completed. Ex-slaves and aged people who have no relatives and friends to care for them will be given Christmas presents. Mayor Walter A. Sims will be present to make the opening address.

The program will be as follows:

Opening song, Ex-Slave association.

Prayer. "Trouble Will Soon Be Over." Ex-Slave chorus.

Scripture, Rev. Green.

Song. "When Stars Begin to Fall." students Holmes' institute.

Introductory remarks, Rev. W. J. Williams, president.

Opening address, Mayor Sims.

Song. "Give Me That Old Time Religion." Ex-Slave chorus.

Sermon, Rev. C. G. Gray, pastor St. Paul A. M. E. church.

Song. "When the Stars Begin to Fall." students Holmes institute.

History of the association, Rev. B. R. Holmes, founder.

Addresses, Revs. T. T. Gholston, J. H. McFarlin, L. A. Townsley, A. A. Duncans and J. A. Hadley.

Presentation of presents, Rev B. R. Holmes.

Funds, groceries, clothing and fuel will be accepted as donations by the Ex-Slave association, 411 Hilliard street, or call Ivy 2254.

Slavery ... 1924.

OLD TIMES IN THE SOUTH

Slavery Days As I Knew Them

I WAS born in 1850. One of my earliest recollections is of the passing of many men in Continental uniforms on their way to "general muster" at Payne's Tavern, which was once our county seat. There they marched and drilled once a month, a practice that had been kept up since the Revolutionary War. This was discontinued about 1855, and I heard many men at the beginning of the Civil War complaining because the practice had not been kept up.

Of course my earliest recollections include the slaves, especially "Aunt Tilly," who was our "black mammy." She nursed me in infancy, petted and spoiled me during all my childhood, and continued to live on our plantation all her life. When she came to die, in 1886, she asked me to allow her to be buried near her white folks. "I don't want to be buried over yonder with dem niggers," she said. So she was laid to rest just outside our family burying ground.

My father bought a Negro boy, Peter, about my own age, and gave him to me for "my nigger." He and I had some royal times together. Whenever "Aunt Tilly" would fix a bowl of ash-cake and buttermilk for me between meals, I always asked for some for Peter, and he and I would scoop it up with "mussel shells," which we had found in the creek and carried in our pockets for that particular purpose. I used to tell Peter to pretend to be sick and not eat any breakfast, so they wouldn't make him work. Then I'd fill my pockets full of rations and he and I would slip off and go fishing all day!

I remember how the slaves were brought to my home in bunches of a dozen or more to be carried off the next day to Alabama and Georgia. There were tents in the yard for them to sleep in. One man, Allen, belonged to one of our neighbors. He had learned to gamble and was therefore a great risk to his owner, as it was always possible that he might be killed in some Negro gambling fight. So his master sold him to my father, to be sent to Alabama.

They let him come in our sitting-room and play the fiddle for us the night before he was sent away. His wife belonged to my father, and he had several children on our plantation, who came in to hear him play. That night chains were fastened to his ankles and he was chained to the overseer's bed. The next morning he set out with the others, as gay as any of them.

There were big wagons for provisions and for the women and children. Some of the men rode, some walked, and thus they made the trip of many hundred miles to the far Southern slave markets.

My father died in 1859, when I was only nine, and the responsibility of the plantation fell on my mother's shoulders, though of course she had an overseer to look after slaves. When Colonel J. C. Van Hook's company left to go to the army in 1862, my mother sent a wagon to help haul the soldiers, and she let me go with Peter, the Negro who drove. It was my first trip to a real town, and the first time I had ever seen a train. I wasn't exactly frightened, but I shall never forget the terrible noise the thing made, nor what a curious-looking object I thought the engine was.

L. H. DANIEL.

Rt. 1, Roxboro, N. C.

ELIZA'S ... JGE A TRADITIONAL SHOW PLACE

"Underground Railway Station" Receives Monument of Stones.

Hoosier Citizens Honor the Memory of Character in "Uncle Tom's Cab-."

PORTLAND, Ind., Jan. 18.—The tradition that Eliza Harris, of the Uncle Tom's Cabin" novel rested n a house which formerly stood on he site, is responsible for the construction of a monument three miles orth of Pennville in Jay county, by itizens of the community. The monument is on the Ft. Wayne, Richmond and Cincinnati highway.

The house which stood at the site before civil war days was said to have been one of the stations on the "underground railroad" operated by sympathizers of slaves who were fleeing from southern states to Canada. The inscription on the marker says: "A station on the underground railroad. Tradition says Eliza Harris, Uncle Tom's Cabin fame, re... on her flight to Canada.

What About The Descendants of Sam Bell?

Under the caption, "How the True Southern White Man Regards the True Black Man," the *Manufactures Record* publishes a tribute paid by Mr. James Austin, an Atlanta attorney, to Sam Bell, and aged Negro, who had just died, and states that in the light of recent efforts to misrepresent the attitude of the better class of Southern whites to the better class of Southern blacks, it commends this tribute to its readers everywhere.

It is to be inferred that the *Manufacturers Record* holds that the sentiments expressed by the Atlanta attorney upon the death of Sam Bell, represent the real attitude of the true Southern white man to the true black man, whatever the word true is meant to include.

The tribute as published in the *Record* reads:

"A letter comes to me today. It is from the white-haired mistress of the old plantation home of my boyhood, my mother. 'Dear son,' she writes. 'Uncle Sam is dead—Sam Bell is dead and I want you to write a tribute to him.'

"I sit in my office chair with the letter in my hand and look out absently from the twelfth floor of a skyscraper on the great city stretching out before me. I hear the roar of the traffic in the crowded streets below, but these sights and sounds pass by unheeded. Memory is throwing on the screen of my fancy a picture of the long ago. I am a little freckle-faced boy of seven, back again on the old plantation, sitting on the kitchen steps under the shade of the spreading mulberry in the back yard, counting with nervous and eager fingers a nest of partridge eggs, and glancing up gratefully at 'Uncle Sam' standing over me, grinning with delight at my joy over the present he has salvaged for me from the wheat field. There are an even dozen of the little eggs. Ranger, my dog, is standing by, eyeing my booty wistfully as I count my treasures.

"Yes, there before me at the old South Carolina home is 'Uncle Sam,' sturdy in build and frame as a rock, with a heart as kind, as gentle and as steadfast as ever beat under any man's shirt, whether that man be white or black.

"And for more than fifty long years he was as familiar a figure around the 'big house' on the farm as the great white oak in the front yard, and as dependable and standing as straight-up for right, for truth and in honesty as immovable.

"South Carolina can boast of one ante-bellum crop which never failed—gentlemen—gentlemen 'to the manner born.' And a great host of them were white and some were black, and black though his skin, Sam Bell was 'a South Carolina gentleman,' instinctively refined, spontaneously courteous and polite, in speech truthful, in ...duct without guile, in simplicity and ... a little child.

...vrite a tribute to Sam Bell? Can I write a tribute to this faithful old servant and friend of my father and mother, of their sons? Yes; for I who knew this princely old Negro— knew him as he was—can say of him that I have known few men of nobler character, a character of granite texture. I have known few men of finer loyalty.

"And his faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Great Redeemer, never waned or wavered during more than a half century of Christian life and experience. Sam Bell's body goes back to mother earth but his soul goes marching on, as I verily believe, with the great company of the redeemed."

These are high sentiments. Few people, great and near-great, in passing, have had paid to them a more lofty tribute.

But Sam Bell is gone and with a few more setting suns, all of the Sam Bells will have gone his way. Whether or not in the opinion of the *Manufacturers Record* he represented the only true type of Negro is not known to us, but the fact that he represented a type of Negro that is a neglible factor in the present-day problem of racial contact in the South is clearly known. Mr. Austin's regard for the memory of Sam Bell does not contribute anything to our present-day problem of racial adjustment and understanding unless he is willing to be consistent and translate that regard, that appreciation of Sam's noble qualities into mutual helpfulness and fair opportunity to Sam's children represented in the millions of colored people striving for an opportunity in the South.

Mr. Austin's attitude to the little seven year-old black boy, who played with the little seven year-old freckled faced white boy, now the Atlanta attorney, and who is at present very probably a tenant farmer somewhere on South Carolina's acres, is the concern of the present. And if he will gaze out of the window of his office on the twelfth floor of the Atlanta skyscraper, no doubt, he will see a swarm of urchins in the yawning alley below, descendants of Sam Bell, possessing by nature those qualities Mr. Austin found worthy of praise in their grandfather, whose souls yearn for an opportunity to serve with the Atlanta attorney and his children in the development of the highest and noblest there is in the South; in the development of its possibilities and the enhancement of the wealth, glory and honor of this nation. If Mr. Austin can see his way clear to use his influence to remove from the second and third generations of Sam Bell, the denial of a full citizenship; educational opportunities and civic justice that oppresses them, not only will he write everlastingly to the memory of South Carolina's ante-bellum crop of true Negroes, but will set up, as well, an example of the Southern white man's attitude toward the black man that we can join with the *Manufacturers Record* in commending to

a world this journal thinks has attempted to misrepresent the relation between these two racial groups in the South.

Sam Bell's children are anxious to serve, maybe not particularly to lay partridge eggs at the feet of Mr. Austin's children, but to help bring out of the South the full flower of its natural resources; to fetch intelligence and learning out of ignorance and superstitution; to fetch health and life out of disease and death, thereby contributing a measure of service ten-fold greater than their fathers ever did.

At the minute Mr. Austin penned that glowing tribute, South Carolina and Georgia were spending from $17.00 to $20.00 upon the education of every white child within their confines as compared with an expenditure of $1.00 to $2.00 for the education of their Negro children. Georgia does not support a single school higher than elementary grades for the education of colored children. And until the sentiments as expressed by the Atlanta attorney upon the death of old Sam Bell are moved against these conditions, it is feared that no misrepresentation of the Southern white man's attitude to the Southern black man can be claimed.

SUGGESTS A MONUMENT FOR TREASURY MESSENGER

Washington, D. C., Feb. 13.—(By the Associated Negro Press.)—"Bill" Price, a writer for the Washington Times, in a lengthy editorial in that paper, has asked the question, "Why not a monument to a black Virginia gentleman?" Price's question refers to Richard Green, for fifty years confidential messenger to secretaries of the treasury.

Price characterizes Green as one of the finest gentlemen he has ever known. He even believes Green to surpass Chesterfield in gentleness. Green's courtesy, avers Price, was not restricted to merely those in high circles, but to all, high and low.

Price writes: "His gentleness was not of that character often found among people doing service of the kind performed. The man or woman from any walk of life who went to Dick Green for a helping hand got it and with it that attractive smile, that wonderful courtesy which illuminated his career. He did not truckle to official power, wealth, social position. He simply served in charming manner. The color of his skin alone deprived him of the opportunities to rise to position and power; but, in spite of every handicap, he rose high in the esteem of mankind and died without a dark spot to becloud his notable service.

"Dick Green stood out among men by his possession of those qualities that endear, that are ennobling and worthy of perpetuation. His aim was to live so that when the dark shadows closed around him and the last call came, no one could point to a blemish or remember a hurt he was responsible for. He died as he had lived—a true gentleman. Isn't his life worthy of a monument by Congress or by white and black citizens?"

NEGRO SLAVE OWNERS

The dispatch contained elsewhere in this issue to the effect that in the year 1830 there were 4500 Negro owners of Negro slaves in America, mostly in the South, will come as a distinct shock to many of us who had been led, by the omission of such facts from the histories which we studied, to believe that the owning of slaves was restricted to Caucasians only in America.

This hitherto unknown and widely unsuspected fact has been brought to light by the investigation by the Society of Negro History and Research, headed by the well known and well qualified Carter G. Woodson.

And though this fact in itself is of startling nature it is only one of a large number of facts, equally as startling and equally as important to those who would know the real history of the Negro race in America, which this Society has brought to light and given to the world in the current issues of its Journal of Negro History.

It is probably true that the work of this society is not widely known among the masses of our people. But the time must come when as a whole, the race will become acquainted with its work and the contribution which it is making to the knowledge of the world of the real facts of Negro history to the extent that it will be substantially helped to its fullest degree of efficiency.

JOHN BROWN'S CAVE, SLAVE PASSAGE, IS MARKED BY WOMEN

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Feb. 7—Following out a suggestion of the State Historical Society that traditional spots in Nebraska be marked for posterity, the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have set up a granite slab to designate the famous John Brown cave situated southwest of the city.

The cave was a part of the underground railroad operated by John Brown when he was known as the Osawatomie abolitionist, and was one of the hiding places for the slaves that he and other Kansans sent to Canada by way of Nebraska. It was built in the Missouri River hillside, in the shape of a cross, and has an extension or chamber in every direction of the compass.

INDIANA'S OLD SETTLERS

MOSES BROYLES.

The history of American progress is dotted with the names of men who rose from absolute obscurity into positions of worth and distinction. This is so true of both whites and Negroes alike that Booker Washington's standard of measuring men not by the height attained but by the length of the incline seems fitting.

As is often the case in tracing the family connections of Negroes in the early 19th century, one finds himself in a maze attempting ot locate the parents and ancestry of Moses Broyles who later became perhaps the most influential Negro for good that this community has ever had. In his autobiography Broyles states that he does not know the date or place of his birth. As nearly as could be ascertained he must have been born about 1826, this record having been placed on his bill of sale when he was resold into slavery. He remembered that his father was named Moses and his mother Mary and that the family lived with a man named Price at Kent Island near Centerville, Md. There were six children, five brothers and one sister and these were all supposedly owned by this same Price.

At the death of Price, Moses and three children fell to Price's son-in-law, Joseph Tolsten, who sold them to Henry Robinson, a slave trader from Fayetteville, Tenn. Pitifully Broyles tells how these children were torn from their mother amidst shrieks and cries and how they never again heard nor saw their mother. How hard it must have been for the youngsters with the older ones who were also sold to alternately walk and ride over the mountains to Robinson's slave-yard in Lincoln county, Tenn.

However, young Moses did not stay with Robinson long for he was sold to Joseph Broyles who moved with him to West Kentucky in 1831 and settled in McCracken county, near Paducah. Broyles was a kind master and Moses was placed in charge of his master's children. Along with them he learned to read and write and when he was a boy of fourteen he was as well educated as his white associates. His master who had a deep attachment for the boy promised him his freedom when he should have completed 24 years servitude which would be in 1854.

In 1851 Broyles proposed that he be allowed to purchase his freedom and reluctantly his master consented. Moses made a contract with his master and had the contract recorded in the County Court that whenever he should have paid $300 he should be freed. After much sickness and through much toil he was able to buy his freedom, although, altogether it cost him nearly $400.

The knowledge which he had been able to get while a slave under Broyles only whetted his ambition for a real education and in 1854 Moses left Paducah and came to College Hill in Jefferson county, Indiana, an institution where white and colored were admitted on terms of equality. Here he staid until the spring of 1857 when in April he moved to Indianapolis to teach school.

Religious Convictions.

Joseph Broyles, who brought young Moses from the slave-yard in Tennessee, was an unusual man for his time. He was a fiddler and a gambler but was kind at heart. Hitherto he had manifested no interest in religious affairs but in 1838 he was "converted" and joined the Baptist church. About six months later his wife joined the same denomination. Moses was a boy of about 12. It was not long that his mistress took an interest in Moses religious training and as Broyles relates it he became a "seeker" and tried to get religion for two years before he succeeded.

It will be recalled that these were the days when the controversy between the Baptists and the newly arisen Campbellites was raging. The papers were filled with the disputations and households were split over the doctrines which were being aired. Moses had been a convert for a long time but did not unite himself with any church. During this period of controversy his master left the Baptist church and joined the Campbellites. There was in the region a great preacher named Sheldon who had formerly been a Baptist but had changed to the Campbellites and Moses was baptized by him into the Campbellite church the second Sunday in September, 1844.

Being an unusually intelligent and well read man, Moses was in great demand as an exhorter in the local Negro churches. About 1848 he relates how he began to make "discourses" in the meetings and a little later was licensed to preach in the local churches. Because the majority of the Negroes were Baptists and Methodists, Broyles found himself working in these denominations. This caused a great deal of uneasiness among the Campbellite people who had hoped to make a Campbellite elder out of him. No pains were spared to see that he was schooled in the faith and no doubt due to the influence of his master, the best white ministers in the section came to Broyles and tried to ground him in the doctrines and theories of the Campbellite churh. This is all the more remarkable when it is brought to mind that Broyles was yet a slave and lived in Kentucky.

(To be continued next week).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

"The history of any period is best found in the history of the outstanding men of that period," maintains one school of historians. In making public the records of the men covered in this series the Editors feel that they have unearthed some of the important history relative to the achievements and status of the Negroes of Indianapolis in general during the period covered.

It is the desire of THE FREEMAN to cover a number of the outstanding characters who were thus prominently identified with the civic life of the community and whose influences remain after their death.

J. M. D., Merchants Loan & Trust Bldg., Chicago.

"Please let me know how many free negroes there were in Tennessee in 1860. I know there were about 3,500 in 1834. I also know that there was such a thing in Tennessee as negroes owning slaves."

Answer—Total population in Tennessee, 1860, white and negro 1,109,801. Slaves, 275,719. Free negroes 7,300.

Slavery – 1924.

Dearborn Mich
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Lincoln's Freeport Speech Sounded Knell of Slavery

A Huge Granite Boulder Marks an Event as Important as the Landing of the Pilgrims

By FRED L. HOLMES

CROWDING a sidewalk corner of one of the back streets in Freeport, Illinois, there stands a huge brown granite boulder that marks an event of historic importance comparable with the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock in 1620. Both are monuments to liberty.

Just as the thousands go annually to Massachusetts to crowd about Plymouth Rock, where the first white settlers dedicated its bleak shores to economic freedom, so other thousands come to Freeport, and with bowed, uncovered heads, stand before the rough-hewn cenotaph to pay reverence to the courage and nobility of the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. Freeport, then an ugly country hamlet, now a thriving commercial city of 20,000 population, is a mountain peak in his career.

The nation's history has not forgotten this landmark. Of the seven joint debates between Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas over the slavery issue, the one at Freeport, August 27, 1858, marked an epoch. From that day the question of Negro servitude became a moral as well as a political issue; out of that occasion spread the fame of the sagacity of Abraham Lincoln, resulting in his election to the Presidency and the consequences of Civil War.

"The fate of the nation was decided in Freeport that day," declared the historians. Yet of those who heard the debate none save Lincoln seemed cognizant of its momentous consequences. It sounded the knell of a united Democratic party on the slavery issue. It lighted the smouldering fires of discontent, blending all factions for liberty into a single camp.

As the decades have passed, weaving the story of the Emancipation Proclamation that freed 4,000,000 Negro slaves and the adoption of a constitutional amendment to extend freedom to all races, the tangled skein of circumstances lead back to the Freeport debate. So it transpired that twenty years ago a President paused in his arduous duties to journey to Freeport and dedicate a monument on the hallowed spot which blazons a turning point in American history.

"Today we commemorate the spot on which occurred one of these memorable scenes, in accordance with which the whole history of a nation is molded," declared President Theodore Roosevelt, dedicating the Lincoln-Douglas monument at Freeport, June 3, 1903. "Here was sounded the keynote of the struggle which, after convulsing the nation, made it united and free."

More than half a century has passed since the memorable debate. Only a few of the persons who heard it are still living. Within the past ten years, several have told me the events of that day. But it was not until I journeyed to Freeport, one afternoon in the autumn, stood before the landmark and watched the interest and reverence of passers, that I became deeply imbued with the spirit of a day sixty-five years before, when 15,000 persons gathered in chilling winds to witness one of the greatest intellectual wrestling matches in history.

Freeport's citizens and school children are no longer dull to the significance of the event. The youths of the streets direct one to the spot and tell of the contest, as if it were a happening of yesterday.

"Just off the main street, two blocks to the left—not far from the depot," was the direction of a little girl probably in high school. "And the Brewster Hotel, where Mr. Lincoln stayed, is near by. You can't miss it," she added.

For popular enthusiasm and civic awakening, the Lincoln-Douglas debates were a political revival. Two theories of government—one of compromise and the other of freedom—clutched in deadly combat.

Equally picturesque was the contrast between the contestants. One was scholarly, suave, ambitious, subtle in argument, adroit in making statements intended to create prejudice. The other was awkward, a face sad, sharp-featured and unprepossessing, homely, direct in his speech, logical in argument, and animated with a terrible frankness of purpose that made his influence on an audience magnetic.

Douglas was dressed like a cavalier—ruffled shirt, dark blue coat, light trousers and shiny shoes. He was short of stature—barely five feet, two inches—thickset, deep-chested, and burly. His general appearance was prosperous. Lincoln was plain, slightly stoop-shouldered, six feet, two inches tall, lonely and melancholy in demeanor. His dress was plebeian. He carried his own shawl over one arm and his grip in the other hand. He wore an old pine hat, a coarse, faded coat, short in the sleeves, trousers that bagged at the knee, and rough boots.

Senator Douglas was boastful of his New England ancestry. He was born in Vermont in 1813, attended an academy, started West in 1833, studied law in Cleveland, was a state's attorney of Illinois in 1835, member of the legislature the following year, secretary of state, supreme court judge, member of Congress and was first elected United States Senator from Illinois in 1847. He had the reputation of being a successful lawyer, a triumphant politician and a debater of national repute. Among his political followers he was the "Little Giant"; among his enemies, the "Little Dodger."

Mr. Lincoln was just coming into national political prominence. He had been a member of the Illinois legislature from 1834 to 1840 and in Congress from 1846 to 1848. He had opposed war with Mexico and had temporarily retired from politics when the compromise issues over the slavery question arose. In 1854, aroused by the Kansas-Nebraska law, he plunged into the Whig campaign, and when the Illinois legislature met, lacked but four votes of being sent to the Senate. His reputation was local. Farmers greeted one another with, "Have you heard Abe's last?" To them he was the "ox-driver," or "rail-splitter."

Meantime, issues were developing which were to match Lincoln and Douglas in the most memorable debates in history. Civil strife had broken out over the admission of Kansas. Northerners were trying to make Kansas free and Southerners were attempting to make it a slave state.

In the midst of the turmoil, the Presidential election of 1856 intervened and the Republican party, founded in 1854, placed its first Presidential candidate, John C. Fremont, under doubtful politics but with the reputation as an explorer in the West, in the field. To conciliate Northern hostility on the Kansas question, James Buchanan, the Democratic nominee, repeatedly declared in unqualified terms that if elected he would secure a fair and free vote in the territory. The ballots of the solid South placed him in office.

Two days after President Buchanan's inauguration came the stupefying decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, announcing that Congress had no power to prohibit slavery in any territory. To Republicans this was a blow which hurried the country toward the Civil War.

Slavery leaders attempted a coup in Kansas by framing an instrument which provided for the establishment and perpetuation of slavery. When the free-state people of Kansas submitted the entire constitution in a second election, January 4, 1858, it was overwhelmed.

In state convention at Springfield, June 16, the Republican party of Illinois declared that "Abraham Lincoln is the first and only choice of the Republicans of Illinois for the United States Senate as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas." Within a few hours he appeared before the convention and accepted the nomination in his ever-famous "house divided against itself" speech.

Leaving his home in Chicago, Senator Douglas immediately set out for a tour of the state. Lincoln followed the route of Douglas. Political acrimony became so bitter over this practice, however, that on July 24, Lincoln sent Douglas a challenge to joint debates. It was accepted.

An agreement was reached that the speakers were to introduce the debates alternately, Douglas securing the first opening by his own stipulation.

The first debate was at Ottawa. The address of neither speaker at the first meeting was in good form. It was to Freeport that all eyes were now turned. Here Lincoln must reply to questions propounded by Judge Douglas at Ottawa and here he promised "to pay Douglas back in kind."

Politics now became the all-engrossing interest in Illinois. The meeting place was crowded with vociferous followers of each camp—talking, discussing, arguing. Country bands furnished music; the streets were gaily decorated; mendicant peddlers were shouting their wares; the throng was noisy—demonstrative as a college football delegation of our own day.

In the forenoon the debate grounds were crowded. Great difficulty was experienced by the speakers in reaching the platform. Then for the first time in his campaign Lincoln stepped before the audience with an air of superiority. He could scarcely await the opportunity of putting his question: "Can the people of a United States territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits, prior to the adoption of a state constitution?"

Without hesitation, Douglas answered as Lincoln's friends predicted. His followers were jubilant.

"In my opinion," replied Judge Douglas, with an air of artful confidence, "the people of a territory can by lawful means exclude slavery from their limits prior to the formation of a state constitution. It matters not which way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as the abstract question whether slavery may go into the territory under the Constitution, the people have the lawful means to exclude it or to introduce it as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere unless it is supported by local police regulations."

Prophet and politician had clashed in reasoning. The purpose of Lincoln in asking this question was to force Douglas either to abandon the Dred Scott decision, that slavery could not be excluded from a territory, or his "popular sovereignty" doctrine that the people of a territory had the right to regulate their own affairs. No matter which way Senator Douglas would answer, the result would be damaging to his future aspirations. Among Democratic leaders in both North and South he was looked upon as the probable Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1860. His answer was a refutation of the Dred Scott decision, to which the South clung with tenacious hope. It was a blow to the power of the slave-

nolder. The "Freeport doctrine," as it is now called, sundered the Democratic party. From newspaper and forum in the South, Douglas was immediately denounced as an "apostate." Meantime, the Northern press sounded praises of Lincoln, not a few predicting that he would lead the Republican party in the Presidential campaign of 1860. The other debates did not change events.

Douglas made 130 speeches and expended $80,000, compared with $1,000 spent by Lincoln.

Douglas was elected Senator by a majority of eight legislative votes. Lincoln had won a popular majority, the total Republican vote cast being 126,084 to 121,940 for the Douglas ticket.

"It hurt too bad to laugh and I am too big to cry," was Lincoln's only comment on the election.

Upon the return of Senator Douglas to Washington, however, he found that he had been deposed by Jefferson Davis from the important territorial committee chairmanship because of the "Freeport Heresy." There was to be no compromise over the schism.

Those who had felt that Lincoln had thrown away his chances for political preferment, when he propounded the "Freeport doctrine" realized their mistake with the disruption of the Democratic convention at Charlestown, South Carolina, in 1860. Southern delegates refused to support Senator Douglas for the Presidency because of his answer to Lincoln's question in the Freeport debate.

"Do you recall the argument we had on the way up to Freeport two years ago over the question I was going to ask Judge Douglas?" Lincoln asked Joseph Medill, when the latter went up to visit the President-elect at Springfield.

"Yes," said Medill, "I recollect it very well."

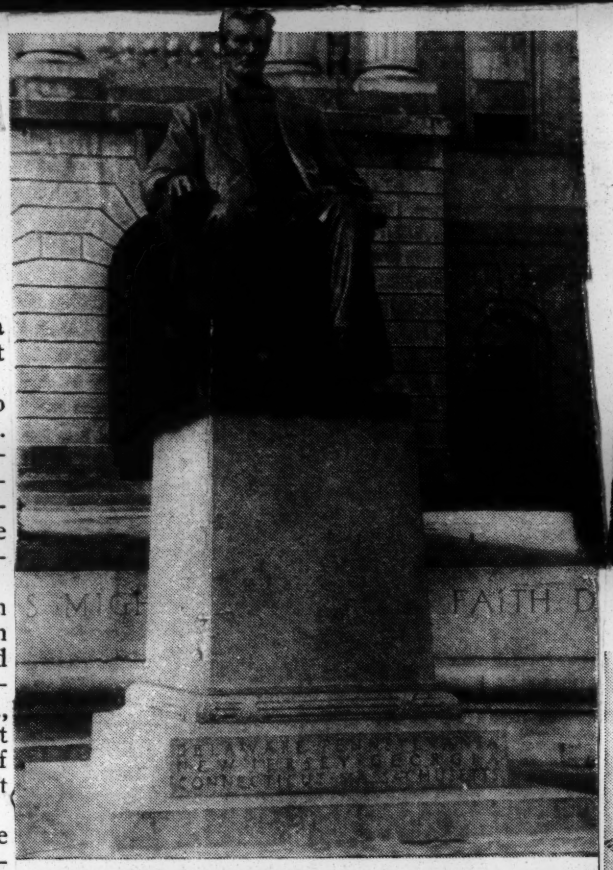
"Don't you think I was right now?"

"We were both right," retorted Medill. "The question hurt Douglas for the Presidency, but it lost you the Senatorship."

"Yes, and I have won the place that he was playing for," was Lincoln's ready answer.

Not for a moment did Senator Douglas sulk. Partisan became patriot. With the opening of the Lincoln Administration he offered loyal support, and when the crisis of Fort Sumter came, he conferred with the President and then returned to Illinois to place the Douglas democracy of the Mississippi Valley solidly behind the Union cause. He died as the result of fatigue and exposure on this western trip and was buried at Chicago.

Freeport is no longer the prairie town of sixty-five years ago. Only a few landmarks remain. But with the decades, interest in the debate grounds has increased until the spot has become a national shrine. It has been marked by a monument quarried from the age-old hills of Devil's Lake, Wisconsin. About this shrine, people gather on patriotic occasions; to all passers who read its bronzed tablet it becomes a benediction for higher ideals of citizenship and service.



The statue of Abraham Lincoln on the campus of the University of Wisconsin was designed by Adolph A. Weinman, and is a replica of the one at Lincoln's birthplace at Hodgenville, Kentucky.

By CHARLES R. VAN HISE,

Late President, University of Wisconsin.

It cannot be doubted that the bronze face of Abraham Lincoln will modify the spiritual faces of the students of the university who are to view daily the sad, calm, sagacious, determined and rugged face of our great President of the Civil War. What this Lincoln statue will do in the way of developing nobility of character and sustained courage to carry forward the fight for the advancement of the people of this country, no one can foretell; but that it will be perpetually one of the great and high educational forces of the university, no man may doubt. From it, during the centuries to come, many hundreds of thousands of students will gain at least a reflection of the spirit of service to their country that animated Abraham Lincoln. They will persist to the end in the great fight for right and equal justice to all, even as did this man of sorrow. The spirit will pass in some measure to the millions with whom they come in contact, and gradually the widening influence for good of the Lincoln statue will extend throughout the world.

Above—Monument at Freeport, Illinois, which marks the spot of the famous Lincoln-Douglas debate. Below—Present view of the Brewster House on one of the main thoroughfares of Freeport, Illinois. Oval—The old Brewster House as it appeared in 1858 when Lincoln and Douglas stopped there.

Slavery-1924 I.

Refuges for Negro Mammies to Spring Up All Over South

Comes a brief word, yet how far-reachins!

"Do you know what a 'Mammy Home is?'" the writer queries, and then explains that many a one will be built in Tennessee.

For the "Mammy Home" is a place of refuge and of rest for the old negro "mammy" of the Old South. Mrs. George A. Washington of Cedar Hill, aided by ten alert district chairmen, or chairwomen it would appear, is fostering the movement for such a home in each county of the state.

That is all that the dispatch tells of the new undertaking. If you wish to know more, watch the work of the women who are sponsoring it, and watch the response of the South—in this instance who can say that it will not be the "solid South" to see that these homes are built, not only in the state in which the movement has started, but in the broader territory of the Southland which was served by the now aged mammy.

The little scenes in which her authority was all but supreme in the home are legion. And her jurisdiction did not end with childhood's years. For always you remained a "chile" to "mammy". Do you recall when you were a big boy and "mammy," who had not seen you since you returned from college, spied you first, out on the lawn with a crowd of "the fellows" round you?

To her you were "her chile" come home. And to your eternal embarrassment she rushtd toward you like a mighty behemoth; for she was fat and shapeless in her old age, and flung her arms about you?

Or—there was the day when "her baby" returned from a girls' school far away and, back in the old home town, encountered Mammy suddenly only, at arm's length, to receive her critical appraisal; and then with quaint humor her dubious comment: "Wall, I reckon yo'll do, honey. I ain't sayin' ma lam' ain' goin' to hol' up her haid lak de bes of'm, but chile, Mammy's tellin' yo' dis; yo' sho' ain' goin' to be de gal yo' ma was; an' dat's de truf."

In turn, and as occasion warranted, she consoled or chided; she lectured or defended; she cajoled or demanded. She was humblest of the humble or proudest of the proud; she rocked and cuddled or spanked and made you "know yo' place;" she told you that you was "dat spiled, dat's whut yo' is 'till yo' thought wan't nothin' good enough fo' yo' unless 'twas handed yo' off'n de Chrismus tree" or she came to your defense, no matter against whom, like the proverbial and infuriated mother hen "an' 'lowed her chile was better'n any of dem po' white trash whut don' know deir place, nohow, dat's all."

And Mammy nursed the mothers of you through illness; she gave dignity to the background when they were brides. She came into the family because her own mother was "one of the house servants of befo' de war in de big house" and she held your mother in her little black arms when she herself had to sit on the floor lest she should let her fall.

When she was married, to "dat no' count nigger, Felix" her "white folks" let the ceremony take place in the library back of the big double parlors. "An all de white folks was in de inside in de parlor, and de common niggers wuz outside on de portico a'lookin' thru de winders. An Lil' Missie, she pin on de veil and de orange blossoms wid her own lil' white han's, she did."

But the years and changing fortunes have separated you and Mammy. Her little home which was left like a sentinel looking toward the big house is gone. Yet in Tennessee today, throughout the length and breadth of the state, "in every county," there are to be built "Mammy Homes," because a majority of the Mammies of the Old South are homeless, now.

Louisiana too has her faithful black slaves of that other day who should be provided their places of rest and of refuge.

Is there, then, too much asked already in the name of charity, that also in our state "rest and refuge" should fail to be granted in the form of a "Mammy Home?" for those who have served us well?

Atlanta Ga
Searchlight
AUG 9 1924

4,500 NEGROES OWNED SLAVES BEFORE 1861

"'About one-seventh of the negro population of the United States was free before the emancipation resulting from the Civil War,' we are told by the Journal of Negro History. 'Even as early as 1830 there were thousands of free negroes, and the astonishing fact appears that as many as 4,500 of these were themselves slave owners.'

"'The census records show,' the Journal says, 'that the majority of the negro owners of slaves were such from the point of view of philanthropy. In many instances the husband bought the wife or vice versa. The slaves of negroes were in some cases the children of a free father who bought his wife. If he did not thereafter emancipate the mother, as so many such husbands failed to do, his own children were born his slaves and were thus reported by the enumerators.

"'Some of these husbands considered it advisable to put their wives on probation for a few years, and if they did not find them satisfactory they would sell them. For example a negro shoemaker in Charleston, S. C., bought his wife for $700; but, on finding her hard to please, he sold her in a few months thereafter for $750, gaining $50 by the transaction. "The Journal does not say whether the wife felt that she also was a gainer by the transaction."—The Outlook

NEW ORLEANS LA. PICAYUNE
JULY 27, 1924

Comes a brief word, yet how far-reachins!

"Do you know what a 'Mammy Home is?'" the writer queries, and hen explains that many a one will be built in Tennessee.

For the "Mammy Home" is a place of refuge and of rest for the old negro "mammy" of the Old South. Mrs. George A. Washington of Cedar Hill, aided by ten alert district chairmen, or chairwomen it would appear, is fostering the movement for such a home in each county of the state.

That is all that the dispatch tells of the new undertaking. If you wish to know more, watch the work of the women who are sponsoring it, and watch the response of the South—in this instance who can say that it will not be the "solid South" to see that these homes are built, not only in the state in which the movement has started, but in the broader territory of the Southland which was served by the now aged mammy.

The little scenes in which her authority was all but supreme in the home are legion. And her jurisdiction did not end with childhood's years. For always you remained a "chile" to "mammy". Do you recall when you were a big boy and "mammy," who had not seen you since you returned from college, spied you first, out on the lawn with a crowd of "the fellows" round you?

To her you were "her chile" come home. And to your eternal embarrassment she rushtd toward you like a mighty behemoth, for she was fat and shapeless in her old age, and flung her arms about you?

Or—there was the day when "her baby" returned from a girls' school far away and, back in the old home town, encountered Mammy suddenly only, at arm's length, to receive her critical appraisal: and then with quaint humor her dubious comment: "Wall, I reckon yo'll do, honey. I ain't sayin' ma lam' ain' goin' to hol' up her haid lak de bes of'm, but chile, Mammy's tellin' yo' dis; yo' sho' ain' goin' to be de gal yo' ma was; an' dat's de truf."

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SLAVE MARRIAGE IS HELD VALID

SHREVEPORT, La., Aug. 1.—The validity of a slave marriage that was never annulled was upheld as taking precedence over a subsequent civil marriage after emancipation in an opinion handed down last week by District Judge J. H. Stephens here, in deciding a suit brought by Wilson Ray, et als, against Willis Knox, Jr.

8-1-24

Ray and the others, as brothers and sisters of Rachel Knox, sued for property now held by Knox as the son of Willis and Amelia Knox, who were married according to slave customs. Rachel was the second wife of Knox and was married to him at a regular religious ceremony after Willis, Sr., had abandoned the spouse of his slavery days.

Humane Treatment of Slaves in the South

John D. Beatty, of Ivanhoe, N. C., sent this interesting item after having read the article by W. E. Doyle, of Teague, Tex., in the Veteran for January, 1924, in regard to the treatment of slaves by some of the old "marsters" of the South. He says:

"I am copying from the record of Braden County, N. C., parts of the will of William H. Beatty, made June 6, 1[illegible] and probated August, 1853, which may be of some interest to your readers. My father was a man of much property in both lands and slaves, and after devising and bequeathing part of his property among his heirs, he devised a certain tract of about two hundred and sixty acres of land on which there was a good farm to two of his executors and uses the following regarding it:

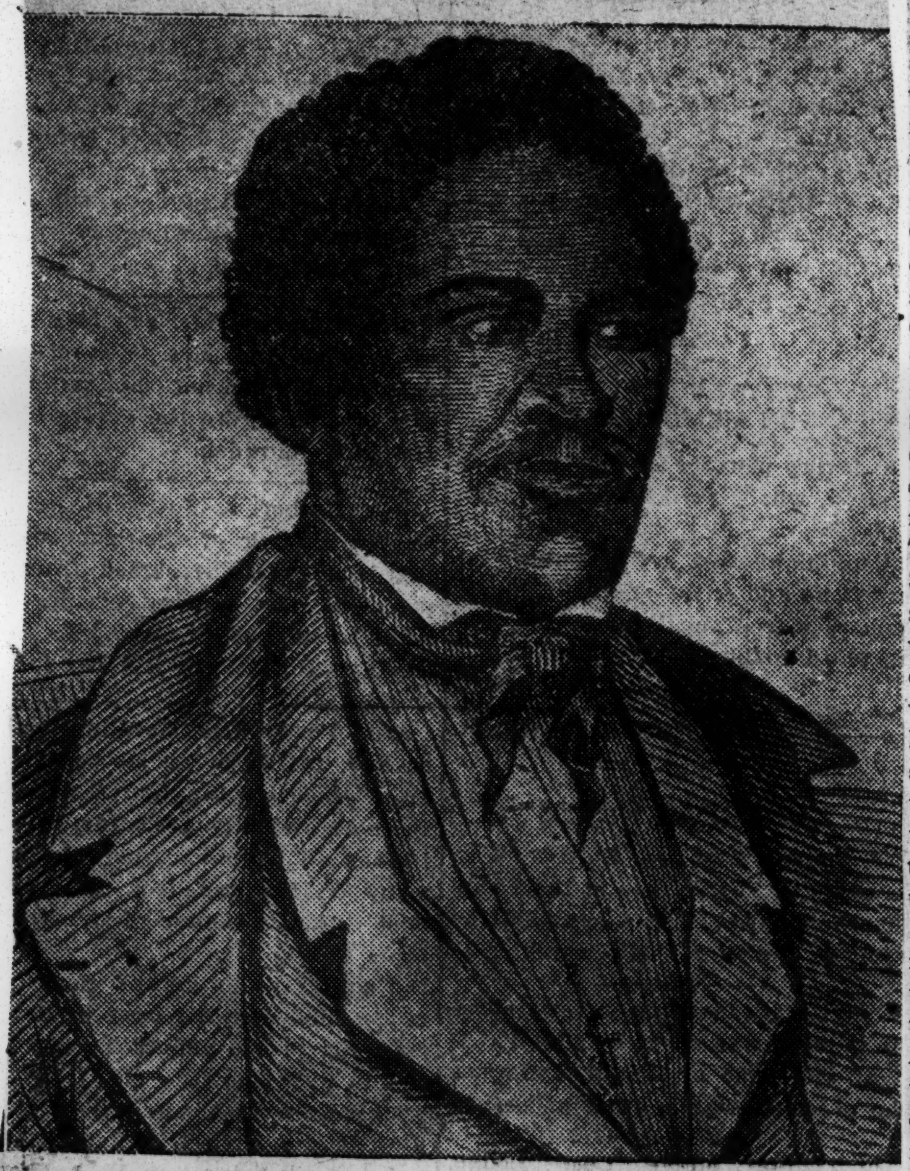
"'But the said parcel of land shall remain and be held by my executors, to whom the same is hereby devised, until the death of my slaves, Juliet, Sally, and Billy, children of Cloe, my cook; Sabina, Will, and Louisa, daughter of Will and Sally. And until the death of said slaves, my executors are soundly enjoined and directed to suffer and permit said slaves—Juliet, Sally, Billy, Sabina, Will and Louisa—to reside on said land and cultivate the same under the care and management of my executors, who are requested to see that said slaves (when able to do so) shall be kept usefully employed, so that they may, if practicable, maintain themselves, and not become a charge to my estate or a nuisance to society. But should said slaves, from old age or any infirmity, be unable decently to maintain themlseves, my executors are further directed and required to pay over to said slaves, or such of them as may require it, respectively, the sum of twenty-five dollars per year, in such amounts and at such periods of the year as my executors may or shall deem necessary. It is my further will, and I do direct, that my man Tom be permitted to reside at Pleasant Retreat as long as he may live, under the care and management of my executors, and employed in such way as may be most agreeable to him.

"'I do not design by the foregoing provision to attempt to emancipate the aforesaid slaves, Juliet, Sally, Billy, Sabina, Will, Louisa, and Tom; nor do I intend to make such a disposition of them as may be equivalent to emancipation. For their long and meritorious service, it has been my intention to direct their emancipation, but am advised that such a testamentary disposition of them, being deemed contrary to the policy of our civil institutions, would be adjudged void.

"'Should the foregoing disposition of them, contrary to my expectations, be deemed void, I then bequeath said slaves to my son Hays and my grandson, William H. Beatty, son of my son William. This bequest is made in the confident expectation that my son Hays and grandson William, knowing my feeling toward said slaves and my wishes in regard to them, will treat them with all humanity and kindness which may be compatible with the conditions of slavery.'

"The writer is a son of Hays W. Beatty, one of the executors, and remembers going with his father on some of his trips to carry supplies to those old slaves years after the War Between the States, and he looked after them as best he could as long as they lived. The last of them died about 1877."—Confederate Veteran.

REV. ANTHONY BURNS



America's most famous fugitive slave is buried in St. Catharines, Ont.

MOVE TO RESTORE LATE A. BURNS' GRAVE

It is a sad commentary on the int erest our people take in their famous men, to note that the grave of one of the greatest has suffered by the ne glect of the people who would natur ally be expected to take an interest in it and keep it as a small reminder of the work he did for us. We are pleased to note that steps have been taken to restore the grave and sur roundings to a state befitting his il lustrious and useful life and memory.

The Dawn would be pleased to re ceive subscriptions to defray the very small cost of restoration.

All subscriptions will be acknowl edged in the issue following their receipt.

THE JOHN BROWN RAID

(By Fred. Landon)

References in The Globe to the Chatham convention indicate that George Brown was well informed with regard to the proceedings there and knew the relation of the convention to the events at Harper's Ferry. In a later issue of The Globe, Brown, with discernment, declared that if the tension between North and South continued civil war would be inevitable and "no force that the South can raise can hold the slaves if the North wills that they be free." On the day of Brown's execution The Globe said that "his death will aid in awakening the South to understand its true position" and that it was "a rare sight to witness the ascent of this fine spirit out of the money-hunting, cotton-worshipping American world." The prediction was added that if a Republican president were elected in the approaching contest nothing short of a dissolution of the union would satisfy the South.

The special interest taken by The Globe in American affairs and its sane comment on the developments in the slavery struggle were the result of George Brown's intimate acquaintance with the issues in the United States acquired during his residence there before coming to Canada. The feeling of the Canadian people on the death of John Brown was shown by memorial meetings held in several cities. In Toronto a large gathering assembled in St. Lawrence Hall, at which the chief speaker was Rev. Thomas Kinnaird, who had himself attended the Chatham convention. He told of a conversation with John Brown in which the latter had declared his determination to do something definite for the liberation of the slaves, and, if necessary, perish in the attempt. The collection that was taken up at this meeting was forwarded to Mrs. Brown at North Elba, N.Y. At Montreal a similar meeting was held in Bonaventure Hall, attended by more than a thousand people who expressed their views by strong resolutions. Among those who occupied places on the platform at this meeting were some of the most prominent men of Montreal. Similar meetings were held in Chatham, Windsor and other points in the western peninsula of Ontario where the Negroes were numerous.

It is only in the light of what took place after the collapse of the Harper's Ferry enterprise that Brown can be properly understood. His attack upon Harper's Ferry was an attack upon the State of Virginia, upon the United States government and upon the whole economic system of the South. Any man of judgement could foresee that it would fail. But what might seem folly to others was not folly to Brown, not more so then Joshua's plan to take a fortified city by the blowing of trumpets. Emerson saw pure idealism in Brown's act, an idealism that would sacrifice everything for the business in hand and take the consequences without fear or murmur. Brown had broken laws but he believed that his purpose was greater than any law, and his own death, he realized, would do more to arouse the American conscience on the slavery issue than even the success of his plan would have accomplished.

And so he died on the scaffold on a bright December morning, looking out over the smiling country within whose bounds existed the abominations which he had sought to destroy. Europe, as well as America, was moved by his death. Victor Hugo, looking out from France, wrote: "In killing Brown the Southern States have committed a crime which will take its place among the calamities of history. As to John Brown, he was an apostle and a hero. The gibbet has only increased his glory and made him a martyr."

In Canada the raid on Harper's Ferry made a profound impression. Despite the secrecy surrounding the Chatham convention there was quite a number of Canadians belonging to the anti-slavery group who knew what had taken place there and knew, too, that Brown was meditating a bold stroke. The raid was reported in detail in the Canadian newspapers The Globe of Nov. 4th, 1859, pointed out that Brown's execution would but serve to make him remembered as "a brave man who perilled property family, life itself, for an alien race." His death, The Globe held, would make the raid valueless as political capital for the slaveholders and the South might expect other Browns.

Briefly he proposed to gather about him a small band of trusty followers, occupy some remote fastness in the Virginia Mountains, and from there make raids upon slavery areas, seizing the slaves and adding them to his band. He was convinced that within a short time he would make slaveholding so precarious and unprofitable that he would have the South on its knees. He expected aid both from the free Negroes in the Northern States and from the refugees in Canada who, at that time, numbered about 40,000. So confident was he o fsuccess that already there had matured in his mind a plan of provisional government for the forces he would command and for the territory he would occupy. The eastern friends to whom he communicated his plan were astounded and appear to have made effort to dissuade him from carrying it out, but Brown was determined to go ahead. Feeling that they must not desert him a fund of $1000 was raised and the understanding was that Brown would act as soon as possible in order to lessen the chances of the authorities hearing of it. Accordingly Brown proceeded to Canada and to Chatham there came in the second week of May, at Brown's quiet invitation, a company of 46 men, of whom but twelve were white. For two days they deliberated over the plans ,the full import of which probably few other than Brown himself really appreciated. The constitution for the provisional governmen was considered and adopted. officers were elected, and then the party scattered.

Chatham had been chosen as the place of meeting because of the fact that it was one of the most important Negro centers in Canada; indeed, a majority of the 40,000 or more Negroes in Canada at the time were located within a radius of fifty miles. Among the refugees were many men of intelligence, education and daring, some of them already experienced in slave-raiding, and Brown was justified in expecting their active assistance. There were also secret organizations among the refugees which had as their object to assist fugitives and resist their masters.

Help from these societies might lso be looked for and John Brown is quoted as stating at the Chatham convention that he expected all the free Negroes in the Northern States to flock to his standard, that he expected the slaves in the South to do the same and he wanted as many of the Canadian refugees to accompany him as could do so. But this seems to be a misunderstanding of Brown's plans. Hinton, his biographer, is nearer the truth when he says that Brown never expected more aid from the Negroes than would give his plan its first impetus. It was not mere numbers that he wanted, but rather quality. A few men thoroughly loyal to his plan could do as much as a rabble of a thousand.

Had it been possible to strike the blow immediately after the Chatham meeting there might have been a different story to tell. Frank B. Sanborn, one of the New England friends, says he understood from Brown that he would strike about the middle of May, 1858. But a treacherous follower revealed the plans to Senator Henry Wilson, the eastern supporters were panic-stricken and the whole scheme had to be postponed. Brown

Slavery—1924. II.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY'S STATUE BILL BEATEN, WITH CONGRESSMAN BACON OF N. Y. LEADING THE FIGHT

The New York News 4-12-24

House Republicans, Out of Deference to Colored Constituents, Defeat Measure of Scions of Rebel South Which Would Glorify Pitiful Victim of Slavery

New York, N. Y.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy through Congressman Steadman of North Carolina, introduced again the infamous "Black Mammy" Statue Bill for Washington on January 26, 1924. The following correspondence between Congressman Robert L. Bacon and former Alderman George W. Harris reveals the manner in which the bill was quickly killed.

Washington, D. C., April 2, 1924.

Mr. George W. Harris,
135 West 135th Street,
New York, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Harris:

I would like very much to have your opinion on a bill that has been referred to a Committee of the House of Representatives of which I am a member. Perhaps it is not a matter of great importance but I have heard indirectly that this bill, copy of which I enclose, does not meet with the approval of the colored race here in Washington.

I think you know that I have always been genuinely interested in promoting the welfare of the colored race and, therefore, naturally do not wish to do anything that might hurt their feelings. This bill has been proposed by Southerners and I would be glad to have your opinion as to whether or not you think that it is in any way offensive to the colored race.

With kind regards,
Sincerely yours,
Robert L. Bacon.

Harris Calls Bills Disgrace

Congressman Robert L. Bacon,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

New York News

My dear Congressman Bacon:

Let me thank you kindly for your favor of April 2nd relative to the "Black Mammy" Statue Bill now before you for consideration. The proposed statue is objectionable to colored Americans for two reasons:

First—It proposes to glorify perpetually a mythical institution, the product of slavery. The "Black Mammy" as the slave holder knew her was a beast of burden, a flogged, outraged animal when it suited their convenience and a miserable, abject chattel, more to be pitted than admired in all other cases. These were the real positions of the black mammies in the South during slavery, according to the enlightened opinion of modern civilization. As such the attempt to perpetuate her memory by the South is a mockery and derision to colored citizens. 4-12-24

Second—The Daughters of the Confederacy should be an outlawed institution. That the daughters of the rebel traitors of America should rear their heads in pride and most of all should come to the Congress of the United States, asking for consideration of any matter peculiar to their own disgraceful heritage is an affront to the government of this free land of ours. The Daughters of the Confederacy like the Sons of the Confederacy are unwilling to do anything for the civic progress of the sons and daughters of the black mammies whom they hypocritically venerate and they therefore, cannot come into Congress with any claim for consideration worthy of your attention or that of any other Republican Congressman.

As ever your friend,
George W. Harris.

was penniless and dependent upon his New England helpers and so had to submit. He went to Kansas that summer and it was more than a year before he could carry out his plan. With dramatic suddenness there came on Monday morning, October 17th, 1859, the startling news that a body of armed men, some of them Negroes, had seized the government arsenal at Harper's Ferry, taken possession of the town, cut telegraph wires, stopped trains, killed several people and was holding others as hostages. Wild reports spread through the south and east that a slave insurrection had broken out and that the country round round about Harper's Ferry was menaced. Later in the day it became known that it was old Ossawotamie Brown, of Kansas fame, who was at the head of the outbreak. He was reported to be holding out, with a few of his followers, in an old fire-engine house which was surrounded by militia and United States troops under command of Col. Robert E. Lee. Finally came word that the outbreak had been suppressed, that Brown was wounded and a prisoner and that most of his followers were dead or captured. The south began to breathe easier.

Greenville Ala

OCT 8-1924

DEATH OF A FAITHFUL OLD COLORED MAN

After some years of feeble health and for five weeks bed ridden, Toney Smith, died at the home of his nephew in Crenshaw County on Friday last. The body was brought to Greenville Saturday morning and funeral services were held in the church he loved, the 1st colored Baptist church in this city. A large congregation attended the funeral services.

Toney Smith was about 78 years old. He leave no member of his immediate family, his wife having died some years ago, and he had no living children.

He was born a slave and was about grown when the war between the States ended and he was set free. He was the slave of Mr. Daniel Smith, a grandfather of Mr. Park Smith of this city. Toney came to Greenville from his master's home and secured odd jobs around town, until he was employed regularly by the editor of the Advocate, and for 50 years he has been on the pay roll of this office. He was ever faithful and reliable, as honest as any member of his race. He was the motive power for our presses, until the gasoline engine was installed, and the electric power come into use. While in the Advocate office he learned to read and to write his name. He was intensely a religious man, and was a deacon in his church and for a number of years the Sunday School Superintendent. He loved his church above everything else, and one time after his church burned down he mortgaged his home to get money with which to buy seats for the building, and he had to pay most of the mortgage in order to get his home free from debt. About one year ago, he made a will in favor of his nephew, his nearest of kin, with the understanding that his nephew would take care of him the balance of his life, which he did, taking him to his home near Brantley, and cared for him until the end.

During his long feebleness he was never allowed to suffer for attention, as every one, white and black in this city knew him and respected him. He lived a life of a christian, and we believe did no man a wrong knowingly.

Tho it has been several years since he was an employee of this paper, his name has always been on the pay roll and his wants looked after. He will be missed by his church, his many colored friends and by all the old settlers among the whites. A good man has gone to his reward. May his soul rest in peace.

BROOKLYN N. Y. TIMES
OCTOBER 19, 1924

Slavery of Negroes and Indians Shown on Records of East Hampton; Local Whale Ships Got Captives

East Hampton, Oct. 18.—The old town records tell of instances of slavery, both of negroes and Indians in East Hampton.

This was as early as 1650. And in 1653 the settlers had commenced to free slaves, for there were free negroes in Southampton town at that time, a settlement of English made nine years before the acquiral of East Hampton territory.

Slavery did not prevail to any such extent on Long Island, however, as in the Southern plantations of Virginia and Carolinas, where tobacco and rice were raised. The Long Island slaves were either farm hands or house servants. The Indians did not make good slaves, although they were faithful, at least on Long Island. The habits of the aborigne were not conducive to husbandry.

But from the very earliest days Indians were slaves. This applied in New England. Long Island plantations were under the Connecticut code of laws, adopted in Connecticut in 1646, in East Hampton about 1653. The code recognized both Indian and negro slavery as an established institution. It was not until after legislation was enacted, in 1788, providing for manumission of slaves that slavery was abolished in the Hampton settlements.

Freetown, in East Hampton town, a little settlement, north of East Hampton village, takes its name from the freeing of slaves. The Gardiners, of Gardiner's Island were among the first, after the Revolutionary War, to give their slaves freedom. They set aside lands and built habitations at Freetown for the manumitted negroes.

Some Peculiar Records.

There are some very peculiar records pertaining to Indian slavery in East Hampton. Beck, an Indian slave, in 1678 was bought in "open market" at New London, by Arthur Howell's son-in-law, James Loper. This Loper, in his will established the Indian slave as a trust, with Arthur Howell, trustee, "the slave to be for the use of Elizabeth Loper, during her life, and on her death to pass in fee to her children."

Indian slaves would not submit to castigation. When Luke Lily struck an Indian slave, it almost produced the only clash between Indians and settlers. Lily was fined and the slave compensated with a quantity of corn.

The custom of indentured servants and bondmen also prevailed in the Hamptons.

About 1800 the town records are filled with applications to free slaves. The owners had to guarantee that the slaves would not become a burden upon the community. Superannuated slaves could not be cast upon the town for the taxpayers to support.

The Slave Trade.

Years later Sag Harbor vessels were carrying slaves between Africa and Cuba. This was in the '50's and '60's. It is not to be inferred that Long Island people were engaged in the slave trade at that time. Whaling as a source of profit languished in the '50's. Ships were sold to New York parties. These ships outfitted at Greenport. Some of them got away on ostensible whaling voyages really going to the west coast of Africa, loading slaves and carrying them to Brazil and the West Indies.

Such vessels were the Marion, a fast sailing schooner, built at Sag Harbor. The Lucy Ann, an old Greenport whaling brig, eventually caught and condemned by the British Admiralty. The big ships Augusta and Montauk, of Sag Harbor, captured by the U. S. Marshall and sold in Federal Court at Brooklyn and New York.

THE JOHN BROWN RAID

(Continued from previous issue)

The slaveholders of the South were by no means blind to the fact that the abolition movement had friends and supporters in Canada: that there was in fact, an abolition group there actively at work for their undoing. It is possible that they knew of the Chatham convention. In his message to the Virginia legislature after the Harper's Ferry raid Governor Wise made reference to Canada as a seat of abolitionist activity. "One most irritating feature of this predatory war," he said, "is that it has its seat in the British provinces which furnish asylums for our fugitives and send them and their hired outlaws upon us from depots and rendezvous in the bordering states." Speaking again, on Dec. 22nd, 1859, to a gathering of medical students who had left Philadelphia in protest, the governor said: "With God's help we will drive all the disunionists together back into Canada. Let the compact of fanaticism and intolerance be confined to British soil." The New York Herald quoted Wise as calling upon the president to notify the British government that Canada should no longer be allowed, by affording an asylum to fugitive slaves, to foster disunion and dissension in the United States. The Virginia governor seems to have had the idea that the president might be bullied into provoking trouble with Great Britain. "The war shall be carried into Canada," he said in another of his outbursts.

A part of the Tory press in Canada took sides with the South, The Leader terming the attack on Harper's Ferry an "insane raid" and predicting that the South would sacrifice the union rather than submit to the North. The viewpoint of The Leader may be further illustrated by its statement that the election campaign of 1860 was dominated by a "small section of ultra-abolitionists, who make anti-slavery the beginning, middle and end of their creed." As for Lincoln he was characterized as "a mediocre man—a fourth rate lawyer."

Canada's relation to John Brown's plans became known of course, after the collapse of the Harper's Ferry raid. The seizure of his papers, the evidence given at the trial and before the Senatorial investigation, all confirmed the suspicion that there was extensive plotting against slavery going on in Canada. In the report submitted by the Senate committee the proceedings at Chatham were stated to have had as their object "to subvert the government of one or more of the states, and of course to that extent the government of the United States." Questions wrere asked by members of the committee that indicated a belief that indicated a belief that there was a distinctly Canadian end to the Harper's Ferry raid.

In the actual carrying out of the raid but small assistance came from Canada. Of the twenty-one men who marched out with Brown that October night only one could be described as a Canadian. This was Osborne Perry Anderson, a Negro, born free in Pennsylvania, who was working as a printer in Chatham when Brown came there and whi threw in his lot for the grand adventure. He is described by Hinton as having been well educated, a man of natural dignity, modest, simple in character and manners. He wrote a pamphlet account of the raid from which he escaped unhurt, and later served in the Northern army during the Civil War. He died at Washington, D.C. in the year 1871.

The question naturally arises: why was the aid given to John Brown by the Negroes of Canada so meagre. That Brown himself had counted on substantial help from the Canadian refugees is certain. John Edwin Cook, an associate who made a confession after the raid, said that both men and money had been promised from Chatham and other parts of Canada. Yet, apart from Anderson, only one other Canadian seems to have had even an indirect part in the raid. The exception was Dr. Alexander M. Ross, of Toronto, who, by agreement with Brown, went to Richmond, Va., before the blow was struck and was there when the news came of its unhappy ending. Ross was evidently placed in Richmond to keep watch on the official attitude, should the plan succeed and the abduction of slaves begin.

It is known that there was effort during the summer of 1858 to get the Negroes in Canada enlisted, this work being in charge of John Brown Jr., assisted by Rev. J. W. Loguen, a well-known Negro abolitionist. Together they visited Hamilton, St. Catharines, Chatham, London, Buxton, Windsor and other places, organizing branches of The League of Liberty among the refugeess.

INVOKE SLAVE LAW.

Interesting Point as to Heredity Involved in Suit.

In the case of two negroes suing for an ejectment before Judge Pittman, the old slavery laws as to inheritance came into play yesterday and there is before him the contention that in this case the husband and not the collateral kin have the right of inheritance as to real estate. It seems that prior to the Civil War an old negress gave her child to another negro, executing a regularly signed instrument for the transaction. Later the child grew up and married three times, but only the last husband survived her. He continued to live in the home that she had bought, and now the Hendersons, who claim to have been nephews and nieces of the old woman by a sister are suing to eject him from the property at 235 Caldwell in North Memphis. The suit is styled Jordan Henderson against Frank Thornton.

The law quoted to the judge was that under the old statutes prior to the Civil War there was no legal right for a slave to marry, and hence the rights of inheritance as to their property were the same as among white folks, who had not legally married, or not at all. But the Legislature twice since the war changed that and made the rights of inheritance as to former slaves the same as applying to legally wedded whites.

Luther H. Graves, for the husband of the old woman is trying to convince Judge Pittman that white, where there has not been a legal marriage have no right to inherit in Tennessee and the husband in this case has the right to real estate as he would as against collateral kin, contending that the new statutes as to slave marriages affect only the general proposition and not the right to inherit while Lois D. Bejach for the other side claims that the right to inherit goes with the validity of the marriage.

The case will be decided today.

Slavery -1924.

Says White Race Was Preserved In Confederate War

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 27.—If the result of the war between the states meant the preservation of the white race, then there was no "lost cause" declared Franklin L. Riley, of Washington and Lee University who spoke at the afternoon session of the thirty-ninth annual session of the American Historical association which convened here today. The meeting was devoted to discussion of the general subject "The Confederacy, its leaders and its problems, a resurvey."

"Secession was lost," Mr. Riley said, "but secession was not the cause of the South.

"Slavery was lost, but slavery was not the cause, though we once thought so, believing that the freedom of the negro would mean the downfall of the white man's supremacy and integrity."

First Negroes Brought to Virginia in 1619

Negroes were first brought into the British colonies—which afterward became the United States of America—in August, 1619, and landed in Virginia, according to the Negro Year Book for 1921-22, which quotes from the "Narrative of Master John Rolfe:" "About the last of August (1619) came a Dutch man-of-warre, that sold us 20 negars." The Year Book states that these Africans were "not slaves, but servants," and says: "It was not an uncommon practice in this early period of shiploads of all white servants to the planters; hence an inference that these twenty negroes were slaves (drawn from the fact that they were sold to the colony of would be unjustified. Prior to 1619 every inhabitant of the colony was practically 'a servant' manipulated in the interests of the company and held in servitude beyond a stipulated term.

"According to a census made in 1624-25 there were in the colony twenty-three Africans. They were listed as 'servants,' thus receiving the class name as white persons enumerated in the lists. According to Thomas Jefferson 'the right of these negroes was common, or, perhaps, they lived on a footing with the whites, who, as well as themselves, were under absolute direction of the president.'

"In the records of the county courts dating from 1632-61 negroes are designated as 'servants.' 'negro servants,' or simply as 'negroes,' but never in the records which we have examined were they termed 'slaves.'—Detroit Free Press.

Rev. Thomas Explains Sale Rev. Andrew Bryan's Daughter In 1804

Ancient Slave Deed In Court Records

Rev. E. G. Thomas, pastor of the First African Baptist church, Franklin square, explains in the following article, the sale of the daughter of Rev. Andrew Bryan by the father, an account of which was mentioned and an ancient slave deed published in the Savannah Press which also carried his article:

"In your issue of the 17th instant, there appeared a rather unique article that revealed that the Rev. Andrew Bryan, on August 22nd, 1804, sold his daughter and her son to a butcher Adam Whitfield, for the consideration of $10. The article is the most startling because he appears to have called her a Negro wench.

"Rev. Bryan was the first pastor of the First African Baptist church, over which I now happen to preside. He is held in sacred veneration by all Negroes everywhere, and more especially the Negro Baptists of Savannah.

"In the first place, the document was drawn up in slavery time. In the second place, Bryan could not write; and though he could read, it is doubtful if he could read writing. Scanning this instrument in the records at the county court house, 'Book Y, page 253,' one observes this arrangement: 'Andrew X (his mark) Bryan.'

"The lawyer who read this deed mistook this 'X' for a capital 'F,' as it is written with a flare.

"Another thing that the deed plainly states, but which the lawyer neglected to indicate is '(My daughter and his wife) and her son, Carolina.'

"A reference to 'Book G,' 1789-00, pages 215 and 216, reveals that this same Rev. Andrew Bryan, on May 5, 1789, more than 15 years before this, bought his own freedom from William Bryan, heir of Jonathan Bryan, for 'fifty pounds sterling in specie' (about $242), 'acknowledging also the faithful services of my Negro fellow called Andrew.'

"The facts plainly and briefly stated are these: Rev. Andrew Bryan, a free Negro preacher, sold his daughter, Hannah and her son, Carolina, to her husband Adam Whitfield, a Negro butcher for $10. 'A Negro wench' is a designation for which he is in nowise responsible. After Whitfield's death they were to be free and enfranchised.

"Rev. Bryan became wealth, owned slaves and sold the church its first [illegible]"

INDIANA'S OLD SETTLERS

BENJAMIN T. THORNTON

Of many a statesman or otherwise famous American, it might be written that he was born in the "Cradle of Liberty" but of Benjamin T. Thornton it might truthfully be said that he was born in the "Cradle of Slavery." Fathered and mothered by slaves, he first saw the light in Winchester, in the heart of old Virginia, December 18th, 1804.

Thornton's grandfather, however, was a freeman, who, in the course of years had earned enough money to purchase the freedom of his wife, Thornton's grandmother. He never earned sufficient money to buy the freedom of his daughter, Ben's mother, but hired her services from her master by the year. She died before the war broke out. Sometime before the war, Thornton's master made a formal division of his property and two of Ben's brothers were carried off to Missouri having been willed to a half-brother of the master, while Ben's mother, his two sisters and himself became the property of the master's son. This boy was called Tobe and to distinguish them, Ben was called "Black Tobe" and his young master who was only two weeks older was called "White Tobe." Thornton was left an orphan at eight years of age and when he was about eleven he was indentured out by his master at the sum of $15 a year. His second year he was indentured for $20 and was entering upon his third year at $25 when in 1862 he ran away and joined the camp of Union soldiers who were stationed near his master's plantation.

The story of how Thornton joined himself to the Union troopers is fraught wtih interest and is best related in the words of Colonel Oran Perry, now superintendent of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument in this city.

Colonel Perry says:

"The first year of the Civil war I served with the Army of the Potomac as Sergeant Major of the 16th Indiana, Colonel Hackleman, and the 15th of March, 1861, found us at Snicker's Gap, Virginia, where we built a bridge across the Shenandoah River, accomplishing the work in forty-eight hours, and remaining there until the 23rd.

"The next day after our arrival at this camp my attention was attracted by a hilarious commotion in one of the company streets which I found was occasioned by the "baiting" of a little colored boy who was not enjoying the pleasantries of the crowd, but was standing in the center of the ring furiously defiant and without a trace of fear. Admiring his courage, I rescued him from his tormentors, carried him off to my tent and questioned him. He said his name was Tobey and was 11 years of age; that he could read and write and that he could do anything about a house or barn that any ordinary boy could do; that he was a slave and had run away from his master, who lived about three miles away. He said his master was a good man and loved his sons, who were his playmates, but he wanted to be free. His self reliance was amazing.

"I tried to make it clear to him that he was leaving good friends behind and that the treatment he had just received in the company street was what he might expect when he faced the wide world. In the meantime he had recovered from his anger, had quieted down and had given me serious and intelligent attention worthy of a much older boy, but he had remained unconvinced and gently shook his head.

"By this time I could see I was dealing with no ordinary boy and was becoming immensely interested in him. So I told him I would like some proof of his ability to do things and suggested that he take my blacking case, go to the Colonel's tent and tell him I had sent him there to black his boots.

"About the time I thought he had finished I dropped into the tent and found that the Colonel had surrendered to him, 'horse, foot and dragoons.' His mind was already made up and he said he would assign the boy to me as my personal valet, that I should have entire charge of him; that he should be fed at the Colonel's mess.

"The next afternoon a dozen horsemen dashed into camp in a very aggressive manned "hauled up" before the headquarters tent and called for the Colonel. It proved to be "Tobe's" master and a sheriff's posse. The sheriff read the demand for the boy and the Colonel asked by whose authority he was acting, whereupon the sheriff replied, "The State of Virginia.' The Colonel countered by asking, 'Is

not the State of Virginia a part of the Confederacy?' On receiving an affirmative answer the Colonel closed the parley by saying, "I don't recognize the State of Virginia, and if the Confederacy wants the boy, it is welcome to take him, if it can, and now, if you don't want to get into trouble you had better ride out of here a damned sight faster than you came in.'

"The regiment moved forward on the 23rd crossing the new Shenandoah bridge and Blue Ridge mountains and "Tobe" was a free boy. In after years and during his early prosperity, 'his heart turned back to Dixie,' and he visited his old master in his poverty stricken home and was instrumental in placing one or two of the sons—his old playmates—where they could make a living. From that time on until the regiment was mustered out in Washington, "Tobe" was everything a good boy should be. I was going back to Indiana to take service in another regiment, so in "Tobe's" interest I obtained a place for him with a good family of my acquaintance in Washington and upon informing him of it, he broke into a violent and almost inconsolable spell of crying following which he listened with earnest attention while I told him of my plans, where my home was, and how I got to it, and to my great surprise the atmosphere appeared to clear of him and he accepted all of my advice with apparent cheerfulness.

"Coming out of the house of my friends after bidding them goodbye, I found 'Tobe" sitting bareheaded on a low fence post waiting to bid me goodbye, and all at once I realized how fond of him I had become and all of the long trip home I could not get him out of my mind. About six o'clock on the morning of the fourth day after my arrival at my father's house, there was a loud knock at the door which I opened and there stood the hatless "Tobe," beaming like a sun-flower and I was never so glad to see anyone in my life.

"The story was soon told how, after I had parted from him in Washington he had run across the street and keeping the tree boxes between us, he had followed me to the depot and there finding the car carrying the field officers' horses and their hostlers, bound for Indianapolis, he hopped on the car and on the fourth day hopped out at Richmond. We were both very happy for a few days and then the same old battle had to be fought out again for he was too small for the service I was engaged in and it ended by my getting him a place with the owner of the restaurant at the Richmond Union Station.

"Leaving for the front again, I lost sight of him for many years. When I came home three yeras later he was gone from the Richmond Station and no one seemed to know where he was."

Tobe had not disappeared entirely for, after having worked at the Richmond restaurant for two years, he moved to Indianapolis where he obtained employment with the wealthy stave manufacturer, Jason Cary with whom he remained two years. He then went to Kansas City and staid for fourteen months and while there attended the night school taught by J. Milton Turner. Returning to Indianapolis he was re-employed by Mr. Cary and worked for him for seven years. Mrs. Cary took an interest in the youngster and taught him to read and write and during the winters between 1869 and 1873 he got a little schooling and later spent two terms at the Indianapolis high school.

Colonel Perry tells how, one day in 1875, a well dressed, fine looking young colored man appeared at his office in the Pennsylvania Railroad in this city, saying, "Do you know me?" "I certainly do, it's Tobe," replied Col. Perry, recognizing him by a peculiar cast in his eyes. "No, you are mistaken," he said, "it's Ben Thornton," and this, relates Colonel Perry, was the first time he knew he had any other name than "Tobe." This renewed friendship was never interrupted and during all the years that they knew each other after that, Col. Perry says Thornton never once solicited his assistance in advancing his personal interests, his own good character and self reliance being sufficient for his needs.

May 23, 1867, Thornton was appointed turnkey of the Indianapolis jail and he held this job for 18 months. He was appointed to the police force as a patrolman and served in this capacity until 1886, when, in August, he was made a detective. He was one of the first colored men to serve on the police force and when the metropolitan system was inaugurated he was retained.

Perhaps he is best known for his unusual record as a detective becoming nationally known as a relentless sleuth. He was honest and fair and once assigned to a case never gave up until the guilty had been apprehended. From the Cincinnati Inquirer the following comment is clipped:

*"One of the best colored officers in the U. S., is Ben Thornton of Indianapolis. * * No man is more dreaded by professional crooks who tour the country."*

In 1895 Thornton made a strenuous fight against segregation in the schools on account of color. He brought suit against the School Commissioners to enjoin them to permit his daughter to attend old No. 4 school from which they only lived a block instead of going five blocks or more to attend No. 24, fighting for the principal that the child should attend the nearest school the same as the child of any other nationality. The case was tried in Judge McMaster's Court and Thornton lost. Great credit is due him for his courage and tenacity in attempting to secure for the colored citizens their unabridged rights in this respect.

For over thirty years he was a member of the Odd Fellows Lodge and was a charter member of Lincoln Union lodge organized in Indianapolis in 1871. He served in various capacities and was a member of the Grand Board of Directors. For over twenty-five years he represented Indiana at the sessions of the B. M. C.

He was married to Miss Essie M. Moore in 1877 and due to his thrift and love of home their household became one of the happiest in the city. Having had no children born to them, the couple adopted Miss Adelaide whom they reared as their very own. Miss Thornton is director of music in the public schools of this city.

In speaking of Thornton, John A. Puryear, one of the old and respected citizens who knew him intimately says, "He was a fine, upstanding man and represented the best in the race. He enjoyed the full confidence of the people of the city, both white and colored. He was both feared and hated by the underworld of both races but was highly respected among those who stood for a clean, just city."

* Thornton died Sept. 17th, 1900, and was buried in this city.

Slavery—1924.

RAZING HOTEL THAT PLAYED BIG PART IN KANSAS SLAVERY FIGHT

ONE of the grimmest as well as one of the most heroic episodes in the historic struggle to keep slavery out of Kansas is recalled by the announcement that the old Eldridge House at Lawrence is to be razed. It is the third to occupy the same site on the corner of Lawrence's two most important streets. The first, the Free State Hotel, was burned on May 21, 1856, by "Sheriff" Samuel Jones and a posse of pro-slavery gunmen recruited from Missouri and other slave States. The second, renamed the Eldridge House, was burned on Aug. 21, 1863, by guerillas under the leadership of the infamous Quantrell. The third, and final, Eldridge House was the last and successful challenge hurled at the forces of slavery by Shalor Winchel Eldridge, railroad contractor, hotelkeeper, soldier and pioneer.

The story of Eldridge and his hotel business is as significant in its way as the story of John Brown and Harper's Ferry. Shalor Eldridge was born at West Springfield, Mass., on Aug. 29, 1816, and in his early years was a railroad construction contractor. While thus engaged he became acquainted with Eli Thayer, founder of the New England Immigrant Aid Company, which was then trying to encourage the colonization of Kansas by Northerners as a means of keeping slavery out of the new territory. Eldridge, who was a fervent anti-slavery man, readily fell in with Thayer's proposal that he go to Kansas City and take over the proprietorship of the American House, which the Immigrant Aid Society owned and which was a centre of Free Soil agitation.

Governor's Flight in Disguise.

Eldridge ran the American House from January, 1855, to the Spring of 1856. One of the thrilling incidents of this period was the flight in disguise of Andrew J. Reeder, first Territorial Governor of Kansas, who had been dismissed by President Pierce ostensibly for misconduct while in office but actually because of his pronounced anti-slavery sympathies.

Eldridge sheltered Reeder and other anti-slavery men who were being sought by the pro-slavery forces. On one occasion he and his brother Edwin stood off an armed mob which surrounded the hotel in an effort to capture Reeder. The latter finally escaped, disguised as a laborer, and reached Northern territory safely. But so great was the resentment of the Southern party in Kansas City that Eldridge was forced to sell out and move to Lawrence, where his brother already had made arrangements to take over the Free State Hotel, then in process of erection.

Lawrence was the centre of Free State sentiment in Kansas, and as such was regarded with a jealous eye by the pro-slavery interests. Until 1855, however, it had been without anything better than makeshift hotels, and newly arrived inmigrants were often discouraged by the hardships they had to undergo before finding homes of their own. The Immigrant Aid Company therefore decided to build a hotel which should not only be better than anything Lawrence had known, but would be as good as anything in St. Louis itself. This naturally hurt the pride of the Missourians, and the structure which was slowly reaching completion during the Spring of 1856 came to typify the growing power of the Free State Party.

Instead of a poor log hut or a shack of "poles and canvas, the roof thatched with prairie grass," as Lawrence's first ironically styled "Astor House" had been, here was a stone building with three stories and a basement, solidly built, elaborately furnished and costing the considerable sum of $20,000. Even before the interior was completed the building was used as a meeting place. It was here that the armed citizens of Lawrence gathered in December, 1855, prepared to resist an invasion of "Border Ruffians" from Missouri, and it was in front of this hotel that the treaty of peace which temporarily prevented civil war was announced.

Pro-Slavery Forces at Work.

In May, 1856, Eldridge moved in with his large family, and the formal opening was announced to take place early in June. But the pro-slavery forces, which controlled both the Federal officials of the Territory and the nominal local Government of Douglas County, seem to have been resolved that the opening should not occur.

A pro-slavery Grand Jury in Douglas County declared: "We are satisfied that the building known as the Free State Hotel in Lawrence has been constructed with a view to military occupation and defense, and regularly parapeted and portholed for the use of cannon and small arms, and could only be designed as a stronghold for resistance to law, thereby endangering the public safety and encouraging rebellion and sedition to the country, and we respectfully recommend that steps be taken whereby this nuisance may be abated."

Following this presentment United States Marshal T. B. Donaldson declared Lawrence in rebellion, raised a posse, consisting chiefly of gunmen recruited in the slave States, and marched upon the town. He took with him Sheriff Samuel Jones, a Missouri postmaster, who had been named by the pro-slavery party, then in control of Kansas, as Sheriff of Douglas County. Eldridge, hearing of the approaching forces, went to Donaldson and received a promise that the Marshal's posse would not enter the town unless resistance was offered.

Donaldson left his men outside the town and went to interview Eldridge, who, in the meantime, as he afterward told the story, had prepared an elegant dinner, the best that the fresh and abundant stores in the cellar could afford—more of a banquet than a dinner," including "costly wines." Donaldson and his companions consumed this repast and went away without offering to pay for it. Donaldson then "dismissed" his posse of several hundred men, who were immediately deputized by Sheriff Jones and marched into town.

The invaders had three objectives—two newspaper offices and the Free State House. All were sacked and destroyed. Eldridge was given two hours in which to move out his family and his goods.

The sequel to this incident was a hurried trip to Washington, where Eldridge laid the wrongs of Kansas before President Pierce, and spoke so eloquently that "tears began to trickle down the face that had been so stern and indignant." Never again, during the five years which elapsed before President Lincoln took office, did Federal officials in Kansas so flagrantly take the side of the pro-slavery party, and Northerners, moved to wrath by the outrage, poured by thousands into Kansas.

A year after the destruction of the Free State Hotel, Colonel Eldridge (the "Colonel" was a title adopted in jest and retained in earnest) and his brother set about building a new hostelry, which they called the Eldridge House.

"This," says a Lawrence historian, "was a brick, four stories high, extending 100 feet on the east front and 117 feet on the north front. It was handsomely built and furnished elegantly, and was the finest hotel Lawrence has ever had. It was to have cost $80,000. It was furnished in a style befitting the building."

The Eldridge House stood in all its grandeur for five years. Meanwhile Lincoln was elected, Fort Sumter was fired upon, and the fortunes of the Confederacy rose to their heights at Bull Run and the futile battles around Richmond, to decline again at Gettysburg and Vicksburg. On Aug. 21, 1863, the tempest burst again—this time in the shape of a destroyer far more terrible than Sheriff Jones. Quantrell's men descended on Lawrence early in the morning of this fatal day. When they left more than one hundred citizens of Lawrence were dead and the Eldridge House, like every other important building in town, was in ruins.

Eldridge's later history is one of great hopes and frequent reverses. For a time he was successful in the hotel business, building hotels at Wyandotte, at Atchison and at Kansas City. In the last years of his life he lived in relative obscurity, and there were legends that he had made and lost several fortunes. It was said that he had discovered a gold mine, though, as far as is known, he never worked it.

Eldridge was engaged on a history of Kansas, of which he had already completed a volume of personal reminiscences, when he died in Lawrence, on Jan. 16, 1899. Since his death the importance of the part he and his hotels played in the Kansas struggle for liberty has been more generally recognized, but the biography which will set forth his life in fitting terms has yet to be written.

N. Y. C. WORLD
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NEGROES TO PAY ENDURING TRIBUTE TO JOHN BROWN

National Movement Launched to Keep Green the Memory of Abolitionist Who Was Hanged

MONUMENT, PILGRIMAGE AND CULT ARE PROPOSED.

Whites of Northern New York Join in Ceremonies May 9 at the Grave in Lake Placid.

By LESTER A. WALTON.

A national movement has been started by Negroes to keep green for all time the memory of John Brown, hanged in 1859 for his raid on Harper's Ferry, Va.

Sixty-five years after this historic foray, intended by John Brown to be the first effectual step in breaking the shackles of slavery, the race for whose cause he died has formulated comprehensive plans for appropriately expressing appreciation and gratitude.

The program purposes three things: The promotion of a John Brown cult; the promotion of an annual pilgrimage to John Brown's grave at Lake Placid, N. Y., and the erection of a monument to the abolitionist.

Whites Join Movement.

The project is fostered by Philadelphia Negroes, headed by Dr. J. Max Barber. However, it is not to be considered strictly racial. White Americans who look on John Brown as a heroic figure in our country's history are co-operating. Some of the most influential citizens of Northern New York, where John Brown once lived, have enthusiastically joined the movement.

Among those actively interested are Ralph Paaram, Secretary of the Lake Placid Chamber of Commerce; Horace Wells, Secretary of the North Elba Chamber of Commerce; Harry Hicks, Secretary of the Lake Placid Club; Frank S. Leonard, President of the Village of Lake Placid; Willis Wells, Supervisor of North Elba; ex-Sheriff Sidney W. Barnard, O. Byron Brewster, District Attorney of Essex County; County Clerk Nathan D. Barnard and County Treasurer Ernest W. Parker, both of Elizabethtown, N. Y.

The idea of commemorating John Brown's long and picturesque fight for Negro freedom was born May 9, when a delegation of fifty Negroes and a goodly number of white residents of Lake Placid and North Elba assembled at the abolitionist's grave on his 124th anniversary.

Under the auspices of the John Brown Memorial Association of Philadelphia the half-hundred Negroes left the Quaker City on their pilgrimage, Wednesday, May 7, at 5 P. M., reaching Lake Placid the following evening. There they were met by representatives of the Chambers of Commerce of Lake Placid and North Elba and escorted to the National Hotel, where the party was entertained during its stay.

May 9 was an unofficial holiday in both Lake Placid and North Elba. The public schools were closed to give the children an opportunity to attend the exercises held in the afternoon at the grave. The principal speaker was William Pickens, who spoke from the great rock overlooking John Brown's resting place.

Friday evening between 600 and 700 persons attended memorial services in the Town Hall of Lake Placid. The Rev. W. Lloyd Imes, a Negro Presbyterian minister of Philadelphia, spoke on "The New Abolition," and Mrs. S. W. Linton, a member of the party, made an impressive talk. Saturday evening the visitors, featuring the Lincoln University Quartet, and Mrs. Julia Gilbert, soloist, staged a concert in Town Hall.

Speaking to the white residents of the community in Municipal Park on May 10, Dr. J. Max Barber said in part:

"We intend to promote a John Brown cult because there are people living who seek to besmirch the name of this great heroic knight. There are still living in America people who are soured and embittered because freedom came, and who look with watery mouths at the old fleshpots of slavery. This man's memory must be kept sacred to our children and to our children's children."

On Sunday, May 11, the delegation was received by the citizens of Elizabethtown and escorted to the Court House of Essex County, where they were shown an oil painting by D. C. Lithgow depicting a scene during the trial of John Brown for his life. Among the characters in the picture are Judge Richard Parker, who presided; Andrew Hunter, the Commonwealth's attorney, and F. Claiborne

Green, the defendant's counsel.

The picture, to which the townspeople point with pride, bears the following inscription:

ESSEX COUNTY'S TRIBUTE
To the Memory of
JOHN BROWN
Who, With His Life's Blood,
Blazed the Trail of Freedom
for the Slaves.

I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, I did no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, I say LET IT BE DONE.

JOHN BROWN.

Survivor of Guard of Honor.

One of the old citizens to greet the visitors was Orlando Kellogg, the sole survivor of the four men who comprised the guard of honor over Brown's body on the night it lay in state in the Court House at Elizabethtown.

John Brown, born in Torrington, Conn., May 9, 1800, is known to history as having been a most pronounced and outspoken opponent of slavery. Familiar with pioneer life in the Alleghanies and Adirondacks, he was well fitted for conducting guerrilla warfare, which terrorized those who advocated making Kansas slave territory, and causing them to send out the command: "Capture John Brown dead or alive."

During those turbulent days when Kansas was aflame over the question of making it a free or slave State, it was John Brown who nearly precipitated civil war by leading an attack on a group of slavery proponents, killing five. With him were four sons, a son-in-law and two others. That was in 1856.

Three years later John Brown having won his fight to keep Kansas from legalized slave traffic, he began to lay the groundwork for his greatest coup d'etat. He organized among Negroes the League of Freedom and recruited a guerrilla band from Canadian refugees and Virginia slaves. It was his hope to put the planters on the defensive by "stampeding" their slaves and in turn enroll them under his banner. The mountains of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and the lowlands of South Carolina were mapped out as prospective battleground. Harper's Ferry was selected as an ideal setting for the preliminary skirmish.

On Sunday, Oct. 16, 1859, at 8 P. M., John Brown and his followers, after cutting the telegraph wires between Baltimore and Washington, started on the memorable foray. Their attack was so sudden and unexpected that the residents of Harper's Ferry were seized with consternation and offered very little resistance. By 4 o'clock the next morning John Brown had complete control of the town and arsenal. Among the prominent planters captured was Col. Lewis Washington, a relative of George Washington.

News of the capture of Harper's Ferry spread rapidly, being circulated on trains running through Virginia, Maryland and to Washington. The militia was immediately sent to give battle to the invaders. John Brown had anticipated such a move. He had augmented his little army with fugitive slaves, armed them and waited for reinforcements.

Calculations Fail.

But a cog went awry in his calculations. Reinforcements did not reach him as per schedule. Instead of hastening to his rescue one of his chief lieutenants stopped on the way to make a speech on "Human Equality." It took him eleven hours to move two wagonloads of material three miles.

Outnumbered by the militia, Brown and his men did all in their power to hold their ground, but were hemmed in and captured Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8 o'clock in the morning. Two of Brown's sons were found dead and John Brown when taken prisoner was wounded.

John Brown and six of his followers were hanged, the abolitionist paying the death penalty at Charleston, Dec. 2, 1859. At his trial he lay on a pallet in the courtroom weak and wan. When asked if he had anything to say he replied:

"I did not ask for any quarter at the time I was taken; I did not ask to have my life spared. The Governor of the State of Virginia tendered me assurances that I should have a fair trial, but under no circumstances whatever shall I be able to have a fair trial. If you seek my blood you can have it at any moment without this mockery of a trial. . . . I know nothing about the feelings of my fellow prisoners and am utterly unable to attend in any way to my own defense. . . . .

"I am ready for my fate. I beg no mockery of a trial, no insult, nothing but that which conscience gives or cowardice drives you to practice. I ask again to be excused from this mockery of trial. I do not even know what the special design of examination is. I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the Commonwealth. I have now little further to ask other than that I may not be foolishly insulted, only as cowardly barbarians insult those who fall into their power."

EMANCIPATION HERO SLEEPS HERE

At The GRAVE of JOHN BROWN.

Slavery — 1924.

THE MAMMY MONUMENT MEASURE DEFEATED

Word has come from Washington that the proposed monument to the faithful slaves of other days which has been hanging on the calendar of Congress for some time, will not be erected. The pressure brought to bear upon it by the various organizations of the country caused its defeat.

We are glad that this is so. It could have done no real good. And the painful memories that the sight of it would have caused to arise in the minds of those who would have constantly gazed upon it would have made the tremendous sums invested in it provocative of harm rather than good.

Now that it has been decided that it will not be erected and the stress incident to the fight against it has been relieved it may be seen that probably the motives behind the proposal were intended as good. It is true that some time we cannot realize that the descendents of our former masters do not know the things that should be done in an attempt at relieving their guilty consciences. They are often hard put for the proper thing to engage themselves in in order to try to atone for the tremendous wrong that the many years of slavery did to us. Bearing this in mind it is not hard for us to rather sympathize with this proposal to erect a monument to the former slaves.

There will be many who will not sympathize with such statement as the above but it is true nevertheless. As Col. Simmons would say: "our white folks need our sympathy" as well as our help in their awful struggle to ease their consciences. And it is no more than charitable to think that the proposal to erect this monument to slaves was made in real earnest and not as a reminder of "the good old days" that they know are gone forever.

It is also true that in time to come there should be no need for them to wonder in which direction to proceed; for with the passage of the years we should see to it that they do not lack direct knowledge of what we most need and what will do most to help in the making of the relationships between the two races more pleasant and productive of lasting good. The points of contact between the two races are being increased as time goes on and there are more and better opportunities of telling them of their failures in the matters that most vitally concern us. Let them be told in such ways as to gain their attention and help. (We do need their help. And if in their minds there is ever a desire to spend as many thousands as were proposed in the measure for the monument, numerous ways can be found that will give them returns in greater measure and make our lot happier and our ability to contribute to the general welfare much greater.)

Such will be the case in the matter of the monument to the black heroes of the last war that has just been proposed by a senator from Indiana. There will be no dissenting voices heard from us in this proposal. We think that it is good and timely. Black heroes need to know that they have served a country that is not mindful of the tremendous sacrifices that they have made for it. It will also be a safe talking point for those of our neighbors who are constantly looking for some thing to point to in proof of their very great care for their "good Negroes."

Let it be erected. America needs just such a reminder of the contribution of her black heroes whose bravery, though never questioned, has always been too soon forgotten and allowed to become unnoticed and nearly always unknown when the time has come for the recording of history.

MAR 28 1924

Letters From the Peo

HONORING THEIR MEMORY.

Editor The Georgian:

Several days ago, in looking over the editorial page of The Georgian, my attention was attracted to an item commenting upon the fact that in some town in Georgia a monument had recently been erected in honor of an old colored "mamy," who had been a very lovable and respected inhabitant of that town.

This item made me very happy, and also set me to wondering why we, who are such a monument-loving nation (and rightly), had been so long in acknowledging our debt of love and gratitude, and at the same time showing our lasting appreciation of these faithful old souls.

This Georgian article also brought to my mind most impressively my own and my children's dear old "mamy," who passed away two years ago (to her in a foreign land) in Chicago. In her early womanhood she had been the property of a prominent Southern family; her mistress, evidently very fond of her, had kept her as a house girl, and trained her very carefully in the path of rectitude and honor, from which she had never strayed.

Coming as I did to Atlanta a stranger, in my early married life, I greatly needed mothering, and someone to look after me and my fast-growing little brood. Providence, I now know (and a very wise one) threw her in my path; and for more than 20 years she ministered to the needs of myself and family as no one else ever has or could, I believe.

In fact her devotion to me and mine has always and will ever be a deep and penetrating mystery to me, but be that as it may, she never failed us at any time, in joy she rejoiced with us and in sorrow she grieved with us, always trying, and usually succeeding, in her quaint way, to make the burden a little lighter. She was mother, nurse and companion to me and my children; and we loved her with a devotion that carried lasting honor.

She was only one of the many ante bellum slaves and old colored mamies that it has been my good fortune to know; but it would require a book to tell of the many acts of loyalty of these devoted slaves and friends, though slaves in name only; for the place that they occupied in the hearts of Southern children can never be filled again by any other class of family retainers or servants.

Most assuredly there should be a national monument erected in honor of their loving memory and devotion. No movement could be

Atlanta. MRS. L

PENN'S STATE HELD SLAVES IN 19TH CEN.

Records Prove Barter of Humans

It has been generally believed that there were no slaves in the Northern states later than the very early days of the nineteenth century, when as a matter of fact at least three states north of the Mason and Dixon line held men and women in captivity as late as 1828. This information is ascertained by a search of newspapers of the times in Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey.

As late as 1820 Pittsburgh newspapers printed slave sale advertisements, says the Daily News.

George Bryan is honored as the father of the first Pennsylvania constitution. He provided for the abolition of slavery in an act passed before the Revolution ended.

But there was a long string tied to that law. Existing slaves, children and adults, were not to be freed by it. Only prospective children of slaves after they reached the age of 28 years.

William Penn held slaves at his Bucks county estate.

There were slaves in what is now the state of Pennsylvania even before Penn came. They were held by the Dutch and Swedes.

Philadelphia had its regular slave market in Market St. near Front. Slaves were bought and sold on the original Philadelphia stock exchange.

Here is a sample newspaper advertisement in Philadelphia just prior to the Revolution:

"Lately imported from Antingua and to be sold by Edward Jones, in Isaac Norris' alley, a parcel of likely Negro women and girls from thirteen to one and twenty years of age. All have had the smallpox."

The last clause was doubtless a lie, but a smallpox immune would bring more dollars than one who had not had the disease.

Good cooks are now not so easy to obtain.

Col. Gibson, stationed at Fort Pitt, had an "excellent" slave cook whom he offered to exchange for "produce or cattle of any kind."

Slaves were employed at many of the early iron furnaces in Pennsylvania. Such men fetched at auction from £30 to £40.

But Pennsylvania was lenient to its serfs, and in the history of New Sweden it was written: "Negroes are better treated in Pennsylvania than anywhere else in America."

Slaves were almost exclusively employed at the old Green Lane forge on the Perkiomen.

More than 175 years later I saw in that very spot a large force of Negro workmen in the stone quarries. A local historian said some of them were descendants of those slaves who worked at the forge the year after Washington was born.

Greensburg is now quite a metropolis in western Pennsylvania. It is one of the wealthiest towns of its size in the United States.

George Armstrong, the first burgess of Greensburg, sold slaves for clients as late as 1819.

Seven years earlier A. Boggs, a pioneer salt manufacturer, paid £250 for a slave boy. He purchased him from Roland Curtin, father of Pennsylvania's Civil war governor, Andrew G. Curtin.

The first census taken in the United States in 1790 gave the number of Pennsylvania slaves as 3,737. At that time New York had 21,000 and New Jersey 11,000.

OLD NEGRO'S WISH UPHELD BY COURT

Jury Finds for Beneficiaries Named in Will of Former Slave; Daughters Lose

The written wish of Dan Freeman, old negro slave, that grandchildren of his former owners share in his meagre fortune, was fulfilled Wednesday when a jury directed a verdict for the beneficiaries named by the will in a hotly contested trial instituted by Freeman's daughters for the whole of the property.

The verdict gives to the five children of Mrs. C. W. Garrett, three houses and lots in Wescottville, near Montgomery, and to Freeman's six daughters a house and lot each on Nay street. This is the expression incorporated in his last will and testament for which the verdict was directed.

The contest consumed the entire afternoon Tuesday and the greater part of Wednesday morning, when arguments were heard. The jury deliberated five minutes before returning the decision.

According to testimony of Mrs. Garrett, the old negro voluntarily expressed a desire that her children share in his fortune as a token of the affection he held for her father and mother who were his owners during slavery time. This in spite of the fact, Mrs. Garrett testified, that Freeman's mother was sold from him by her parents. The old negro told her, Mrs. Garrett declared that he felt that he had not been wronged in the trade because his mother was vicious and mean to him. Freeman died in February 1923, and his last will was written a few months before his death.

John Brown, The Neglected

PERHAPS it is a blessed thing that John Brown did not know that his supreme sacrifice would remain unnoticed by its chief beneficiaries for almost a century. He might have hesitated to throw himself before the mob that Negroes in the United States, and peoples everywhere, might be free from human slavery.

It has remained for the John Brown Memorial Association, headed by Dr. Max Barber of Philadelphia, to rise and give expression to a belated gratitude. And yet, our tardy realization of our duty may serve all the more to stimulate appropriate action, once we are aroused.

The Memorial Association has fixed May 9, the most appropriate date of all dates, as the time when a pilgrimage will make its way to the tomb of our great benefactor. Lake Placid is the place where his body lies "moulding." It is here we propose to build a suitable shaft bearing our belated expressions of gratitude to him, while "his soul goes marching on" somewhere in the land where God has made it possible for us all to "be like Him."

Our activity will quicken, it is hoped, under the sting of a much neglected duty. Our monument will be all the larger because we have postponed its building so long. Our zeal will find expression commensurate with the cause; and our characteristic gratitude will mount to heights in striking contrast to the depths from which we have come.

We bare our heads in abject apology for our long neglect of so great and daring a friend. We rededicate ourselves to an unswerving service of his memory with the same abandon that characterized his attacks upon our former oppressors. John Brown, the neglected, shall be resurrected in the hearts and souls of thirteen millions, at least, and never again shall we stand convicted of so criminal a neglect as has characterized us in the past.

MADE WILL TO BUY SLAVES FROM OWNERS

Kosciuszko Sowed the Seeds of Freedom

Early in the days of American history, when the colonists were busy establishing their independence and making firm their foothold on freedom as it appeared to the already physically free whites, there was at least one man who thought in fact that all men should be free. This man was General Thaddeus Kosciuszko, a Polish nobleman, a man of means and a gentleman.

Kosciuszko, born in Poland in 1746, after establishing himself in the hearts of his people through his untiring efforts in behalf of his native country, came to America to help the colonists in their fight to free America from the mother country. At the close of the war a grateful young government bestowed upon him a bounty and lands, and being an adventuresome gentlemen, he soon accumulated large holdings in this country. Then, when his country again called to him, Kosciuszko found it necessary to depart from the land in which he made lasting friends.

His Will

And in 1798, when France was the most feared country in Europe, when England was forming the "Great Coalition" and when America was reveling in the knowledge that "All men are created equal," Kosciuszko made the following will:

"I, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, being just on my departure from America, do hereby declare and direct that, should I make no other testamentary disposition of my property in the United States, I hereby authorize my friend, Thomas Jefferson, to employ the whole thereof in purchasing Negroes from his own, or any others, and giving them liberty, in my name; in giving them an education in trade or otherwise, and in having them instructed for their new condition in the duties of morality, which may make them good neighbors, good fathers or mothers, husbands or wives; in their duties as citizens, teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country of the good order of society, and in whatsoever may make them happy and useful; and I make the said Thomas Jefferson executor of this (Signed) T. Kosciuszko."

This will, written in a benevolent spirit by a patriot of a country that knows what it means to be suppressed, started a long list of legal controversies. To begin with Thomas Jefferson in 1819 wrote to a friend, William Wirt, that he had renounced the executorship of the document. This was two years after the great benefactor had died in Soleure, Switzerland (October, 1817.)

Bond of Sympathy

There seems to be a bond of sympathy between the people of Poland, both in their own country and in America, for those who through circumstances not of their own making, have found themselves the oppressed of a nation. In Chicago today the county judge, an American of Polish extraction, has at least proved himself to be above the petty jealousies and prejudices of the average American who classes himself as white, and is practicing justice and fairness before the law. With him a man is a man without regard for race, color or previous condition of servitude, and as such is given a man's chance.

It was for a Polish patriot, high in the esteem of American patriots, to declare that slaves might after all be human. And through the years, braving public criticism, censure, and at the expense of personal glory, following in the path of Kosciuszko, come the great general's countrymen, proving to the world that all men are truly created equal.

Slavery - 1924.

How the True Southern White Man Regards the True Black Man

In the light of recent efforts to misrepresent the attitude of the better class of Southern whites to the better class of Southern blacks we commend to our readers everywhere a tribute paid by James W. Austin, an Atlanta attorney, to Sam Bell, a Negro—Uncle Sam, as he was known—who had just died. Mr. Austin wrote:

"A letter came to me today. It is from the white-haired mistress of the old plantation home of my boyhood, my mother. 'Dear son,' she writes. 'Uncle Sam is dead—Sam Bell is dead and I want you to write a tribute to him.'

"I sit in my office chair with the letter in my hand and look out absently from the twelfth floor of a skyscraper on the great city stretching out before me. I hear the roar of the traffic in the crowded streets below, but these sights and sounds pass by unheeded. Memory is throwing on the screen of my fancy a picture of the long ago. I am a little frecklefaced boy of seven, back again on the old plantation, sitting on the steps under the shade of the spreading mulberry in the back yard, counting with nervous and eager fingers a nest of partridge eggs, and glancing up gratefully at 'Uncle Sam' standing over me, grinning with delight at my joy over the present he has salvaged for me from the wheat field. There are an even dozen of the little eggs. Ranger, my dog, is standing by, eyeing my booty wistfully as I count my treasurers.

Atlanta Independent

"Yes, there before me at the old South Carolina home is 'Uncle Sam,' sturdy in build and frame as a rock, with a heart as kind, as gentle and as steadfast as ever beat under any man's shirt, whether that man be white or black.

D-14-24

"And for more than fifty long years he was as familiar a figure around the 'big house' on the farm as the great white oak in the front yard, and as dependable and standing as straight-up for right, for truth, and in honesty as immovable.

"South Carolina can boast of one ante-bellum crop which never failed—gentlemen—gentlemen 'to the manner born.' And a great host of them were white and some were black, and black though his skin, Sam Bell was 'a South Carolina gentleman,' instinctively refined, spontaneously courteous and polite, in speech truthful, in conduct without guile, in simplicity and humility, a little child.

"Can I write a tribute to Sam Bell? Can I write a tribute to this faithful old servant and friend of my father and mother, of their sons? Yes; for I who knew this princely old Negro—knew him as he was—can say of him that I have known few men of nobler character, a character of granite texture. I have known few men of finer loyalty.

"And his faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Great Redeemer, never waned or wavered during more than a half century of Christian life and experience. Sam Bell's body goes back to mother earth but his soul goes marching on, as I verily believe, with the great company of the redeemed."

The above excerpt was taken from the frontispiece of the Manufacturers Record, published at Baltimore, and is a complete resume of the Southern white man's estimate of the worth and character of a Negro. He thinks well and kindly of the Negro as a ward, and holds him in kindly sympathy as a dependent or subject race, but he does not think of him, or measure his value in terms of manhood.

Mr. Austin meant all he said about Sam Bell, but he only viewed Sam in the light of a slave—humble and submissive to his master, with no higher responsibility or consideration than that of a slave to his master. Mr. Austin saw qualities of admiration in Uncle Sam—he saw many characteristics that appealed to his sympathetic intelligence, but he never discovered in any of the characteristics any of the qualities of manhood or of citizenship. He thought of him in writing his tribute in answer to his mother's request, "Uncle Sam as a Slave." He saw him only as the servant of his master—the friendly slave of his mother, father and their sons.

Mr. Austin's estimate is typical of a southern white man's. Mr. Austin is a fair-minded, intelligent southern gentleman, who is content to follow his chosen profession, and has no reason to be a demagogue; but the south must, some day, in self-defense, see the Negro in another light. He must be seen and treated as a man and as a citizen. The south must forget that he was a slave, or that he is an inferior being, and grant unto him every opportunity, every privilege, and every assistance that it grants any other class of citizens who come from any part of the world to settle in our section. The ballot must be accorded him, and he must be permitted to cast it untrammeled and unmolested. He must be encouraged to exercise it. He must be taught, by permitting him to exercise it, that it is his duty as a citizen, and that the purpose of the ballot is an incentive to better citizenship. He must be recognized as carrying his part of the responsibility of government or community in which he lives. He must be encouraged to become a taxpayer and a helpful, useful, industrial and economic factor in the southland. He must be made to see that the south is his home, and that he is entitled to its benefits, its advantages and its protection—that the law is made for his protection, and not for his punishment—and that he is a part of the social order of the South, and that every opportunity—economic, industrial, commercial, political, religious and educational is his for the asking.

The south must get out of the Negro's head, by its treatment of him, that the south is a white man's country. The white man must understand that the Negro is an American, and that it is to his best interest to develop the Negro along all lines along with himself. The white man cannot better demonstrate his strength of character or usefulness than by granting every other fellow a square deal—helping the other fellow up where he imagines himself. Strong races, like strong men, help weaker races up—weaker races, like weaker men, trample upon the rights of those weaker than themselves.

The white man is always willing to laud the old slavery time Negro. The old-time Negro is a hero in the white man's estimation who continues to call his old master, "Master," and who stands in the road, rain or shine, with his hat in hand, and who says he does not care to vote, and does not want anything. But, he pays no tribute to and writes no eulogy on the life and character of the modern Negro—the Negro who owns his home, farm, school, factory, bank, and who registers and votes. This class of Negroes does not appeal to the southern white man. On the other hand, the white man regards him as a menace to white superiority and to the economic, industrial and commercial growth of the southland. He believes in the Negro that is a charge on the community, or a liability, and not in the one who is an asset, who contributes wealth, character and the qualities of good citizenship.

If you call on a white man to speak at the grave of an ex-slave or to eulogize him, he will tell you that he was a good Negro—that he knew his place—that he served his master well and faithful—that he loved his young mistress and master, and that he was a gentleman, so far as the Negro could be; but if you ask him to say something of the independent, intelligent, progressive Negro who aspires to make a place in the world for himself and the race, he has but little to say about him; and if he expresses any opinion at all, he says he was an undesirable character in the community where he lived, and the com-

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munity would be better off without him.

But, a white man must learn different, he must judge character and worth by the fruit it bears, and the contribution that it makes to society, and not by the color of the individual's skin.

The white man will never people the south with any race of people as farmers, laborers and industrial workers until he treats the Negro right by developing him into a useful citizen, and permanent industrial and economic factor in the social order of our section.

The white man must learn, that if there was some good in a slave, there is more good and usefulness in a free man—that if a slave was a gentleman with a lack of opportunities, that a free man is more of a gentleman, a greater help and a more useful factor in present day life than the slave was in slavery days. The slave was a liability—the free man is an asset.

Savannah, Ga. News
JAN 20 1924

South Georgia History

BY FOLKS HUXFORD

Author of "History of Clinch County, Georgia," "The Early History of Upson County, Georgia" and Editor of the "South Georgia Historical Quarterly."

PROSPECT CHURCH, CLINCH COUNTY, GA.

This church is located about three miles north of DuPont, in Clinch county, is Primitive Baptist in faith and is the second oldest church in the county. It was constituted January 22, 1859 by Rev. William A. Knight of Berrien county, and Rev. Isaac D. Hutto of Clinch county.

Its original members were: Jacob Lightsey and his wife Christina Lightsey, Mrs. Sarah Hutto, William Hughes, William Tomlinson, John Mathis, Mrs. Sarah Mathis and Edmund Mathis who was an ordained deacon. These procured letters of admission from Bethany Church, which was about seven miles north.

Immediately on its being constructed, the new church called as its pastor the Rev. Isaac D. Hutto, who continued to serve them until his death in 1881.

It seems that the church was first known as "Tomlinson's Meeting-House on the Suwancoochee" as the first minutes or covenant states that "we unanimously agree to be a constituted body at Tomlinson's Meeting-house on Suwannoochee creek, by which we with the assistance of a presbytery intend to become with the help of God a church independent as to our internal right, of any church or churches, presbytery or synod." The church became a part of the Union Association of Primitive Baptist Churches, and is now a member of that association. Prospect Church has been the host of the association twice, in 1869 and 1908.

Its membership has never been so very large, the total number of members joining it since its organization being only 166. Its biggest membership at any one time has not exceeded thirty-five. Nevertheless, the church has been a potent factor for good in its section, and its membership people above reproach. It has associated with it many tender memories by the older people of the county

The following is a list of the pastors of the church:

Isaac D. Hutto—1859-1881.
Hillery Cowart—1881-1883.
John C. Rogers—1883-1885.
Wm. H. Tomlinson—1885-1886.
James Patten—1886-1888.
James A. O'Steen—1888-1889.
Wm. H. Tomlinson—1889-1891.
William Patten—1891-1892.
Samuel Cowart—1892.
Richard A. James—1892-1893.
D. B. Sheffield—1893-1896.
J. A. Chitty—1896-1902.
Wm. H. Tomlinson—1902-1903.
J. A. Chitty—1903-1909.
W. L. Harper—1909-1910.
J. A. Chitty—1910-1916.
Orvill A. Knight—1916-1921.
J. L. Townsend—1921-1922.
Orvil A. Knight—1922-1923.

The following is a list of the deacons of the church with the dates of their ordination. In the case of deacons who moved their membership to this church from other churches, re-ordination of course was not necessary, hence the date of their reception from other churches in such cases are given:

Edmund Mathis, received Jan. 22, 1859 from Bethany Church.
Jacob Lightsey, ordained June 4, 1859.
Zachariah Lee, received June 1, 1861, from Bethel or Bony Bluff Church in Echols county.
James Brown, ordained May 4, 1884.
Jethro Patten, received Feb. 7, 1891 from Empire Church.
W. J. Tomlinson, ordained Oct. 3, 1896.
Frank Cornelius, received April 30, 1898 from Bethany Church.
Ezekiel S. Sirmans, ordained Oct. 10, 1913.
John P. Tomlinson, received Dec. 8, 1917 from Union Church.
James R. Morgan, ordained Sept. 8, 1921.

The clerks of the church since its organization have been as follows:

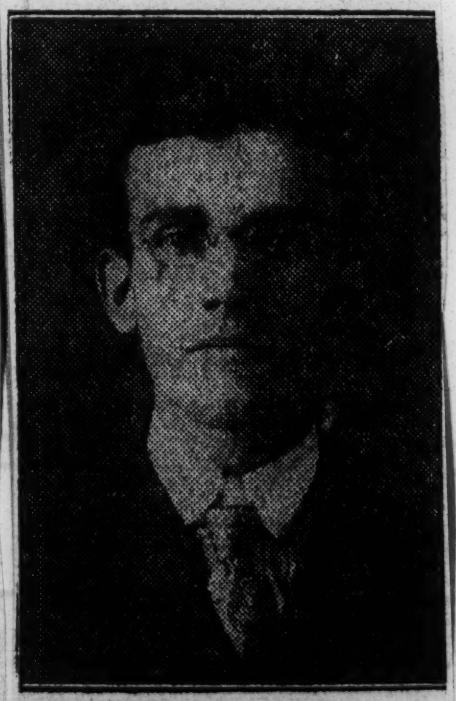
Jacob Lightsey—1859-1865.
James Brown—1865-1869.
John L. Courson—1869-1872.
George Cornelius—1872-1891.
John T. Courson—1891-1893.
D. C. Sirmans—1893-1904.
James R. Morgan—1904-1917.
W. L. Register—1917-1918.
Robert E. Lee—1918-1923.

It is believed that the names of the male members since the organization of the church, might be interesting, hence is given. The following is a list of the male members with date of reception and how: (Those marked (*) died members of this church).

J. A. Allen, June 1, 1923, letter; Lewis Bryant (colored), Mar. 1, 1861, baptism; Henry Brown, Feb. 9, 1863, letter; James Brown, Feb. 9, 1863, letter; Rev. John Boey, Feb. 12, 1870, letter; W. H. Bennett, June 7, 1896, letter; W. H. Brown, Sept. 2, 1910, baptism; John L. Courson*, Dec. 8, 1866, letter; George Cornelius*, Dec. 10, 1870, baptism; Rev. Hillery Cowart, Aug. 9, 1873, letter; Charles Cowart Jan. 10, 1878, baptism; John T. Courson, June 9, 1883, baptism; John H. Cornelius, Aug. 2, 1884, letter; Frank Cornelius*, Apr. 30, 1898, letter; J. P. Cowart, March 2, 1907, letter; John J. Drawdy*, Jan. 10, 1874, letter; James W. Dame, Sept. 18, 1880, baptism; Stephen Day , May 18, 1918, baptism; M. C. Futch, Oct. 5, 1872, baptism; George A. Fiveash, May 31, 1884, baptism; Joel Griffis*, Aug. 22, 1872, baptism; Willis B. Bibbs, July 14, 1885, baptism; William Hughes, Jan. 22, 1859, letter; Rev. I. D. Hutto*, Jan. 22, 1859, letter; Greenberry Holt*, Dec. 3, 1859, baptism; Miles Harnage, Oct. 10, 1863, baptism; Jackson N. Hutto*, June 5, 1909, baptism; William Hughes, Jr., June 4, 1910, baptism; Bill Johnson, (colored), Nov. 8, 1863, baptism; Hall Johnson, (colored), June —, 1892, baptism; Rowan B. Johnson, Oct. 7, 1893, baptism; Sam Johnson, (colored), —— 1893, baptism; David H. Johnson*, July 5, 1902, baptism; Jacob Lightsey, Jan. 22, 1859, letter; Zachariah Lee, June 1, 1861, letter; Peter C. Lastinger, Nov. 8, 1873, letter; R. E. Lee, Sept. 12, 1915, baptism; Edmund Mathis*, Jan. 22, 1859, letter; Tyre Mathis*, Jan. 22, 1859, letter; Elias L. Moore, July 10, 1880, baptism; John A. Mikell, July 5, 1883, baptism; Ezekiel Mathis, Nov. 12, 1887, baptism; James Mathis, Nov. 2, 1901, letter; James R. Morgan, July 11, 1903, letter; Jethro Patten, Feb. 7, 1891, letter; William Register, March 28, 1874, baptism; John T. Register, June 11, 1874, baptism; W. L. Register, March 5, 1915, letter; George Stalvey*, Nov. 3, 1861, baptism; William Spradley*, Jan. 4, 1862, letter; Jesse Smith, Aug. 22, 1872, baptism; Benjamin Stalvey, Aug. 28, 1875, baptism; Wiley Stalvey, May —, 1892, letter; D. C. Sirmans, May 13, 1893, letter; Rev. D. B. Sheffield, May 13, 1893, letter; J. E. Sheffield, March 6, 1897, letter; Ezekiel S. Sirmans*, June 7, 1913, baptism; William Tomlinson*, Jan. 22, 1859, letter; Wm. S. Tomlinson*, June 4, 1859, baptism; Sam Tomlinson*, (colored), April 8, 1865, baptism; Lawrence, (colored,) April —, 1865, baptism; W. J. Tomlinson*, Feb. 29, baptism; John P. Tomlinson, Dec. 8, 1917, letter; James T. Touchton*, July 10, 1880, baptism.

Anyone desiring dates of dismission of above, or same data in regard to female members, may obtain it from the writer, as it is too volumnious to include herein.

The above list of male members embraces a big number of prominent men of Clinch county. Many of them held public offices. The reader will notice the names of several colored men given in the foregoing list. In all the old churches negroes were received as members and we find where they were occasionally elected as one of the delegates or messengers to other churches or associations. These negroes were all of the slavery type and were well thought of for their humbleness and piety.



FOLKS HUXFORD,
Representative from Clinch County.

SKETCH OF REV. ISAAC D. HUTTO.

Rev. Isaac D. Hutto was born March 15, 1818 in South Carolina and sometime about 1830 removed to what is now Clinch county where he spent the remainder of his life. Early in life he joined the Primitive Baptist church and afterwards was ordained to the ministry. In his ministerial work he was eminently successful and was acclaimed an able minister. He continued in ministerial work for over fifty years or until his death, serving a number of churches in Clinch and adjoining counties.

About 1845 he was married to Sarah, daughter of Joshua Lee of Clinch county. They had no children, but adopted a son of James Newman who lost his life in the Texas revolution. This infant named Jackson Newman was given the adopted name of Jackson Newman Hutto.

Rev. Hutto was elected tax collector of Clinch county in 1855 and served two years. In 1859 when Prospect church was constituted near where he lived, he was called to its pastorate and continued as such until his death twenty-two years later. On March 24th, 1881 this much beloved servant of God was called to his rest, and his remains were buried at Burnt Church in what is now Lanier county.

Hon. J. M. D., Mer. Loan and Trust Bldg., Chicago.

"Do the records of Tennessee show that free negroes owned slaves in that state?"

Answer—Careful research, shows many records in the courts of free negroes who were permitted to buy their wife and children and this was always sustained by the courts. The North Carolina law, under which Tennessee was admitted, permitted free negroes to vote, but this was taken away in 1835. Manumission was in vogue, colonization and other schemes which came to naught. It ended gradually until complete emancipation. The free negro was deprived of all rights except that of accumulated or inherited property, and even then he remained a kind of quasi citizen. The tendency of the law and courts each year was towards restricting his privileges, and finally, stringent laws were passed under the assumption that he was undesirable in every way and laws were passed prohibiting manumission of slaves unless they were exported from the state. The free negros were considered a menace to society. As stated, the courts were always lenient from a humanitarian point of view after stressing the law to enable him to acquire by purchase or gift his wife and children, but I can find no record where any free negro ever owned, bought or sold slaves. 3-23-24

When you consider the status of the free negro, he being neither flesh, fish or fowl, it is not probable that the slave-holder would permit him to compete with his former master in accumulating slave property. I have found only one instance; Judge Higgins, a distinguished lawyer of this city, is of the opinion, but not positive, that his father, the late Judge Higgins, pointed out to his son, after the war, a very prosperous negro once owned by the Higgins family, and told his son that this negro had accumulated a good deal of property, and before the war, being free, himself owned slaves. You will find very helpful material on this interesting subject in a pamphlet called The Negro in Tennessee, 1790-1865. by C. T. Patterson, University of Texas, and an article by C. C. Trabue, in the Tennessee Historical Magazine, Dec. 1916.

Slavery—1924.

MEN OF ETHIOPIA'S LINEAGE TRUE

The following extracts from the epic poem, "The Conquest of Coomassie," by Aldebaran, was read as a portion of his eloquent sermon by Rev. J. D. Bushell, D.D., pastor of Walker Memorial Church, at the afternoon meeting of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York, March 16, the subject of his sermon being "From Behind the Rivers of Ethiopia":—

In Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones
In the valley they were not clothed
Upon with flesh, nor gifted with life
Until every separate bond found its
Relative place, "bone to its bone." So
Is the readjustment of nations and
Peoples. A Hebrew must bring the
Hebrews out of Egyptian bondage. A
Man, even "the Son of Man," must
Bring salvation to man. And Africans
Must save and redeem Africa.

Ye men of Ethiop's lineage true,
Who dwell 'neath Africa's skies of blue
Where balmy sunshine fills the air
With tropic-scented perfumes rare!
You tell this verdant fecund soil,
As free men live, as free men toil,
In thankfulness for heaven's dow'r
That bless our land with fruit and
flow'r!

Your fathers' God gave you this land!
And shall you not with mighty hand
Redeem the heritage they gave
Or fill a patriot-warrior's grave?
Arm Afric's men for freedom fight!
For know you battle for the right!
And if you fall in Freedom's name
You'll reap a warrior's deathless fame,
And children's children shall behold
Your deeds in shining letters told.

O Thou who spread'st the desert sands
To mark the bounds of Ethiop's lands!
Whose emblem is the vulture bold,
Whose throne the purple realms of
gold,
Great Bundu! In Thine august might
We call upon Thine ancient name,
Now, then and evermore the same!

When Re thy sacred honor loved,
Her throne o'er nations ruled un-
moved;
For then Thy temples decked the
land—
And Ethiopia's pillars stand
As witness to the rule she bore,
As tokens to her pride of yore.

But when their kings forsook Thy
shrine,
And called on other aid but Thine,
Thou mad'st them as an easy prey
To nations not so strong as they.
Return Great Bundu! We implore
Thy name, and at Thy shrine adore!

Great Bundu, come! Thy people wait
Thy blessings, and the nation's fate!
The ancient gifts which Thou dost
love
See! Great Creator, from above
Lie on Thy smould'ring altar now,
And all around Thy votaries bow!

Then hasten, Lord, to Salem's King!
Accept the three-fold gifts we bring!
And grant Thy worshippers the power
To view Thy presence in this hour!
I slay the sacrifice of blood!
Implore Thee for Thy people's good!
And in Thy nine-fold holy name
Invoke Thine oracle again.

When Kasper went from Afric's land
To journey o'er Indie's sand,
The guiding star that shone on high
Was kindled first 'neath Midian's sky.
The holy light o'er Christus' head
Was by her Magi's wisdom fed;
Whose cryptic scrolls and cloistered
word
Did him a heavenly power afford.

Melchizideck the Priest of God—
He who with Salem's glory shod,
Revealed to quick discerning ears
The secret tale of endless years—
By Midian's mystic altars wrought
The truths sublime, by just men
sought.
But they forsook the ways of God,
And on the law of justice trod,
The poor and weak they did oppress
And gloried in unrighteousness.

Then brother's blood to brother cried
And lo! no answering voice replied;
For clothed in jeweled raiment fine,
Puffed up with power and drunk with
wine,
They built their towers up on high
With proud intent to climb the sky
And league with powers of the air
To storm the Courts of Heaven fair.
They trampled on God's Holy Name
And mocked at Bundu's sacred fame.

See now where Karnak's glory shone—
The vulture's nest in crumbling stone!
Where Ethiope's pillars stood
The baleful cobra spawns her brood!
Kush. Thebes. Midian—but a name!
And molding tombs obscure their fame.

And for the evil they had done
Their hearts were made as like to
stone;
Their blinded vision veiled from sight
The horror of the coming night,
Which swept like Moloch's thund'ring
car
Upon the wings of stained war.

With souls begirt with bands of brass,
Till seven times should o'er them pass,
He drove them from the haunts of
men,
Beyond the pale of human ken,
Like plowing ox and lowing kine,
Because they mocked the Power Di-
vine.

Exiled 'mongst stranger peoples now,
Their proud sons to injustice bow,
And bigot men who dread their power
Oppress them in their fallen hour.
The chariots of the mighty now
Ride high o'er Ethiop's prostrate brow
And clouds of darkness compass them;
And, dwelling by the tents of Shem,
With bodies wet with heaven's dew,
They drink the gall, and bitter rue.

For centuries you've borne the cross
For Christian nations reaping dross;
For centuries their thorny crown
Your torn and bleeding brow pressed
down,
And nails of mockery and pride
Have Christians driven in your side.

But, like a great refining fire
Purges the gold from filth and mire,
Thy chastened soul, O Ethiop great,
Undaunted by thy impious fate,
Shall in its crescent glory rise
Resplendent on the starry skies,
And, burning like a meteor's glare,
Shall write thy nation's glory there.

Then, mighty as the days of yore,
From Saba to the Great Sea's shore,
Shall Crescent Flag of Ethiop wave
O'er your oppressor's silent grave!
And long as the sun flames in the
sky,
Or flaunts the prophet's flag on high,
The Christian nations shall not spoil
Great Ethiopia's sacred soil!

Wake, for the lust of nations now
Has writ the doom upon their brow!
Mercy and Truth forsook the land,
And Greed at Justice's altar stand!
Strike! For your presaged day has
come!
Strike! 'Tis the crumbling nations'
doom!
Rest not content beneath their feet,
Feeding on crumbs of stark deceit!
Wake, mighty men of Ethiop's line,
Nor grovel in the mire like swine!
For hell no loathsome soul contains
More base than the slave who hugs
his chains!

Once more on Midian's sacred sod
Shall men invoke the Living God;
Once more the earth shall hear your
tread,
By mighty kings and captains led;
And when the new-born crescent moon
Spreads o'er the field her silv'ry shoon
The muezzin's call shall girt the land,
And Afric's sons, a num'rous band,
Shall worship, as they did of yore,
By Saba's sacred sunlit shore.

The Mighty God's stretched out right
hand
Bids Ethiopia's children stand;
And ye shall rule in righteousness—
With Truth and Right the people bless.
The rich shall not oppress the poor,
But each, as each, from bounteous
store
Shall share the goodness of the land
And bless a Just Creator's hand!

From savage war's accursed decree
Your righteous nation shall be free,
And Ethiopia's remnant band
Shall build a highway through the
land,
A jeweled land, of joyous ways,
A golden age of ancient days;
For on the palm of God's right hand
Their graven names eternal stand!

Ye shall not sow while others reap,
Nor toiling build where others keep;
Nor shall you need the sun's bright
ray
To open the radiant gates of day;
For softened clouds of dew and rain
Shall clothe your pregnant fields with
grain,
And golden domes and jeweled spires
Shall light your land with living fires.

Oh, Golden Karnak, excellent name,
Where Ethiop's kings enshrined their
fame,
Thy lotus-columned temples rise
Like gorgeous spires of Paradise!
Thy sons and daughters love thee still—
Each em'rald plain, each verdant hill
To them thy moonbeams seem to shine
With radiance more than half divine.

For God has decreed, and He cannot lie "From behind the rivers of Ethiopia my suppliants, even the daughters of my dispersed shall bring mine offering." And then "Ethiopia shall haste to stretch forth her hands unto God, and kings and princes shall come out of Egypt."

Jackson Daily Progress
FEB 22 1924

AUNT CRECY

People of Waynesboro are making preparations to erect a suitable memorial to old Aunt Crecy, a well-known negro woman who died there a short time ago. Aunt Crecy appears to have been a Waynesboro and Burke county institution. We are advised that she spent her entire life in Waynesboro and Burke county; her religious fervor was known all over Georgia; she was a regular attendant at the Indian Springs camp meetings; there was no question about her goodness; she was nearly always present at the church services in some one of the churches in Waynesboro and was always present in revival services.

This old negress was a familiar sight in the streets of Waynesboro, where she went about visiting those who were ill and doing all she could in her modest way to alleviate suffering. So it is believed there will be a very ready response to an appeal for funds to place a memorial to her in the city that knew her so well.

We get some idea of the respect in which this old negro was held by the people of Waynesboro when we are advised that on last Sunday in all the churches and Sunday Schools of the town an announcement was made that on this Sunday a special collection would be taken for the memorial fund. There will be competent committees appointed from all the churches to select a suitable monument. Several suggestions have already been made, a tablet at the court house, a monument marking her grave or a drinking fountain at the colored school. It is very likely that a drinking fountain will be chosen as the most appropriate mon-

ument for her.

The attitude of the citizens of Waynesboro in this matter gives a clear insight into the real feeling of the people of the South for the negroes who make themselves worthwhile to their community. There is never any question of recognition of the virtues that appear to have been possessed by Aunt Crecy. We anticipate that there will be no trouble in raising the funds for the memorial. It will be a tribute from Southern men, women and children to one who endeared herself to them through right living and an effort to be of service.—Savannah Press.

PHILADELPHIA PA RECORD
APRIL 4, 1924

SAYS OVER 5000 NEGROES OWNED SLAVES IN 1830

Colored Man Tells of One Who Sold His Wife for $50 Profit.

Carter G. Woodson, director of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, and in charge of its eighth annual convention here at the Southwest Y. M. C. A., told the delegates yesterday that the keynote of the association's work must be to "acquaint the white man with the facts about negroes who owned slaves before the civil war.

The announcement of a $200 prize for the best collection of folklore pertaining to negroes was made by the association to Miss Herlene M. Grier, of Hampton, Va., and to the St. Helena Folklore Society of Penn School, Fogmore, S. C., each being awarded $100.

"Census figures for 1830 show that the majority of negro slave owners were such from the point of philanthropy," Mr. Woodson said. "In many instances the husband purchased his wife, and vice versa. Slaves of negroes were in some cases the childen of a free father who had purchased his wife. If he did not thereafter emancipate his wife his own children were born slaves, and were thus reported by his enumerators.

"Some of these husbands were not anxious to liberate their wives immediately. They considered it advisable to put them on probation for a few years, and, if they did not find them satisfactory, would sell them. A negro shoemaker in Charleston purchased his wife for $700, but, finding her hard to please, sold her in a few months for $750, gaining thereby $50 in the transaction."

Records of the United States census for 1830 show that in some cases negroes owned as many as 75 slaves, particularly in Louisiana, he said. There are also records of negroes owning slaves in Northern territory. Pennsylvania is given credit for 23 colored slaveholders. Isaac Gallaway is listed as the only Philadelphian owning one of his own race. He is given credit for one slave, and the records do not show whether or not it was his wife. All told, there were more than 5000 slave owning negroes in the United States at that time, and nearly half a million free negroes, he said.

Aged Negro Leaves All His Property to Grandchildren of Former Master

The Montgomery Advertiser
4-16-24

Fidelity and gratitude which lived in the heart of an old negro slave for years after the death of "massa" and "missus" and found expression in a will bequeathing property amassed during his freedom to the grandchildren of his former owners in preference to his own offsprings, came to light Tuesday afternoon in a probate court hearing before Judge Walter B. Jones.

Montgomery, Ala.

The case involves the question of ultimate ownership of three houses and lots in Montgomery, which was the property of Dan Freeman, a familiar negro character in this city, who died in February 1923, a few months after bequeathing his property to the five children of Mrs. C. W. Garrett, 505 Adams avenue. The property is valued at approximately $3,000.

Arguments in the case before the jury will be made this morning and by Attorneys Weil, Stakley and Vardeman and S. H. Den for the proponents and Attorneys Hill, Hill, Whiting and Thomas for the three daughters of Freeman, who are the deponents.

The principal contention of the contesting attorneys is that Freeman in his infirmity was of unsound mind and irresponsible for his acts. The evidence shows that he had previously made a will bequeathing his property to his daughters and later made a second will naming the five children of Mrs. Garrett as beneficiaries. Freeman was about 70 years old at the time of his death, the testimony showed.

Mrs. Garrett told the court that the negro came to her home on Adams avenue in the fall of 1922 of his own accord and after telling her of incidents that occurred when he was a slave owned by her father and mother in Lowndes county, stated that he desired to bequeath his property to her.

Mrs. Garrett said she told him that she would prefer that he will it to her children instead. At the old negro's request, she testified, she took him in her automobile and carried him to an attorney's office to draw the will. She was not present when the will was drawn up she said, nor did she inquire or know of the contents afterwards, she testified.

She said that during the years of his freedom the old negro's loyalty and devotion had not waned, and that he would frequently visit her mother, before her death, each time bringing delicacies and vegetables of which he knew she was especially fond. Mrs. Garrett stated that the old negro's mind was apparently clear, and gave no evidence of mental deficiency.

Ludlow Elmore, attorney, who drew the will, testified that all information concerning the property and beneficiaries came from the old negro. Jos S. Persons, who was named as administrator and is the son-in-law of Mrs. Garrett told the court of circumstances relating to the drawing of the will. Dr. J. L. Snow, testified that Freeman died of organic heart trouble and organic kidney trouble and that in his opinion the negro's mind was active.

SLAVES OWNED BY 4500 NEGROES

Almost Forgotten Facts About the Free Negroes Of 1830

BOSTON MASS GLOBE
MARCH 10, 1924

The research department of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, directed by Dr C. G Woodson, has made an interesting report on negro owners of slaves. Most people supposedly well informed in history are surprised to learn today that about 500,000, almost one-seventh of the negroes of this country, were free prior to the emancipation, in 1863. They can hardly believe that 4500 of these were owners of slaves themselves in 1830, and in many cases controlled large plantations.

The census records show that the majority of the negro owners of slaves were such from the point of view of philanthropy. In many instances the husband purchased the wife, or vice versa. The slaves belonging to such families were few compared with the large numbers found among the whites on the well-developed plantations

Slaves of negroes were in some cases the children of a free father, who had purchased his wife. If he did not thereafter emancipate the mother, as many such husbands failed to do, his own children were born his slaves and were thus reported by the enumrators.

Some of these husbands were not anxious to liberate their wives immediately. They considered it advisable to put them on probation for a few years, and if they did not find them satisfactory they would sell their wives, as other slaveholders disposed of negroes.

For example, a negro shoemaker in Charleston, S C, purchased his wife for $700; but, on finding her hard to please, he sold her a few months thereafter for $750, gaining $50 by the transaction.

Dr Woodson personally knew a man in Cumberland County, Va, whose mother was purchased by his father, who had first bought himself. Becoming enamored of a male slave, she gave him her husband's manumission papers that they might escape together to free soil.

Upon detecting this plot, the officers of the law got the impression that her husband had turned over the papers to the slave and arrested the freedman for the supposed offense. He had such difficulty in extricating himself from this complication that his attorney's fees amounted to $500. To pay them he disposed of his faithless wife for that amount.

Benevolent negroes often purchased slaves to make their lot easier by granting them their freedom for a nominal sum, or by permitting them to work it out on liberal terms. John Barry Meachum, a negro Baptist minister in St Louis, thus came into possession of as many as 20 slaves by 1836.

Some of the negro slaveholders were competing with the large planters in the number of slaves they owned. Most of such negro proprietors lived in Louisiana, South Carolina, Maryland and Virginia, as did the majority of all such slave owners.

Excepting those of Louisiana, one may say that most of the negro owners of slaves lived in urban communities.

F. Slavery Complements of NF 1B
Fred Landon

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The Work of the American Missionary Association Among the Negro Refugees in Canada West 1848-1864

In Bibl of Negro
P. 34

By Fred Landon, M.A.

Between 1848 and 1864 the American Missionary Association[1] was the most active agency carrying on any sort of religious work among the Negro refugees in Upper Canada (Ontario). The reports of the Association during those years contain many references to the Canadian work and throw a good deal of light upon the social conditions of these people who had sought homes under the British flag. The American Missionary Association was, from its foundation, openly opposed to slavery, and much of its work was with the black race in the United States. When attention was drawn to the fact that thousands of Negroes were living in Canada, it was natural that the Association should extend its operations even into another country to take care of these people.

The Canadian work was unattractive, unpromising, apparently irresponsive and even almost hostile at times, but the representatives of the Association kept steadily at work and in the end laid foundations upon which the present church life of the Canadian Negro is largely built. The annual report for 1854 states some of the difficulties that had to be faced. In part it says:

> "In a former report the executive committee stated that the Canada Mission was one of the most unpromising fields of labor under their care and a longer experience has not tended to change that opinion. The victims of oppression who have but recently escaped from the house of bondage, having seen the minister of religion in alliance with the oppressors, prostituting his office to the support of wrong, have had cultivated within them feelings of suspicion not easily overcome. These feelings have been fostered and taken advantage of by a few evil disposed and designing men who have been willing to keep the people in ignorance to subserve their own purposes."[2]

Similar statements with regard to the difficulties of the Canadian field appear in other reports. "The field is emphatically a hard one and requires much faith and patience from those who work there," says the report for 1857,[3]

[1]The American Missionary Association was organized at Albany, N.Y., Sept. 3, 1846, openly opposed to slavery in its policies. Its official organ, *The American Missionary*, has been published continuously since 1856. A complete file of the magazine and of the annual reports is preserved at the head office, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York. The New York Public Library has copies of the third to fifteenth annual reports (covering the period of work in Canada) with the exception of the ninth.

[2]Eighth annual report, 1854, p. 48.

[3]pp. 36-37.

while that for 1861, in drawing attention to the deplorable condition in which many Negroes reached Canada, said that some, goaded to madness, were almost ready to curse the whole white race.[1]

The tendency of the Negro communities to split up into many small religious groups was one difficulty that taxed the patience of the Association's representatives.[2] Out of this tendency to form new religious societies grew the begging evil which was vigourously condemned by the better class of the Negroes themselves. How to teach self-reliance to a people who had but little of this quality was a problem. Some of the Negroes believed that the establishment of Negro colonies would improve matters. Henry Bibb[3] came to the front around 1850 with a proposal to purchase 30,000 acres of land from the government, this to be sold to Negro settlers on terms that would enable them to become independent by their own industry. His was not the only proposal of this kind, the Elgin Association settlement[4] in what is now Kent County, Ontario, being quite successful. The work in Canada was not altogether disappointing by any means. "The fugitives in Canada are not what their enemies represent them to be," said the report issued in 1860.[5] "Very many of them are moral, enterprising, industrious and thriving, showing that the liberty they have assumed is rightly used. . . . Good schools and a faithful ministry ought to be liberally sustained among the fugitives in Canada."

Prior to 1848 the American Missionary Association had made contributions to the work of missionaries among the Negroes in Canada, designating such work in its reports as the Canada Mission. In that year, however, the Association undertook to support three missionaries then working in Canada, Rev. Isaac Rice at Fort Malden (now called Amherstburg and situated on the Detroit River) and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Brooks, at Mount Hope.[6] Support was also to be given to Rev. Hiram Wilson who had been dividing his time between Amherstburg and the Dawn settlement near Lake St. Clair. This arrangement being unsatisfactory to the Association he now gave up the work at Dawn. Amherstburg was the really strategic point for missionary work as more fugitives crossed

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[1]Fifteenth annual report, 1861, pp. 28-29.

[2]"We were told of instances in which three or four men would club together, call themselves a society, make one of their number their agent and divide what he collected."—Fifth annual report, 1851, pp. 34-35.

"The missionary in Canada finds many whom he labors to bless who regard his efforts with great disfavor. There is a class of preachers and self-constituted collecting agents who, to retain their own influence, are laboring, some of them avowedly, to drive every white missionary from the colony. The influence of this class of men has been very extensive."—Sixth annual report, 1852, p. 34.

[3]For sketch of Henry Bibb and his work see *The Journal of Negro History*, Oct., 1920, Vol. V, No. 4, pp. 437-447.

[4]See *The Journal of Negro History*, Oct., 1918, Vol. III, No. 4, pp. 360-367.

[5]Fourteenth annual report, 1860, p. 30. Dr. Samuel G. Howe, who visited Canada representing the Freedmen's Inquiry Committee, had the following to say with regard to the Elgin Association settlement: "This settlement is a perfect success. Here are men who were bred in slavery, who came here and purchased land at the government price, cleared it, bought their own implements, built their own houses after a model and have supported themselves in all material circumstances and now support their schools in part. . . . I consider this settlement has done as well as a white settlement would have done under the same circumstances."—Howe, "Refugees from Slavery in Canada West," 1864, pp. 70-71.

[6]Third annual report, 1849, pp. 21-22.

into Canada at this point than anywhere else on the frontier.[1] Those who planned to go farther inland usually remained for a few days at least, knowing that having crossed the boundary line not even the Fugitive Slave Law could touch them. Isaac Rice had had a school in operation since about 1838 and there was much religious activity of one kind and another among the Negroes in the village. Levi Coffin, the abolitionist, visited the place in 1844 and speaks well of the work that was being done by Isaac Rice:

> "While at this place, we made our headquarters at Isaac J. Rice's missionary buildings where he had a large school for colored children. He had labored here, among the colored people, mostly fugitives, for six years. He was a devoted, self-denying worker, had received very little pecuniary help, and had suffered many privations. He was well situated in Ohio as pastor of a Presbyterian church, and had fine prospects before him, but believed that the Lord called him to this field of missionary labor among the fugitive slaves who came here by hundreds and by thousands, poor, destitute and ignorant, suffering from all the evil influences of slavery. We entered into deep sympathy with him in his labors, realizing the great need there was here for just such an institution as he had established. He had sheltered at this missionary home many hundreds of fugitives till other homes for them could be found. This was the great landing point, the principal terminus of the Underground Railroad of the west."[2]

It was a heavy task that Isaac Rice faced at Amherstburg. Some idea of his difficulties may be gathered from a letter that he wrote to *The Western Citizen*, Chicago, in 1849.[3] In this letter he says that for three months past he has been unable to do any mission work. He had no money to pay the freight charges on boxes of supplies sent for relief work. All the money he had received had been spent on the school and mission house. Clothing was needed badly by the destitute fugitives arriving daily. Over fifty had come in that summer and these and others had to be looked after. He asked that $300 be supplied him to keep his work going. In *The Liberator* of August 23rd, 1850, there is a letter from Milly Morse, Foxboro, in which she appeals for help for Rice and his work. "He has suffered much in silence and given himself up for the good of the slave," says this letter. "He has lived principally on bread and beans and without the means to purchase these." The letter goes on to say that Rice has divided his own goods with the fugitives until he is actually suffering for want of proper clothing, that he has sold his watch and even his beds to get food, that he clothed 300 fugitives in one year, including a mother who arrived with her four children, and that of the 20,000 Negroes in Canada 3,000 are near him in the southwestern part of the province. His mission buildings were reported

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[1] As many as thirty a day crossed into Canada at this point after the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850. See Siebert, "Underground Railroad," p. 194. The Negro population of Amherstburg, on the eve of the Civil War, was placed at 800 out of a total population of 2,000. See Mitchell, "Underground Railroad," p. 149. Five years earlier it was estimated to be between four and five hundred. See Drew, "Refugee, or the Narratives of Fugitive Slaves in Canada, related by Themselves," p. 348.

[2] Coffin, Levi, "Reminiscences of Levi Coffin," Cincinnatti, 1876, pp. 249-250.

[3] Issue of Sept. 27, 1849, quoted in *Transactions of the Illinois Historical Society*, 1917, p. 95.

completed at this time and with stoves had cost $250. The first floor of the building was used for the school, in which there were 90 pupils, while the upper floor was used for receiving fugitives and looking after their immediate needs.

Amherstburg continued through all the period of its activity in Canada the chief station of the American Missionary Association. It was a strategic point since more refugees entered by that gateway than by any other, as has already been pointed out, and the response to the effort of the missionaries seems to have been more marked here than elsewhere. The little village on the Detroit River must have been the scene of many dramatic incidents during those years when the runaway slaves were crossing into Canada. Some of these incidents have been recorded. Rev. W. M. Mitchell tells of a Negro named Hedgman who had been sold south from Kentucky but who escaped and made his way to Canada. While in slavery he had been separated from his wife and had lost all trace of her. Twelve years after he had escaped, the wife also managed to make her escape and crossed into Canada at Fort Malden, or Amherstburg. Friendless and lonely she wandered about the streets of the village seeking shelter and was attracted by the singing in a Negro chapel. Opening the door she entered and the first person she saw was her husband from whom she had been so long separated and of whose whereabouts she had no knowledge.[1]

It is very noticeable that education took a prominent place in the philanthropic work conducted for the benefit of the refugees at the various places where they were settled in any numbers. Hard as was the struggle for existence in the new land, where everything was so unlike what they had been accustomed to, the Negroes seemed keen to take advantage of any educational opportunity that was afforded them and where they did not have schools of their own they sought admittance to the regular schools provided by the municipalities. The Canadian law gave the Negro every right of the white man but practically there was often a distinction of colour in education. Separate schools for the Negroes were established, among other places, at Chatham, Amherstburg and Windsor. There was a feeling among the white people in some places that there should be no choice as between public and separate schools. On the other hand there was a feeling amongst the Negroes that they should maintain their rights of entrance to the public schools.[2] When Benj. Drew visited Amherstburg in 1854 he found the Negro separate school a small low building having neither blackboard nor chairs. Low rough benches were placed against the walls with desks before them. The whole interior was comfortless and repulsive. The teacher was a Negro woman, apparently doing the best she could under the discouragement of poor surroundings and frequent absences of her pupils.[3] The situation was improved after this date, however, when the Colonial Church and School Society of England opened up a school. When Dr. Samuel G. Howe visited Amherstburg in the early sixties he found ninety coloured children enrolled with an average attendance of sixty.[4] An educational movement among the Negroes themselves had its origin at Fort Malden in 1854 when the first "True Band"

[1]Mitchell, "Underground Railroad," pp. 55-60.
[2]Howe, "Refugees from Slavery in Canada West," p. 50.
[3]Drew, "Refugee," p. 348.
[4]Howe, *ibid*, p. 67.

was formed. Similar societies afterwards existed in the other settlements. The True Bands were open to both sexes and a small monthly fee was charged. The aims of the Bands were to improve the schools, to increase school attendance, abate race prejudice, arbitrate disputes between members of the race, to assist the destitute, suppress begging and in all other ways possible work for the betterment of the refugees in Canada.[1]

The American Missionary Association doubtless realized that there would be great difficulties to be faced in the Canadian field and some of these difficulties reflect themselves in the annual reports. The annual report for 1849 is typical of later reports in its record of obstacles to be overcome. Isaac Rice left the Association in this year to become an evangelist among the coloured Baptists. Goods which were collected in both the United States and Canada for the benefit of sufferers failed to reach their destination. The work at the Dawn settlement dwindled, the managers being embarrassed by debt. Incompetent trustees had projected a college when common schools were the real need.[2] At Mt. Hope the work in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks[3] was disturbed by the migration of their flock to a point near the Georgian Bay where they had been attracted by government grants of land. There was need generally of competent teachers.

On the other hand, there were some encouraging signs. About one third of the adults had professed religion. The settlement at London, which was visited this year by Rev. J. P. Bardwell, was found to be making headway, though the Negro community was divided between three rival sects, each with its chapel or meeting house. At London there was a free school, a temperance society with 100 members, and most of the coloured people were in comfortable circumstances, several being freeholders and some in business. At Dawn, Hiram Wilson and his wife carried on two schools, Mrs. Wilson having twenty-five women and girls in her charge. One of these was a grandmother who learned to read and write in three months. About two miles from Dawn was another school conducted by a Miss Huntington, working under the Baptist Board.

In this year 1849 the expenditure on the Canadian work amounted to $650. The departure of Rev. Isaac Rice does not seem to have been regarded as a very serious loss. Of his piety there could be no question, but he is described as eccentric and as having little influence with the larger portion of the coloured

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[1]"The fugitives in Amherstburg have a society for the relief of those who are continually coming in from slavery, . . . The True Band Society. . . . This society has been the means of relieving many very destitute cases."—Troy, Wm., "Hairbreadth Escapes from Slavery to Freedom," Manchester, 1861, p. 21. A copy of this interesting book is in the library of Princeton University. It has a portrait of the author who is described as of Windsor, C.W., and is dedicated to Wm. Howard Day, M.A., of Chatham, C.W.

[2]The work at Dawn appears to have been in charge of a committee or board of trustees, of which the famous Josiah Henson was the agent. A sketch of Henson appeared in *The Journal of Negro History* for Jan., 1918, Vol. III, No. 1, pp. 1-21. This article is based on Henson's own account of his life which appeared in several editions under varying titles. He claimed to have been the inspiration of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom." He is buried near the village of Dresden, in Kent County, Ontario.

[3]After the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks the work at this point seems to have been continued by a Miss Susan Teall, who taught the school. She reported in August of 1849 that she had over 100 in her school. Mr. Brooks left Canada for Africa and died at sea, being buried at York, Sierra Leone. See fourth annual report of the American Missionary Association, 1850, p. 14.

people. The name of Rev. Mr. Kirkland appears in this report as being stationed about ten miles from Amherstburg and there is also a reference to Henry Bibb as a collector for the Colporteurs and Slaves Bible Fund.

The annual report for 1850[1] records the work done at Amherstburg, St. Catharines, and Mount Hope. Rev. Hiram Wilson removed to St. Catharines in this year, leaving Dawn for good. In the course of his movements, during the latter part of the year, he saw a good deal of the results of the Fugitive Slave Law.[2] His estimate was that 3,000 fugitives had entered Canada recently and the immigration was still continuing. "That law," he says, "has done a direful work not only in spreading terror among the colored people of the nominally free states but in breaking up families and driving them in a desolate and forlorn condition to these northern shores to encounter the rigor of a cold climate and an unusually severe winter." He cites the arrival of a refugee from Utica, N.Y., whose right foot was so badly frozen that the bone protruded.

Rev. David Hotchkiss was at Amherstburg this year and found some opposition from coloured preachers who were continually trying to establish new societies with the usual accompaniment of appointing an agent and starting begging tours. Miss Teall continued at Mount Hope but reported that the work there was diminishing owing to the continued removal of the people.

The next year saw some additional workers in the field. At New Canaan Rev. E. E. Kirkland, with his wife and Miss Theodosia Lyon, worked with the fugitives while the name of Mary A. Shadd[3] appears as representative of the Association at Windsor. At Mount Hope Miss Susan Teall was joined by Miss Mary Teall, presumably a relative. Rev. Mr. Kirkland reports that in the townships of his district there are between three and four thousand fugitives. There are four or five schools in which two of the teachers are coloured, but even at that from one-half to three-quarters of the children do not attend school.

"Our settlement is rapidly enlarging," he reports. "The Fugitive Slave Law appears to be a dead letter in its operation, judging from the number who get safely to Canada."[4]

Rev. Hiram Wilson, writing from St. Catharines,[5] reports that he has organized a Refugee Slaves' Friend Society, the membership of which includes

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[1]Pages 27-30.

[2]For an estimate of the effect of the Fugitive Slave Law upon the movement of refugees to Canada see *Journal of Negro History*, Jan., 1920, Vol. V, No. 1, pp. 22-36. The migration of Negroes into Canada in the year after the passing of this Act was very large.

[3]Mary Shadd's school in Windsor was partly supported by the American Missionary Association, which paid $120 a year to its support. The pupils paid 37½ cents each. These figures are given in *The Voice of the Fugitive* (published by Henry Bibb, at Sandwich) in the issue of June 17, 1852. A file of this interesting little paper for 1851-2 is in the library of the University of Michigan. In the issue of this paper for June 3, 1852, it is announced that Mrs. Mary Shadd is issuing a little book of 30 or 40 pages on Canada West. I have been unable to trace a copy of this. She does not appear to have had a lengthy connection with the work of the American Missionary Association as the sixth annual report, issued in 1852, reports that she has left and gone back to the United States. She was coloured and had taught school in New York State and elsewhere before coming to Canada. At one time she lived in Chatham and was associated with a little paper issued there in the interests of the refugees.

[4]"There has been a large increase of the colored population during the past year."—A.M.A. sixth annual report, p. 34.

[5]Rev. Hiram Wilson's contract with the Association expired in 1851 and was not renewed, but he continued his work at St. Catharines, apparently in friendly relations with the Association. He writes that he can use all the clothing that may be sent to him.

some of the most representative citizens of the place. His report includes this interesting incident. In July (1851) twelve former slaves, of both sexes, were brought to St. Catharines by a North Carolina slaveholder and given into his care. Their master had died a year before and in his will had given them their freedom, leaving also some considerable property to be used for their benefit. Mr. Wilson also reports the arrival of over a dozen fugitives just before he sent in his report.

Difficulties encountered in carrying on the work in Canada are again pointed out in this report issued in 1852: "The missionary in Canada finds many whom he labors to bless who regard his efforts with great disfavor. There is a class of preachers and self-constituted collecting agents who, to retain their own influence, are laboring, some of them avowedly, to drive every white missionary from the colony. The influence of this class of men has been very extensive."

The report issued in 1853 also draws attention to the opposition to white missionaries, which was added to by the misrepresentation of some of the coloured preachers. The Mount Hope station was closed in 1852 as the Negroes had moved away from that district. The Kirklands continued to labour at New Canaan, assisted by Miss Lyon and Miss Mary C. Beals, a newcomer. Hiram Wilson was at St. Catharines, the Tealls at Mount Hope until it closed, and Mary Shadd is also reported as working again at Windsor.

From this time on there seems to have been comparatively little growth in the Canadian mission work. In 1853 only one school was in operation, the teachers in which were Miss Beals, Miss Lyon and Miss Abigail B. Martin. The need for strong men is stated in the 1854 report, but they do not seem to have been found. The name of Rev. David Hotchkiss appears most prominently in the reports from this date. He made his headquarters at Windsor for the next two or three years and then removed to Rochester, not far distant. He appears to have been closely allied with Henry Bibb's project of the Refugee's Home Society. His field was a hard one for Windsor had its full complement of small sects. The report issued in 1856 states that he has been preaching to small congregations at four places and that his wife has been teaching school. The next year's report gives details of serious trouble that developed. The house that he used for a church was burned following threats, and when he opened up services in another house this was also burned. In the report for 1858 it is stated that Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss is now at Rochester where he has organized his church, and his wife's school has nearly forty scholars. "There are numbers who cannot come to school for want of suitable clothing," says this report. "They are nearly naked."

The report issued in 1859 reports that Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss is located at Rochester, but is also looking after missions at Little River, Pike's Creek and Puce River, all in the southwestern part of the province. There has been a marked revival of religion and at Puce River there are twenty-five members, with religious services well attended. This year Mrs. Hotchkiss had to give up her school work through failing health. The name of Rev. L. C. Chambers (coloured) appears for the first time, with headquarters at Dresden.

In 1859 Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss and Rev. Mr. Chambers were the Association's two mission workers in the Canadian field. Chambers was removed to Ingersoll

during the year where there was a church of forty-five and he also preached in London on alternate Sundays to a congregation with a membership of sixty-five.[1] Mrs. Hotchkiss died November 27th, 1859, aged fifty-seven, after nine years' work in Canada. The work under Mr. Hotchkiss seems to have grown. He required total abstinence from his members and was able to report sixteen members at Little River, twenty-two at Puce River, and six at Pike's Creek.

The secretary of the foreign department of the American Missionary Association visited Canada in the early part of 1860 and his observations on the Canadian work were printed in the March, April and May numbers of *The American Missionary*. The 1861 report estimated the Negro population of Upper Canada at about 40,000 "by the most reliable estimates."[2] There was much that was deplorable in the condition of the fugitives. "They reach Canada almost literally naked, hungry, destitute and in want of all things." Emphasis is laid upon the need for more missioners and more schools, "for in many parts of Canada they are shut out from public schools."

The opening of the Civil War disturbed the American Missionary Association's work seriously. Records of the Canadian field become more scanty until in *The American Missionary* for July, 1864, there appears this significant statement:

"The mission among the refugees in Canada has been suspended. Its last missionary, Rev. L. C. Chambers, is now sustained by the people among whom he labors. Some aid has been given and may be continued to sustain teachers there."

There was, of course, less need for the activities of the Association in Canada once the movement of fugitive slaves to Canada ceased and this change came early in the war years. After the war many of the Negroes who had located in Canada returned to the United States and those who remained found it less difficult to make a living. Their descendants still exist in large numbers in several counties of Western Ontario, particularly Essex and Kent, an outflow of the great Negro population of the republic to the south.

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[1]During 1860 there were 30 members added at London, bringing the total there to 100, and 16 added at Ingersoll, making a total of 61 there. The building of the railroads attracted the large Negro population to Ingersoll. It was at this place also that the wood for the engines was cut and stored, the work being done almost entirely by Negroes.

[2]Estimates of the Negro population of Upper Canada on the eve of the Civil War range all the way from 20,000 to more than 40,000. Probably a figure between these two extremes would be about correct.

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SOME REFERENCES TO NEGROES IN UPPER CANADA.

By the Honourable William Renwick Riddell, LL.D., F.R.S.C., etc.

The report to the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada by Chief Justice William Dummer Powell dated Niagara, 25 September, 1821, contains the following:—

"In the Western District [the Assize Town of which was Sandwich] an indictment for a Riot disclosed certain transactions which may affect the general peace of the district.

"It appears that runaway slaves from the United States receive great encouragement from the inhabitants of that quarter; and are residents there in great numbers, cultivating for Hire or on Shares excellent Tobacco equal to the growth of the Ohio or the Mississippi. The protection afforded by our laws to the personal freedom of all who live in the Province without offence induced a number of slave owners to employ an active agent to recover their property and this agent failing in many attempts to seduce his victims into the Territory of the U.S. engaged assistance, crossed the Streight in the night and attacked a house in Sandwich occupied by runaway negro slaves. The riot and panic occasioned by this attack created alarm and the assailants fled to their boats; but in the course of the day one of the principals ventured to cross again, was recognized, made prisoner and indicted.

Upon the fullest conviction he was sentenced to fine, imprisonment and the pillory. It is said that the owners purpose a Deputation to his Excellency, the Lieutenant-Governor, for relief on failure of which application is to be made to the Government of the U. S."

Such an application was made, accompanied with a complaint against the Chief Justice's charge to the Grand Jury. He transmitted to His Excellency a copy of his charge which was to the effect that kidnapping was a serious offence but an attempt at kidnapping, which was unsuccessful, could be punished only as an aggravated assault. (Canadian Archives, Sundries, U.C., 1821). Of course the indictment for a riot was at the common law.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the papers in that series is the following petition:

To His Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland Knight, Commander of the most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Upper Canada, and Major General Commanding His Majesty's Forces therein, etc., etc., etc.:—

The Petition of Richard Pierpont, now of the Town of Niagara, a man of Color, a native of Africa, and an Inhabitant of this Province since the year 1780.
Most humbly showeth,

That Your Excellency's Petitioner is a Native of Bondon in Africa;—that at the age of sixteen years he was made a Prisoner and sold as a slave; that he was conveyed to America about the year 1760; and sold to a British officer; that he served his Majesty during the American Revolutionary War in the Corps called Butler's Rangers; and again during the late American War in a Corps of Color raised on the Niagara Frontier.

That Your Excellency's Petitioner is now old and without property; that he finds it difficult to obtain a livelihood by his labor; that he is above all things desirous to return to his native country; that if His Majesty's Government be graciously pleased to grant him any relief, he wishes it may be by affording him the means to proceed to England and from thence to a Settlement near the Gambia or Senegal Rivers, from whence he could return to Bondon.

Your Excellency's Petitioner therefore humbly prays that Your Excellency will be graciously pleased to take his case into your favorable consideration, and order such steps to be taken to have him sent as to Your Excellency may seem meet; or to afford him relief in any manner Your Excellency may be graciously pleased to order.

And Your humble Petitioner as in duty
bound will ever pray
his
RICHARD x PIERPONT.
mark

York, Upper Canada,
21st July, 1821.
A true Copy,
James FitzGibbon.

Adjutant General's Office,
York, 21st July, 1821.

I do hereby certify that Richard Pierpont, a man of color, served His Majesty, in North America, during the American Revolutionary War, in the Provincial Corps called Butler's Rangers.

I further certify that the said Richard Pierpont, better known by the name of Captain Dick, was the first colored man who proposed to raise a Corps of Men of Color on the Niagara Frontier, in the last American War; that he served in the said corps during that War, and that he is a faithful and deserving old Negro.

N. COFFIN,
Adjt. Genl. Militia,
Upper Canada.

Upper Canada Sundries (1821).

It does not appear what was done on this petition; but that a Negro Corps was raised at Niagara during the war of 1812 is certain, e.g., there is in 1821 a petition by the widow of Peter Lee, who had been "a private soldier in a colored corps raised by Captain Robert Runchey . . . in the course of the late war, he received an . . . injury to his shoulder."

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